

Stupid Love

by President ORB

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Summary: Hijack. Crazy, Stupid Love/Fast & the Furious AU. A wager to get a jerk out of a bar leads to a story of fast cars, awkward conversations, and budding romance. Rated for buttloads of cursing, drug and alcohol usage, illegal car racing, sexual implications, violence, and injuries. IF YOU LOVE HIJACK AND CARS, YOU'RE GONNA LOVE THIS FIC! I PROMISE! Please R&R!

1. Chapter 1

****Stupid Love****

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><p>Chapter One

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 1200****

****Warnings: Mild language, alcohol use****

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><p>I do not own the rights to any characters in the fanfiction. All characters belong to Dreamworks Animation Studios.

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><p>Somewhere between Misery and Despair, right? Hiccup was fairly certain that that was where he was right now.<p>

"I swear, Astrid, if I stay here any longer, I'll have no brain cells left to speak of," he muttered, his best friend still clutching a fist on his shoulder, keeping him from leaving. The booth they were

all seated in was extremely uncomfortable, a mix of fake leather that smelled of old barf and stiff, filler wood that stuck out in places and shoved splinters in unseemly places.

He would probably do anything to not be there at that very moment.

"You're fine, Hiccup," Astrid bit back, "and we won't stay too long, anyway."

"How can you stand being here, though? Why would you want to spend time at the place you work every day of the week?" Hiccup grimaced, shoving his head into his hands as his elbows came to rest on the wobbly table.

"Imma get us another round o' shots, guys!" Tuffnut shouted as he stood up, bumping along the side of the table. Hiccup leaned back into the smelly booth as he left.

"Why would anyone want to spend time here at all?"

Astrid roughly elbowed him in the side for that.

"Would you stop it? You're making me miserable over here!" she retorted, shooting him a playful glare before leaning forward to talk to Fishlegs from across the table.

"How ya holdin' up, big guy? Keepin' it all down this time?" she teased. Ruffnut choked on her beer, holding back her laughter as Fishlegs gave a weak smile.

"I-I'm just fine this time. I figured out that balancing a decent amount of water and little food keeps any...regurgitation from occurring."

Hiccup grimaced again.

"Seriously?" he whined, turning back to Astrid. "Can I PLEASE leave now?"

Astrid sighed,

"Would you knock it off already? You'll live!"

"I'm actually very sure that I won't," Hiccup remarked, folding his arms across his chest. Astrid shook her head,

"You can just-"

She stopped, looking over at the bar. She noticed Tuffnut waiting for some help, but she spotted a familiar head of unusual hair and scoffed rather loudly.

"What?" Hiccup asked, confused. He looked over at the bar, but didn't see anything strange.

"It's that guy again," she told him matter-of-factly. She looked down at her empty glass, and leaned back in her seat.

"What guy? What are you talking about?" Hiccup asked, still a bit

confused.

"He's in the back. White hair."

"What, some old dude?" Hiccup asked, glancing back at the bar. "I don't see-"

"No, he's, like, our age. But, you know, with white hair," Astrid corrected him. Hiccup made a face.

"What? That doesn't even make sense-"

"Just LOOK, will you?" Astrid glared. Hiccup rolled his eyes and returned them to the bar. Tuffnut turned and made his way back toward their table, and that's when he spotted the guy in the back, white hair and all. He seemed to be talking to someone on the other side of the bar, out of sight from there.

"Ah, I see him," he nodded. "Who is he?"

"He's an asshole. That's who he is."

Hiccup made that face again.

"But that doesn't..." he paused, not even bothering to try and correct her. "Well, why is he an asshole?"

Astrid laughed, shaking her head. Tuffnut set down the tray and squeezed in next to his sister in the booth again.

"Why isn't he one? He freakin' buys only the priciest stuff we got in this joint, and then hits on anything with boobs that happens to walk in here," she explained. "And not very well, I might add."

"Oh, is that the, uhh... what did you call him?" Ruffnut chimed in, tapping a finger on her chin. "Jack-Off! That's what you called him!"

Astrid and Ruffnut shared a laugh.

"Yeah, that's the one!" Astrid told her, snickering. "Boss says I can't say that on the clock anymore, though."

"That's a shame. It suits him, don'tcha think?" Ruffnut joked.

Hiccup glanced back at the bar, seeing the guy talking to a girl with curly, red hair now. She didn't seem too happy about that, either.

"Hey, hey, what-"

They all looked back at the end of the table, where Snotlout finally opened his eyes again.

"Look who's back," Ruffnut smirked. Tuffnut laughed,

"How's it goin', Snot? You ready for round six, or what?"

Snotlout made a face and buried it in his hands,

"I'm nah gettin' any... anymore of dat shit if my life d-depends on it," he gurgled out sloppily. The twins laughed.

"Oh, come on!" Tuffnut teased. "We're here to celebrate your big success! You can't just quit on us now!"

Another round of laughter had Snotlout covering his ears and smacking his face on the table, causing it to wobble and knock over one of the shots, splattering all over the front of Hiccup's shirt.

He groaned,

"Ugh, really?" Hiccup complained. He glared at Astrid again as she continued to laugh at Snotlout's pathetic behavior. He stood up, wiping off some of the completely clear liquid off of his green vest.

"Can I just go? Before the rest of my clothes are ruined and someone decides to puke on me, or something?"

Astrid looked back at him,

"Calm down," she frowned, reaching out to pull him back into his uncomfortable seat. He kicked his legs and groaned obnoxiously.

"Just let me go home! What do I have to do to get you to listen to me?"

Astrid glared him down before pushing her bangs out of her eyes, thinking. Her gaze fell on the bar again, noticing the white-haired jerk still at it.

"Tell you what..." She began, a grin forming on her face. Hiccup was already standing, ready for her deal.

"If you can get pretty boy over there to leave this bar, I will drive you back home."

Hiccup frowned,

"Uhh, problem?"

"What?" Astrid asked, annoyed, and glancing back at the bar.

"I can't trust you to drive while intoxicated-"

"I'm not drunk."

"You could still be over the legal limit."

"Then I'll get you a cab."

"Do they even have cabs in this pathetic town?"

"I don't know. Maybe?"

"I won't do it if you can't hold up your end of the bargain."

Astrid sighed dejectedly, crossing her arms across her chest. She looked over at everyone at their table, then towards the bar, then back to Hiccup. With a painful frown, she remarked,

"I will give you my keys and let you drive yourself home. I'll carpool."

Hiccup felt his jaw drop.

"Nu-uh..." He gaped. "Your _baby_? You would lend me your Camaro? Really?"

Astrid exhaled out her nose with a huff but nodded.

"But you gotta get 'im out of here. Not just outside, either. Make him leave and never wanna come back."

Hiccup smiled,

"Scare tactics? That's more up _your_ alley, don't you think?"

"We got a deal, or what?" She asked, the unamused expression still on her face. Hiccup waved her off and headed off to the bar.

"You better say goodbye to your baby because you won't be seein' her for a while!"

2. Chapter 2

****Stupid Love****

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><p>Chapter Two

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 2500****

****Warnings: More language, alcohol use, really corny pick-up lines****

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><p>I don't own any Dreamworks Animation characters.

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><p>Hiccup strolled right up to the bar, hands folded at his back, eyes on the white-haired jerk that was nothing more than the key to his best friend's perfect ride at that very moment. The displeased redhead was scowling at the guy as he continued to blabber on about something that clearly disinterested her. Hiccup walked up, standing on the opposite side of his target.<p>

"And I just gotta say, herpes is a deal breaker for me, so-"

Split-second later, there was a cocktail splashing in his bleached mop of hair, and Hiccup stepped back as he chuckled at the idiot's misfortune.

"Maybe you just shouldn't say anything," he laughed, and the guy turned and glared back at him, the redhead smiling as she jumped down from her stool and winking at Hiccup as she walked away.

"And who are you supposed to be, smart guy?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes,

"Doesn't matter," he told him. "You should probably get out of here. Hide your shame and all, you know?"

A slow blink led to the jerk shaking his head, the cocktail now sprinkling everyone within four feet of the guy. He stopped, laughed, and then held out his hand to Hiccup.

"I'm Jack. You must be good at this. Wanna be my wingman?"

Hiccup looked behind him, as if to check that he was the one being addressed, then glanced back at Jack.

"S-seriously? Did you not just-"

He groaned, trying to stay calm, and started over,

"No. What the heck makes you think I'd be your wingman?"

Jack smirked, leaning back on the stool.

"Well, you seem to want me outta here..."

"Apparently, I'm not alone in that," Hiccup scoffed.

Jack's smirk faltered a moment before he continued,

"...so, why don't we make a deal?"

Hiccup didn't resist promptly rolling his eyes.

"What?" He spitefully asked after Jack paused and smirked at him.

"How about...I'll skedaddle out of here if you help me find a sweet ass to bring home with me?"

"How about _no_?" Hiccup glared.

Jack laughed,

"Ah, come on! You're funny! You can stand there, be my wingman, help me out. It won't take more than a minute if we work together!"

Hiccup continued to glare as Jack placed a hand on his shoulder. he instantly shifted away. Jack grabbed his shoulder firmly, continuing his incredibly stupid idea,

"You tell a joke, I go in for the kill. Hook, line, sinker, and then I ride off with my prize. What do you say?"

"...no," Hiccup told him blandly. Jack glanced at his drink and let his hand return to his side before trying again.

"Well, at least help me get a phone number, or something?"

"No."

Jack sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"You have to work with me a little here!" He remarked irritably.

Hiccup crossed his arms,

"I don't have to do anything."

Jack looked back at him, and then stood up. He smirked right at Hiccup.

"I guess I could just stick around. You know, just to piss you off."

Hiccup groaned and shoved his face into his hands.

"Ugh...fine. Fine."

He looked back over at the smug asshole,

"One phone number, and then you leave."

Jack grinned widely,

"Yes! This is gonna be great! Come on!"

Then he pulled Hiccup from his spot and they took off across the way from the bar.

Hiccup grimaced, not entirely sure what he'd just gotten himself into.

* * *

><p>It should have dawned on Hiccup before they even started this pointless excursion that this moron couldn't get a phone number from a girl if his life depended on it. They were currently sitting at a high table, Jack rubbing his shin after receiving the fourth kick to it in the past hour. If those girls would only aim a little higher, Hiccup would have at least been a bit entertained.<p>

"Has it really been an hour?" Hiccup grumbled, checking his watch. He glanced across the bar, looking for Astrid. The gang was still hanging around, but they were bound to leave soon.

"Why are you so impatient?" Jack laughed at him over his shoulder, pulling down his pant leg. "You're supposed to have fun!"

"I just want to get out of here," Hiccup glanced at the door, "and into that amazing hot rod in the parking lot."

"You got a car?" Jack inquired. Hiccup turned back to him.

"It's my friend's," he corrected. "I get to take it home if I get _you_ to leave."

Jack smirked, as though Hiccup had just told a joke.

"Ah, you like makin' bets, then?" he laughed. Hiccup frowned, confused.

"What? No, why do you-"

Jack eyed him for a moment, before quickly changing the subject back to its last topic.

"What kind of car is it?"

Hiccup glanced back towards the door, smiling.

"'84 Camaro," he replied. "With a fastback spoiler and brand new chrome rims. I helped her put together most of it myself."

"Ooh," Jack reached up, putting his hands behind his head, "you like them classies, huh? I'm more of an _imported perfection_ man myself."

Hiccup eyed him oddly.

"What?" he asked, confused.

"Italian, man," Jack grinned triumphantly. "Italian goddess. What, you didn't see it when you came in?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"Considering I was dragged here against my will and all I could see was my impending doom as I entered this pathetic excuse for an establishment, it's probably safe to say that _no_, I did not."

"You got one hell of a mouth, you know that?" Jack laughed, looking down at his emptied glass.

"What?" Hiccup picked up his glass, taking a sip of the water. Jack leaned forward with a smile.

"You heard me."

Hiccup groaned,

"Yes, but your stupidity makes it difficult to-"

Jack held up a hand to stop him. He smiled as he explained,

"You're a sarcastic asshole, Hiccup. That is what I'm saying."

Hiccup blinked, not really expecting that.

"Oh," he said lamely. "Well, I knew that."

Jack leaned back in his chair, resting his cheek in his hand, smirk ever present on his face.

"Are you sure about that?" He teased, "'Cause you look like someone just slapped you in the face."

Hiccup shot him a look, communicating that he was clearly not amused. Jack snickered a moment before jolting up his seat.

"Oh, my God! _That's it_" He shouted, slamming his hands down on the table.

Hiccup sat back, cautiously asking,

"Uhh, what's it?"

Jack scooted forward, motioning to himself.

"Slap me!" He exclaimed.

Hiccup stared at Jack quizzically.

"While I would most certainly enjoy that right now," he smarted, "may I at least ask why?"

"My new plan," Jack promptly responded, pointing a quick finger across the way. "See those girls? 3 o'clock; big knockers? They have a perfect view of us over here."

Hiccup glanced back, noticing a pair of girls, sitting in a booth seat only a few yards away. He took another sip of his water, already bored with Jack's next plan. Jack smirked,

"Now, you pretend to be my boyfriend, and-"

Hiccup spit his water out in Jack's face.

"WHAT?!"

Jack wiped his face with his sleeve, trying not to be disgusted.

"Wait until my signal," he urged him. "You're doin' great, but we gotta pretend to actually like each other first-"

"What the ever-loving FUCK are you talking about?!" Hiccup gritted his teeth. He pushed the water glass away from him, trying hard not to cough on the bits that had gone down his windpipe.

Jack rolled his eyes, replying,

"Well, I was getting to that, but you kept interruptin', ya asswipe!"

Hiccup leaned back in his chair as far as possible, motioning for Jack to continue.

"Now, you're gonna pretend to be my boyfriend, and then you're gonna break up with me-"

"Can't imagine why," Hiccup added.

"Would ya quit it?" Jack remarked, finally shooting Hiccup a glare. He breathed out his nose and continued,

"And...then you're gonna yell, slap me silly, and then storm away."

Hiccup watched as Jack glanced back over at the girls. Sighing, he told him,

"Like I said, armed and willing," Hiccup held up a hand. "But how is that gonna attract anyone?"

Jack turned back to him, still smiling.

"Those girls will witness it, and they'll feel sorry for little ol' me," he held a hand to his chest. "And they'll come on over and comfort me. See what I'm saying?"

Hiccup shook his head.

"But they'll think you're gay," he reminded him. Jack rolled his eyes, instantly replying,

"I'm bisexual."

Hiccup felt his stomach drop. Not only was he a threat to women, but men, as well.

"In real life," he asked, "or in, like, just this pretend scenario...thing?"

Jack cocked an eyebrow.

"Uhh, both?" he answered. "I dunno. Just keep talking. But make it louder. Angrier."

Hiccup licked his lips. He wanted angry?

"I don't understand where this idea even sprouted from!" he glared. Jack shook his head.

"Do you want me to leave or not?" he smirked. Hiccup frowned.

"Gods, yes," he told him bluntly.

"Then YELL. AT. ME."

Hiccup leaned back, unsure of Jack's determined look. He was this desperate for a woman to notice him? This guy had major issues...

He took a deep breath, trying again.

"Okay, FINE!" he blurted out. "Is that what you want?!"

Jack sat up, feigning a frown.

"Ooh, nice acting," he told him. "You do this often?"

Hiccup glared at him, raising his voice again.

"No, I don't do- AGH! SHUT UP!"

Jack nodded.

"You are a fuckin' natural," he whispered. Hiccup growled,

"YOU-" he sighed, slumping back in his chair. "I can't do this..."

Jack scowled at him, annoyed.

"No, come on! You were doin' great!" he whined.

"What? No, I wasn't," Hiccup grumbled. He eyed his water before Jack leaned on his elbows on the table.

"Do I have to make you mad? Is that what it'll take? 'Cause I'll do it!" Jack warned, a serious look on his face. Hiccup folded his arms across his chest.

"You annoy me too much to piss me off," Hiccup remarked. "If anything, I feel sorry for you."

Jack frowned.

"Well, that's no good. The ladies are gonna have that covered." Jack looked back and then smiled. "They just glanced over!"

Hiccup groaned, jerking his head back to stare at the ceiling.

"This is going to take forever," he complained.

"Shut up," Jack barked, and then reached up to rub his chin thoughtfully. "Now, let me see... I already called you an asshole..."

Hiccup didn't react.

"Twice, I think," he replied blandly. Jack eyed Hiccup,

"Well...you're...uhh..."

Hiccup looked back down, rolling his shoulder as Jack continued to eye him strangely, looking as though his brain was being turned on for the first time in years.

"Hmm," Jack frowned, letting his hand fall back to the table.

Hiccup raised an eyebrow, asking,

"Are you serious? You can't even insult me?"

"Gimme a sec," Jack started, narrowing his eyes. Hiccup sighed irritably.

"Why don't you just treat me like the women you're always trying to pick up? They sure seem insulted enough..." Hiccup smarted, glancing over at the girls in the booth seat again.

"Good idea!" Jack smiled, laughing. Hiccup turned back to Jack, confused.

"I wasn't seri-

"I always use my amazing pick-up lines," Jack grinned. He leaned forward, smirking. "I'm not drunk, I'm just intoxicated by you."

Hiccup froze, staring incredulously at the moron wiggling his eyebrows in front of him. Jack stopped, frowning a moment.

"Nothing?" he asked, "Well, how about this one: there isn't a word in the dictionary for how good you look."

Again, the wiggling eyebrows.

Hiccup gaped, hesitantly asking,

"...do you...seriously talk like that?"

"This one always works like a charm: if being sexy was a crime, you'd be guilty as charged."

Hiccup felt his eye twitch.

"I think I'm gonna be sick."

A high-pitched giggle from a girl walking by broke Jack from his ridiculous expressions to stare unabashedly at her ass.

"The plan's working," he said, watching as the girl made her way to the bar. Hiccup shook himself from his daze, immediately remarking,

"No. No, it's not. You should really just-"

Jack eyed him again, smirking as he ran off another line.

"Are you from Tennessee, 'cause you're the only ten I see."

Hiccup ran a hand down his face, misery finally setting in.

"Please, stop," he pleaded.

"I got hundreds of 'em," Jack smiled, leaning back again.

Hiccup scoffed,

"And how many actually work?"

Jack's smile faltered,

"Uhh..."

Hiccup laughed,

"That's what I thought."

Jack grumbled, glaring at Hiccup.

"They'll work eventually!" he defended.

Hiccup sat forward, a serious stare aimed in Jack's direction.

"No," he told him, "they won't. Women-no, everybody hates that crap. You should just-"

Hiccup paused, and Jack piped up,

"...what?"

Hiccup sighed,

"I was gonna say be yourself, but that's probably worse."

Jack frowned, pouting,

"Harsh, man."

Hiccup sat back again, waving him off.

"I'm just being honest," he said.

Jack's eyes narrowed, and he leaned forward.

"No, you're being a jerk. But you know what?" He leaned back and glanced back at the bar. "I don't care!"

Hiccup smirked,

"I'm well aware of that by now."

Jack stared down at his empty glass and then turned back to Hiccup with a knowing look.

"You know what you need?" He started, "A drink."

Hiccup choked out a laugh,

"Yeah, no, I don't."

Jack held up his glass and shouted over to the bar,

"Hey! Get me another one of these over here!"

Hiccup frowned.

"Seriously, I don't."

Jack laughed and a woman walked over with a full glass of bourbon.

"You're legal, aren't ya?" He asked, smirking as he took the glass

from the tray and placed it in front of Hiccup.

"Well," Hiccup grimaced, "yeah...but-"

"Then, drink up!" Jack grinned, sitting back.

Hiccup sighed, pushing the glass away, simply replying,

"I'll pass."

Jack groaned, taking the drink from him and downing half of it.

"Ah, come on!" He whined. "Why are you even here?"

Hiccup glared,

"I told you, I was _dragged_ here."

Jack laughed,

"You, sir," he pointed at Hiccup before downing the second half of his glass, "need to learn how to have fun!"

Hiccup rolled his eyes, remarking,

"My idea of fun involves nothing that can be found in this building. The parking lot, maybe, but-"

Jack gasped loudly, and for the second time, he jumped up, shouting,

"_That's it_!"

Hiccup, again, eyed him incredulously.

"Wha..?" He tried, but Jack dropped from the chair, exclaiming,

"My Baby Tooth! I'll show ya my car!"

Hiccup moved away as Jack grabbed his arm to pull him down.

"Ah, no, I-"

His feet hit the floor and Jack started towards the door.

"Come on!" He told him excitedly. "You'll love it!"

Hiccup sighed as he diligently followed him to the parking lot.

"I'm gonna regret this; I just know it..."

3. Chapter 3

****Stupid Love****

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><p>Chapter Three

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 1515****

****Warnings: Mild language, really sexy cars****

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><p>I don't own any Dreamworks Animation characters.

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><p>The door opened with a loud bang and Jack pulled Hiccup along behind him, briskly making his way into the parking lot with a proud smirk.<p>

"You know," Hiccup groaned, trying to pull his wrist out of Jack's tight grasp, "I've just about had my fill of being dragged places I really don't-"

Jack came to a stop as he reached his car and Hiccup yanked his arm back, rolling his shoulder with a scowl. Jack turned to him, his smirk still present, and dramatically motioned to the clearly-expensive vehicle behind him.

Hiccup took one look and felt his mouth fall open.

"_That_ is your ****car****?"

Jack grinned widely, nodding and turning back to admire his car alongside the slack-jawed Hiccup.

"Yep," he replied, "that's my Baby Tooth."

Hiccup's mouth continued to hang open, his eyes frantically scanning the car in disbelief.

"But...but _that's_â€| That's aâ€|!"

Jack pulled an arm around the brunette's shoulder,

"2012 Pagani Hyuayra," he elaborated. "Gold-dusted silver custom paint. Golden leather interior."

Hiccup felt his legs begin to tremble, wanting to step forward to get a better look.

"Oh, _wow_â€|" he gasped out.

Jack smiled, continuing,

"Twin-turbo V12 under the hood. Vertical doors, standard."

Hiccup couldn't help himself, breaking away from Jack's grip again, he inched toward the golden car with trembling hands.

"It's...beautiful," he choked out, staring in wonder at the car as it shined in the pale light coming from the nearby streetlight. "It's so

fucking beautiful."

Jack smirked,

"That she is," he agreed, taking a walk around his car to meet back up with Hiccup again on the other side.

"My Baby Tooth is my favorite thing in the whole world. No one could ever replace her."

Hiccup blinked before glancing over his shoulder at Jack.

"Baby Tooth?" he questioned.

Jack waved him off,

"That's her name," he replied simply. "What? Like your car doesn't have a name?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes,

"Well...it does, but-"

His gaze traveled back to the car, his train of thought completely lost. Jack waited a moment before laughing.

"Not as cool as mine, huh?" he guessed. "I get it. No need to be jealous. Baby Tooth is a hard name to beat."

Hiccup scrunched his nose,

"Ha, yeah, right."

Jack stood back a moment, taking a quick look around at the rest of the cars in the parking lot.

"So, where's your car?" he asked.

Hiccup sighed, finally turning away from the car.

"I told you, I was dragged here."

Jack shot him a confused stare,

"Literally?"

Hiccup groaned,

"Figuratively. In that."

He pointed past Jack toward another car parked a couple steps away. Jack glanced over, spotting the blue car and walking over to get a better look.

"Ooh, is this the Camaro?" he inquired.

Hiccup smiled a moment, following Jack over to the car.

"Her name's Stormfly. And she is a hell of a machine."

Jack shoved his hands in his pockets as he walked toward the rear of the car, checking it over. He clicked his tongue, noting,

"American muscle never looks as fine as an import."

He glanced over at Hiccup's unamused expression.

"But they sure can _growl_," he added with a big grin.

Hiccup touched his hand to the hood, the cool metal feeling good in the humid, sticky heat of the night.

"Well, this one's bite is just as bad as its bark," he replied, running his hand over the side before removing it again. "Trust me."

As he peered back over to Jack, their eyes met and the sudden silence hung in the air. Blinking quickly and glancing back at the car, Jack narrowed his eyes, asking,

"So, you're driving this sweet honey home?"

Hiccup stared down at the car before frowning. He certainly hoped he was driving Stormfly home. He looked back up at Jack,

"If you get in your baby and leave, then _yes_," he replied with a smirk, "I will."

Jack laughed, walking back over to Hiccup with a matching smile.

"Ah, now, that's no fun!" he told him. "I never go home unless there is _someone_ in that passenger seat."

He pointed a thumb to his car, only admiring it for a moment. Hiccup stepped up, joking,

"And _how_ many years has it been sitting there?"

Jack frowned, looking back at Hiccup just to glare at him.

"You're not as funny as you think you are," he told him coldly. Hiccup laughed out loud, replying,

"I beg to differ."

Jack rolled his eyes,

"You would."

Hiccup leaned back against Stormfly, crossing his arms and watching Jack's magnificent car as it sat under the streetlight quietly.

"Seriously," he piped up, "when was the last time you actually got a girl to go home with you?"

Jack smirked, pulling a hand to his chin,

"Wellâ€¦"

"Without paying them," Hiccup added quickly.

"Hey," Jack scoffed. "Sometimes, the car is all I need."

Hiccup shook his head,

"Until they realize there's a prick driving it."

Jack glared down at him again,

"I'll have you know," he responded, "I took a nice blonde out last night."

Hiccup bit back a laugh, asking,

"Did you even make it out of the parking lot?"

"What?" Jack scowled, unamused, "Of course! I mean, she only let me drop her off at her place, thoughâ€|"

"That happen a lot?" Hiccup smirked.

Jack sighed,

>"Nah, it usually gets to the pickup line and just stops there."<p>

Hiccup rolled his eyes, completely unsurprised.

"I told you, women hate that stuff."

Jack pouted, frowning pitifully at him,

"Yeah, but I don't know what else to try!" he confessed.

Hiccup grumbled,

"Well, being nice might be a good idea."

Jack shook his head, turning to look back at his car.

"I can't be nice. Being nice doesn't bring the asses home." He cocked his head to the side, adding, "No offense."

Hiccup raised an eyebrow,

"What do you mean 'no offense'?" he glowered, "What are you saying?"

Jack innocently continued,

"That's what you do, right? Play nice? Let 'em walk all over you?"

Hiccup pushed himself off the car and glared at the white-haired dolt next to him.

"What? No! Why would you-"

Jack's eyes widened, as though completely surprised by Hiccup's

response.

"Really?" he asked, curious. "How do you do it, then? 'Cause I'm open for ideas."

Hiccup was at a loss of words. He scratched the back of his head, stammering,

"I-I don'tâ€¦ I'm not even-"

Jack rolled his eyes,

"Come on!" He griped, motioning to Stormfly, "Isn't this your girlfriend's car?"

Hiccup groaned, sputtering,

"What? No!"

Jack laughed, not believing him.

"But you did all that work on it!" he continued. "You got dragged here by her! You're even tryin' to get rid of me _for her_!"

Hiccup glared at Jack, fed up and shouting,

"She's my best friend!"

Jack scoffed one last time, saying,

"What, so you haven't fuc-"

"I'M GAY!" Hiccup yelled at him, cutting him off.

Jack just closed his mouth, his lips falling into a flat line as Hiccup breathed heavily, his eyes wide. Hiccup bit his lip, trying to collect his thoughts but he just let out a guttural "aghhhhhh" as he deflating, falling against the car again.

Jack just stood there, slowly blinking before finally responding,

"Oh."

Hiccup swallowed dryly, unable to even look over at Jack's dumbfounded expression as he worked through everything in his head.

"Wellâ€¦" he continued, "no...no, that explains a lot, actually."

Hiccup looked up, confused,

"What?" he asked. "No, it doesn't."

Jack smiled, triumph all over his face.

"Yeah! That's why you agreed to 'get rid of me' for...whatever-her-name-is."

Hiccup facepalmed, shaking his head. This couldn't possibly get any worse.

"Her name is Astrid," he told him bluntly.

Jack laughed,

"Yeah, that." he said. "You just wanted me to yourself, huh?"

Hiccup glared up at Jack, but he was having none of it, smirking away. Hiccup pushed himself off the car and began to walk towards the doors to the bar again.

"Where are you goin'?" Jack asked, still smirking.

Hiccup gritted his teeth,

"I'm gonna steal Astrid's keys," he told him without looking back. "I am so done with this shit."

Jack hopped up, rushing up behind Hiccup with a smile.

"Hey, it's okay! I understand! I'm irresistable!" he chuckled.

Hiccup bit down hard on the inside of his cheek. He puffed a breath out his nose quickly before coming to a halt and flipping around to face a now-startled Jack.

"You want to know why you can never get a girlfriend?" he steamed, glaring death straight into Jack's eyes. "It's because you're you."

Jack took a cautious step back, but Hiccup followed, pointing a finger to his chest accusingly.

"But you can't change that, can you?" he jeered at him. "Guess that means you better just marry your hand while you still got it, 'cause it's all you're EVER GONNA HAVE."

And with that, Hiccup swiftly flipped back around and stomped back into the bar, leaving Jack wide-eyed and silently glancing down at his right hand.

4. Chapter 4

****Stupid Love****

* * *

><p>Chapter Four

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 1618****

****Warnings: Mild language, mentions of chopping someone up, Hiccup not wearing a seatbelt****

* * *

><p>I do not own any rights to Dreamworks Animation characters.

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><p>Hiccup glanced over at the table Astrid and their friends-or "acquaintances," to Hiccup, anyway-were still occupying, noticing his best friend had her head in her arms on the table. He walked toward the table quietly. If Astrid wasn't passed out, she was probably still drunk enough not to notice his arrival. He slowly crept up to her, reaching toward the pocket of her jacket. Her keys were almost hisâ€|<p>

"Don't even think about it," Astrid grumbled, turning her head to glare at him tiredly. Hiccup stood up straight, feigning innocence.

>"W-what are you talking about? I was just coming back to-"<p>

Astrid sat up, holding a hand to her forehead and rubbing her eye with the other. She continued to glare up at him,

"There's no way he's gone," she stated bluntly.

Hiccup groaned,

"Oh, _come on_! Look around, Astrid! Do you see him anywhere?"

Astrid blinked and took a couple glances around. The white-haired jerk was nowhere to be seen. She nodded approvingly,

"...huh," she told him. "Wow. How'd you do it?"

Hiccup bit his lip, unsure what to say.

"Uhh...wellâ€|"

Astrid's eyes narrowed and she leaned forward,

"Is he _really_ gone?" she questioned with suspicion.

Hiccup laughed weakly, waving her off.

"Uhm, definitely!" he replied. "So, keys?"

Astrid rolled her eyes, pulling her keys out of her pocket and holding them up.

"Yeah, yeah, here," she sighed.

"Yes!" Hiccup grinned widely, holding out his hand to take them from her.

"Not so fast!"

Hiccup and Astrid both turned to see Ruffnut strutting up to the table and giving Hiccup the stink-eye.

"What?" Astrid asked, confused by the interruption.

Ruffnut pushed Hiccup's hand away and leaned over the table to Astrid, replying,

"Jack-Off guy is just hangin' out in the parkin' lot. Tuff and I saw him when we went out for a smoke."

Astrid glared up at Hiccup and he gulped.

"Hiccupâ€¦"

He held up his hands, defending himself.

"You said to get him out of the building!" he tried.

Astrid shook her head,

"And to never return!" she argued back. "If he's just standing out there, there's no stoppin' him from coming right back in!"

Hiccup glanced over at the door, noticing Tuffnutt walking back in.

"I handled it," he told her grimly, remembering the wonderful conversation he'd just had with Jack. Astrid wasn't convinced.

"Make him leave and the keys are yours," she told him. "That's the deal."

Hiccup whined, grabbing for the keys, but Astrid pulled them away before pocketing them again.

"What am I supposed to do?" he argued. "Knock him out and drag him to the nearest ditch? Kill him?! Chop him up and push his perfect fucking car off a bridge?!"

Astrid eyed him,

"He has a 'perfect fucking car'?" she inquired. Hiccup deflated,

"It's a _Pagani Huayra_, Astrid," he implored, his gaze traveling back to the exit. "With gold leather inside! Gods, I wanna make out with that vehicleâ€¦"

Astrid snickered, replying,

"'Coulda sworn you were strictly into dick."

Hiccup ignored Ruffnut's laughter, responding,

"I'd make an exception for _that car_."

Astrid leaned back in the booth, trying to get the conversation back on track.

"Well then, chop him up and steal his car," she offered.

Hiccup turned back to her, frowning,

"But then Stormfly would be stuck here for the night. I can't allow that."

Astrid rolled her eyes again, groaning,

"Ugh, Hiccup! Stop being so difficult!"

She pulled out her cell phone and held it up.

"I'm callin' us a cab in thirty minutes. You've got 'til then to get him gone. Got it?"

Hiccup hung his head,

"Arghâ€¦ fine!"

Astrid let her head fall back onto the tabletop as Hiccup marched back towards the exit. He was going to drive Stormfly home, no matter what it took.

* * *

><p>"What are you still doing here?" Hiccup griped, walking out into the parking lot. Jack was sitting against the streetlight by his own car, staring across the parking lot at Astrid's camaro.<p>

"And why are you staring atâ€¦" Hiccup following his gaze, "at...Stormfly?"

Jack glanced back to meet his gaze, giving a small smile.

"Tryin' to see what you see in her," he replied.

Hiccup rubbed a hand across the back of his neck, responding with a smirk,

"It's the louvers. Can't resist 'em."

Jack let out a quick laugh,

"Figures."

Hiccup swallowed dryly again, unsure of his next move. Does he just ask Jack to leave? Will that even work? He was really mean before, maybe he should yell at him again?

Hiccup frowned. No, he should apologize for what he said. It was a bit harsh, even if Jack was a jerk.

"Goin' home now?" Jack asked, interrupting Hiccup's thoughts. He bit his lip, trying to find a reply.

"Not unless I figure out how to hotwire a carâ€¦" he muttered.

Jack eyed him confusedly.

"What?" he asked.

Hiccup sighed,

"Apparently," he explained, "you being in the parking lot is not far enough away for me to win the bet, soâ€¦"

Jack stood up.

"You want me gone?" he narrowed his eyes. "Yeah. Okay," he conceded. "I've tortured you long enough."

Hiccup frowned. Jack sounded so dejected. What was he supposed to do?

"Agghh! I'm sorry, okay?" he blurted out.

Jack waved him off, pulling out his keys.

"Nah, it's fine. You were right," he told him.

Hiccup stepped forward, replying,

"No! I...okay, yeah, you're gonna be better off if you change up your...'dating practices', but everything else I saidâ€¦well, it was completely uncalled for."

Hiccup glanced up, wondering if his apology was good enough, but Jack just shook his head.

"No, no, you're right," he replied. "I mean, you were a _total douchebag_ about it, but you were right."

"I'm sorry," Hiccup repeated, frowning.

Jack sighed,

"It's fine."

Hiccup scratched his head. This wasn't working. Well, it actually was, but it didn't feel like it was.

"Look, you're a cool guy...I guess," he tried again. "You just...you're a major pain in the ass."

Jack chuckled,

"You're not much better," he replied.

Hiccup smiled a moment,

"Ha...no, I guess I'm not."

Jack unlocked his car, pushing a button and lifting the vertical door above his head. The leather glistened as the light flicked on inside. Hiccup stared past him into the inside of the car, trying not to drool. Jack glanced back and smirked,

"...this is gonna sound stupid, butâ€¦" he started, "do you...uhh, no, never mind."

Hiccup blinked, turning to him curiously.

"What? What is it?"

Jack exhaled and then motioned to his car.

"Do youâ€¦ uhâ€¦"

Hiccup stepped forward in anticipation, asking,

"You meanâ€¦"

Jack smiled again,

"You wanna ride in it?" he asked finally.

Hiccup stared back at the car. Was he kidding? Of course he wanted to ride in a fucking Pagani Huayra! But Astrid would be calling a taxi any moment now, and if he left with Jack, he'd never get the keys to take Stormfly home.

He breathed shakily, replying,

"...yyyyeah."

He shook his head,

"I mean, nnn-yes! Yes, gods, I do!"

He shut his eyes. No! He was supposed to say no!

"You sure?" Jack asked, uncertain, and rightly so. Hiccup bit his lip.

"Nnyes. Yes," he replied. "Very-very sure, yes."

Jack glanced over at the camaro again, asking,

"But what about Stormfly?"

"Screw Stormfly!" Hiccup shouted, running to the other side of the car and lifting the door.

Jack smirked,

"Alright! Let's go!"

Hiccup smiled, but hesitated. Was he really about to do this?

"...just do it," he muttered to himself. "Come on, Hiccup. Don't be a douchebag. Be nice to the guy for onceâ€¦"

Jack climbed in, and leaned over to look up at Hiccup expectantly.

"Ya comin' or what?" he asked.

Hiccup took a deep breath,

"Yes, I'm-

He slid into the car, bracing himself. Jack grinned and pushed the keys into the ignition, starting the engine. It growled loudly and Hiccup felt himself go limp in the seat,

"Oh my Godsâ€¦" he whined. Jack laughed at his reaction.

"It's awesome, huh?"

Hiccup trembled before leaning forward, running his hand on the golden-set leather of the dashboard.

"So fucking awesomeâ€¦" he breathed. Jack pushed a button and the doors lowered and locked back in place.

"Oh, this is _so fucking cool_," Hiccup smiled widely.

Jack put the car in gear and pulled out of the lot. Hiccup sunk in his seat,

"Oh, mannn."

"I know, right?" Jack grinned, stopping at the light. "Let's head down to Knightly Park. Then I can show ya what she can REALLY do!"

Hiccup sat up a bit, smirking,

"Skidmark record, huh?"

Jack licked his lips, grinning madly,

"Hell yeah!" he replied, turning down the next street. "I got a ten-footer out there! You can still see it!"

Hiccup felt his jaw drop for the third time that night as he stared over at Jack with wide eyes.

"Nu-uh!" he responded. "You're THE Jack Frost?"

Jack laughed,

"That's my name; don't wear it out."

Hiccup shook his head in disbelief,

"Whoa! That skidmark track is insane, dude!" he told him, motioning to Jack himself. "I can't believe it! _You're_ Ten-er Jack!"

Jack grinned, basking in the attention.

"Your last mark was so close to the record, man!" Hiccup continued, so excited. "The longest one out there is almost twelve feet long!"

Jack turned another corner, coolly replying,

"And I'm gonna beat it tonight."

Hiccup scoffed, laughing at him.

"No way," he smirked. "Not gonna happen. That twelve-footer was from North's_ Chevelle_. Nobody can beat North's record. _Nobody_."

Jack shook his head,

"I've come close enough, haven't I?" he said. The car took one last turn and Knightly Park's sign came into view.

"All I need is a witness," Jack finished, grinning at Hiccup. Hiccup turned and grinned right back.

This was going to be so much fun!

5. Chapter 5

****Stupid Love - Chapter Five****

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 1800****

****Warnings: language, minor illegal vehicle activity, Hiccup still not wearing a seatbelt****

* * *

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><p>They quickly pulled up to the picnic area (also known as "Skidmark Central") and Hiccup hopped out. Jack backed up the car to the start of his old skid, and hiccup squatted down and then shot him a thumbs-up. Jack rolled down the window, glancing back.<p>

"You ready to see greatness in action?" He grinned. Hiccup pushed himself back up and rolled his eyes,

"I'm ready to see your dreams die in a blazing heap of smoke and fire," he smarted.

Jack half-heartedly whined, pulling his arm back into the car and pumping the gas. The engine roared to life, the growling reverberating across the empty park.

"Just keep your eyes on these tires, sassy-mouth," Jack said.

Hiccup smiled,

"Oh, Gods, this is gonna be awesome..."

Jack pressed his left foot down on the brake, shifted out of gear, and put down the gas with his right foot.

"Oh, mannn..." Hiccup stared in awe as the tires began to spin and squeal.

After the smoke started to show, Jack slid off the brake and the car sped down the asphalt, burning marks appearing in the car's tracks.

"Oh, my _Gods_!" Hiccup jumped up, watching Jack's car speed away before drifting around and coming to a stop.

"HOW'D I DO?" Jack shouted over to him. Hiccup walked along the new skidmark, kneeling down as it faded after a few feet.

"Not even close!" He laughed as Jack lifted the door and jumped out. Jack ran up to him, excited.

"But that's at least seven feet, Jack! Gods, that was incredible!" Hiccup shouted, getting back on his feet.

Jack frowned, clutching his head,

"AWW! WHAT? I MISSED BY, LIKE, _FIVE FEET_!" He pouted angrily, falling to his knees to stare at the mark. "Goddammit."

Hiccup playfully punched Jack's shoulder, replying,

"Are you kidding? Toothless has _never_ gotten past six feet! You did a hell of a job-"

Jack looked up at him,

"Toothless?"

Hiccup's expression dropped. He let that slip already?

"Uhh, yyyeah, that's my..." Hiccup sighed, "my Fiero's name."

Jack bit back his laughter, standing up.

"You have a _Fiero_? Pffft," he chuckled, and Hiccup glared at him. "No wonder you get dragged everywhere."

Hiccup's eyes narrowed,

"Hey! It's a great car!" he yelled defensively.

Jack snickered,

"Let me guess, it's some God-awful color, like yellow or metallic orange, or something? Crappy flames and fuzzy dice?"

"What do you take me for? Some moron?" Hiccup glared.

"You own a _Fiero_, dude," Jack laughed out loud, not even bothering to hold it back now.

Hiccup turned away, folding his arms across his chest.

"Yeah, well, Toothless is not some block of cheese on wheels," he replied snarkily. "It's one of the fastest cars in this town!"

"Not faster than my Baby Tooth," Jack countered. Hiccup smirked,

"It's not about the horsepower," he told him, "it's how you handle the car."

"Oh, _come on_! Use your brain here, Hiccup!" Jack added. "You know my Huayra would smoke any old-school POS."

Hiccup turned around, smirk still on his face.

"You care to wager on that?"

Jack grinned,

"I was right," he joked. "You _do_ have a gambling problem."

Hiccup stepped forward,

"Afraid you'll lose?" He taunted.

Jack smirked back,

"Not a chance."

Jack held out his hand,

"You're on, shrimp!" He declared. Hiccup glanced down and reached out to shake his hand firmly, replying,

"You're gonna regret it, Frosty."

* * *

><p>Jack turned a corner and Hiccup slammed against the door again as he pulled out his cell phone.<p>

"Do you have to drift around every corner?" Hiccup complained.

"That's how they do it in movies!" Jack replied.

Hiccup rolled his eyes, dialing a number and putting the phone up to his ear.

"Hey!" he talked into the phone, "Hey, Astrid, yeah, I'm on my way back now."

He glanced over at Jack. "Yep, he...uhh, won't be a problem. Definitely. I'm with him right now!"

Jack turned another corner, almost fishtailing right into a parked car. He stepped harder on the gas pedal, commenting,

"Tell her we'll be there in just a sec."

Hiccup glanced out the window, frowning at the phone,

"No, not like _that_-Gods. Look, we'll be there in just a bit, okay?"

Jack picked up Astrid's voice, squealing something on the other end

of the line. Hiccup rolled his eyes,

"Then stall her for a second! Tell her...tell her I want to say hi-"

Jack blinked,

"What?" he asked quietly, curious. Hiccup shook his head,

"Yeah. Thanks. Yeah, bye."

He hung up and slipped the phone back into his vest pocket. Jack glanced back over,

"Is her ride already there?" he asked.

"They wound up calling Heather to pick them all up since her mom has a minivan," Hiccup replied, as though Jack would know exactly what he was talking about. "Astrid hates her, though, so I don't know what's goin' on there..."

Jack grinned,

"Is Heather hot?" he questioned.

Hiccup glared at him, sitting back and responding matter-of-factly,

"She's not even eighteen, Jack."

Jack waved him off, saying,

"Age doesn't matter."

Hiccup turned back to him,

"Pretty sure it does," he told him. "You see, there's these things; they're called _laws_-"

Jack interjected,

"There's a law about wearin' seatbelts, too, but you don't seem to care about that one."

Hiccup sat back again, glancing out the window and replying,

"It-it's not a long drive."

Jack leaned back, smiling,

"Aww, you trust me as a good driver," he teased.

Hiccup scoffed,

"I wouldn't say that," he replied. "But if you wound up getting me killed, Astrid would give you hell, so it's good."

Jack glanced over, asking,

"Is she hot, too?"

Hiccup's eyes narrowed. Confused, he replied,

"Why are you asking me? And you've _met_ her! She works at the bar-"

"Oh, right, right. Blonde, right?" Jack frowned, "I thought she was, like, secretly a lesbian, or something?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes,

"Keep your fantasies to yourself, Jack," he told him.

Jack shook his head, continuing,

"I'd bet a hundred bucks on it. She's definitely a lesbian."

"She's not a lesbian," Hiccup responded.

Jack smirked,

"How do you know?"

"...I just do," Hiccup replied.

"Ohhhhhh, you two _are_ a thing, aren't ya?" Jack teased.

Hiccup groaned in frustration,

"No! I told you, she's my best friend."

"And you're gay," Jack added. Hiccup sighed,

"...yeah. That, tooâ€|"

Jack turned another corner-slowly, for once-and the bar came into view.

"And there they are," Hiccup breathed a sigh of relief. Now he could finally get in Stormfly and go home.

"Who's the big guy?" Jack asked, driving slowly. Hiccup waved his question off, telling him,

"There's no reason for introductions at this point. Just pull over here."

Jack looked unamused, pulling over opposite the silver minivan on the other side of the road.

"Yeah, yeah, I know how to drive my own car. Yeesh."

The car stopped and Hiccup pulled the door up, stepping out and rushing over to the van.

"Astrid!" he shouted.

Hiccup briskly walked around the minivan and found Tuffnut and Ruffnut attempting to get a completely-trashed Snotlout to step into

the minivan with little success. Fishlegs was already seated shotgun, talking to Heather heatedly about...something. He turned to Astrid and she smiled brightly at him,

"Oh, hey, Hiccup!" she finally responded. The alcohol was definitely taking its toll on her now. She looked past him to Jack as he stepped out of his car. "Whoa, those doors go...up?"

Hiccup glanced over his shoulder and then back to Astrid, replying,

"Yeah, I told you about Jack's car... So, got those keys?"

Astrid put a hand on Hiccup's shoulder, screaming past him to Jack,

"I better never see you again!"

Hiccup took her hand and pulled her over to the minivan's doors.

"Don't worry about him, I've got it covered. Okay?" he told her. Ruffnut pushed Snotlout into a seat and the whole van rocked a bit. Hiccup shook his head, relieved he wouldn't have to ride with these guys.

"Alright," Astrid groaned, pulling out her keys and forcing them into Hiccup's hands.

"All aboard the party train!" Heather turned and shouted from the driver's seat. Hiccup gave a small wave,

"Hey, Heather," he said.

Heather smiled widely at him,

"Hiccup! Long time no see! How's it hangin?" she replied in her usual, high-pitched voice. Hiccup bit his lip,

"Uhh...good? I guess?" he tried. Astrid plopped down into the open seat and he grabbed the handle on the door, continuing, "Listen, I should get goin', so..."

"Oh, yeah!" Heather smiled again, a little smaller this time. "Yeah. Another time?"

Astrid turned to Hiccup, yawning into her hand and telling him,

"I'm gonna just crash at home. Come get me for work tomorrow, please?"

Hiccup smiled,

"Of course," he replied.

"Bye!" Astrid called.

"Drive safe!" he told Heather as he closed the van's door. After a moment, the car gradually drove off and Hiccup stared down at the keys in his hand. The camaro was finally his.

He smiled and turned back toward the parking lot, but a voice stopped him.

"Hiccuupppp~"

So close. He sighed, turning around.

"Yes, Jack?" he called.

Jack gave a small grin and walked across the street towards Hiccup, pulling out a cell phone.

"You almost forgot this," he told him.

Hiccup took it from him,

"My phone? How did I-" he placed it in his pocket again, mildly confused how it could have fallen out and looked back at Jack. "Oh, well, thanks, Jack. See ya around?"

Jack's lips fell into a straight line, quickly adding,

"Just not here, apparently."

Hiccup reached up, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Astrid would appreciate it... Maybe try a different bar?" he offered.

Jack sighed, placing his hands in his hoodie pockets again, replying,

"Eh, not a lot of choices left. I've been 86ed from so many..."

Hiccup rolled his eyes at the almost-bragging tone in his voice, muttering in response,

"I'm not sure I even want to know..."

Jack smirked, telling him,

"A lot of managers have smokin' hot daughters."

Hiccup facepalmed, shaking his head,

"Now I'm sure; I didn't want to know."

Jack continued to smirk, remarking,

"They liked it."

"I'm sureâ€¦" Hiccup turned back to the parking lot. "Look, I gotta get going," he told him. Jack blinked and then took a step back.

"Right," he said, taking another step back. "Go play with your friend's camaro. I'll see you around sometime."

Hiccup nodded.

"Yeah, so. Uhh ...bye!" he called out, walking towards Stormfly with a smile.

Jack turned back to his own Baby Tooth, mumbling to himself,

"Yeah, bye."

6. Chapter 6

****Stupid Love - Chapter Six****

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 1500****

****Warnings: Minor language, Jack being a creeper, texting while driving (those naughty boys)****

* * *

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><p>Hiccup drove down the road, cruising around town a bit before going home. It was only 2 am, after all. He gripped the steering wheel as he reached a stop sign. Hiccup licked his lips as he peered down the road in front of him and then glanced up and down the cross street. It was all quiet and empty.<p>

"Perfect."

He couldn't help it. He slammed the brake, pumped the gas, and took off down the street, only to rip the steering wheel around the first corner he came to, long-drifting out on the road.

"Whoo-hoo!" Hiccup smiled. He sure loved Astrid's camaro...

He continued to speed up the road, driving toward his apartment complex.

* * *

><p>The next day, after driving the camaro down to the gas station, the grocery store, another gas station, and eventually just the parking lot in front of the hardware store just to show off, Hiccup finally took off to pick up Astrid for work. The setting sun turned the cobalt blue of the camaro into a sultry violet and he flipped on the lights as the streetlights slowly started to come on.<p>

Hiccup pulled up to the apartment houses where Astrid was already waiting, looking completely exhausted.

"Wow, you look like shit," he remarked as she yanked open the passenger-side door.

"Nice to see you, too, _Hiccup_..." She snapped at him, plopping down in the seat.

Hiccup shrugged and pulled into gear as Astrid shut the door.

"How long did you sleep in?" he asked with a knowing grin. Astrid rolled her eyes, leaning away from the light coming through the window.

"Not long enough," Astrid groaned, leaning back in her seat.

Hiccup snickered as he turned down a street, and Astrid covered her eyes with her hand.

"Ughhh," she groaned, frowning at the setting sun. A buzzing noise made Hiccup glance over at Astrid, but nothing seemed out of the ordinary. He shifted in his seat.

"Huh?" Hiccup squinted, feeling his pocket vibrate. It must have been his cell phone.

"What?" Astrid asked, welcoming the distraction from the sun and how tired she was.

"My phone's going off. Get it, will you?" He nodded down at his jacket pocket.

"Who even calls you other than me?" Astrid smirked, reaching into his pocket and pulling out the still-vibrating phone.

"_No one_," Hiccup replied enthusiastically. "That's why it's weird..."

"Oh, it's a text," Astrid mentioned, flipping through the message screen. Hiccup scrunched his nose, trying to think of who could possibly be texting him.

"Is it Heather? I'm pretty sure I never gave her my number, but..." he trailed off.

"Uhh...I don't know," Astrid replied, staring at the phone in her hands. "It just says 'Hey, sarcastic asshole, what are you doing tonight?' And there's a winky face."

She grinned, obviously finding the whole scenario rather funny. Hiccup glanced over at her as they stopped at a stop sign.

"What? Ask who it is," he told her. He turned the corner and Astrid typed in his response, muttering,

"Who. Is. This."

Hiccup shook his head as they continued their drive to the bar. Who could possibly be texting him? And why did they want to know what he was up to?

"Well, at least we know it isn't Heather," Astrid piped up. "She'd never call you an asshole. Only someone who actually _knows_ you would do that." She winked and Hiccup grumbled, turning another corner in the car.

"Maybe it's Tuff?" he offered, still trying to think of an answer.

"He doesn't have your number. And since when does he even talk to you?" Astrid countered, looking down at the phone again.

"Point taken," Hiccup remarked. He and Tuffnut weren't on the greatest of terms, but he couldn't think of anyone else it could have been.

The bar came into view and Hiccup pulled into the parking lot. Just as he came to a stop, his phone began to vibrate again.

"Oh, good. I get to see who the mystery-texter is," Astrid smiled and flipped through the message screen again. "It was gonna bother the hell out of me if I didn't get to find out."

"Is your life really so boring that you actually find this so-called 'mystery' _entertaining_?" Hiccup asked, a look of mock-disappointment on his face.

Astrid rolled her eyes and read the message, waited a moment, and then burst out laughing.

"What?" Hiccup asked, "What is it?"

Astrid covered his mouth with her hand, trying not to laugh so hard, but it was useless. She held out the phone to her friend and he took it, confused at her reaction. He touched the screen and it lit up again, and read the message.

**It's Jack. Who else would it be?**

Hiccup felt his eye twitch and Astrid started laughing even louder at his reaction.

"How the fuck did he get my number?" Hiccup blurted out, staring incredulously at his phone. Astrid smirked,

"Heh, what? You didn't give it to him?"

Hiccup glared up at her, unamused.

"Why would I even-" he stopped, and his eyes widened in realization.

"My phone," Hiccup inhaled. "He said he found my phone last night...in his car. But I _knew_ I didn't drop it."

"He stole your phone so he could get your number?" Astrid laughed. Hiccup facepalmed, leaning back in the driver's seat.

"This guy really_ is_ a creep."

"I tried to warn you," Astrid joked, opening the door and getting out of the car.

"You didn't warn me of _anything_!" Hiccup retorted. "It's _your_ fault this is even happening!"

Astrid scoffed,

"It's not my fault the guy's a stalker."

Hiccup watched as she pulled her purse over her shoulder and walked inside. He glanced back down at his phone as it vibrated again.

So, are you gonna answer my question? Jack's next text read.

Hiccup squinted at his phone, finally replying,

**Jack, how did you get this number?*

Obviously, the guy stole his phone out of his pocket while he wasn't looking-when wasn't he looking?-and then figured out his number, just so he could text him. He vaguely wondered that if he could do that to Hiccup, why didn't he just do it last night to get himself a girlfriend?

The phone buzzed again, and he opened the message.

**Hmmmâ€¦| That's not important.**

Hiccup sighed. Of course not, Jack. It's not important that you're a total freak and a creeper. No wonder the guy was desperate to get laidâ€¦| Another message came through as Hiccup was about to reply again.

**Since you can't answer a simple question, I'll just tell you that North and Bunny's race is gonna be tonight. Wanna be my +1?*

Hiccup squinted at his phone again. North and Bunny's race? Their bi-annual blowout? Where all the best racers in town get together and show off and then North and Bunnymund duke it out for bragging rights and the imaginary key to the city?!

**Do you even have to ask? How do you know it's tonight?*

Jack's response came almost too quickly, like he already knew he'd say that.

**I've got connections. Meeting place is the old campground on Mt. Gibbs. Race starts at 12:25.**

Hiccup bit his lip. He'd never gotten to go to North and Bunny's big race events; only the big shots in town even knew where to go for them. But would Jack really know? Just 'cause he had a fast car and a great skid record didn't mean he actually knew those guys.

But what if it was_ real_? It couldn't just give up his one chance, right?

**If this is some joke, I'm gonna strangle you.**

He was definitely going to that race. He tossed his phone into the passenger seat and pulled out of park, driving back down to the

street. He turned and stopped at the sign, glancing over as the phone vibrated again.

He picked it up, quickly flipping through the screen again.

**You trust me, don't you? Just bring Stormfly down and have some fun. You could use it.**

Hiccup slammed on the brakes. He hadn't thought about bringing a car. He figured he'd bring Toothless, but the guys there would be looking at his car, and he hadn't cleaned out his car in weeks. He glanced into the back seat of the camaro. Astrid's car was much cleaner, and she had just given it a wash a few days ago. He bit his lip again, driving up to another stop sign.

**Yeah. I'll see you there.**

He exhaled heavily, tossing the phone back to the passenger seat. Astrid would kill him if she found out he went to North and Bunny's race-off and brought her car but not her. But it had to be done. There was no way he was going to miss this chance.

He frowned and kept driving.

7. Chapter 7

****Stupid Love - Chapter Seven****

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 3700****

****Warnings: Minor language, A LOT OF ILLEGAL CAR RACING****

* * *

><p>I do not own the rights to any Dreamworks Animation characters.

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><p>As the evening hours slowly ticked by, Hiccup spent his remaining time in his garage. He wiped down Stormfly's interior leather and dusted off the dashboard. He backed the car out into the lot again to wax the hood and clean off the tires. As he ran the hose across the lot to wash down the tires, his cell phone buzzed in his pocket. He tugged the hose behind him, pulling out his phone to read another text from Jack.<p>

**Only two hours til showtime. You still in?**

Hiccup rolled his eyes, holding his thumb over the end of the hose and spraying down the tires. With his other hand, he texted back.

**Of course. Are you sure this is still a real thing that's happening?**

Only a couple hours and he was going to see some of the greatest cars

in town, racing and burning out. He wondered what else those guys did at the race-offsâ€|

**I told you, I got a man on the inside. It's all good.**

Hiccup groaned. That didn't sound promising. But if this wasn't the real thing, then what was it? Worst case scenario, he'd go up Mt. Gibbs in the middle of the night and find Jack...trying and failing to get into some girl's pants, most likely.

Best case scenario, however, he'd get to see North and Bunny race, which was something he's always wanted to do. Oh, he was going to be so mad if it wasn't the real deal.

* * *

><p>Hiccup stared at the dim clock on the car's dash. Midnight. He drove down to the highway, heading to Mt. Gibbs. He always wondered why it was called Mount Gibbs when it was clearly just a bluff. Maybe because it was only one bluff in a place where the rest of the state was pretty much just flat? That didn't seem to be a good enough reason to call something a mountain when it clearly wasn't.<p>

Hiccup glanced at his side-mirror, noticing a bright glow of orange appearing behind him. And as soon as he'd seen it, it zoomed around, passing his car. The orange glow it shone onto the asphalt beneath it was more than enough proof there was a racer driving.

"Well, that's a good sign," Hiccup muttered to himself. If a racer is on his way out this way, Jack may have been telling the truth after all.

He continued to drive, only seeing two other cars on the way there. As he pulled off the highway into Crescent City, and then turned onto the road leading up to Mt. Gibbs. Past the sound of the gears grinding as the car pushed uphill, Hiccup could hear a faint thumping noise from the top of the bluff.

He drove up to the campground entrance, and his vision was quickly filled with bright lights from the track and loud music playing from the dozens of cars parked in the old lot. He pulled around, finding a decent place in the grass to park, close enough to be part of the show but still far enough away to not gather too much attention. He turned off the car and got out, glancing down at the car as in shown in the pale moonlight.

Astrid really would kill him if she knew he was here right now.

Hiccup turned to look across the lot, almost instantly recognizing Jack's Baby Tooth sitting twenty feet away and Jack pushing down the door. Hiccup, as excited as he was, nonchalantly shoved his hands in his jacket pockets and started to walk over. He tried not to stare as he walked by a Dodge Dart, a Ford Galaxy, and a modified Chrysler 300 on his way to Jack's car.

Jack whistled as two girls walked by, their shorts so short, Hiccup swore they couldn't possibly be wearing anything underneath. And, as expected, Jack, leaning back against Baby Tooth, smirked.

"Hey, girls! You look kinda cold," he called out. "Wanna use me as a blanket?"

The girls just continued to walk past him, ignoring him completely. Jack stood up,

"Oh, come on! I know at least one of you wants a piece of this!"

Hiccup walked over, trying not to laugh at the guy's ridiculous misfortune.

"I see you're as lonely as ever," he spoke up, walking around the fancy car. Jack glanced back.

"Hey! You made it!" he grinned, and then looked past him to Stormfly, sitting in the grass out of the light.

"Gotta admit," Jack continued, "I was kinda hopin' you'd bring Toothless so I could get a good laugh tonight."

"Well, thankfully, your pathetic attempts to pick up women are funny enough," Hiccup remarked.

Jack crossed his arms, muttering in response,

"Yeah, well...shut up."

"Nice comeback, Jack Frost," Hiccup taunted, walking through the gravel lot as other cars began to drive up and park. The mix of the dim street lights above and bright neon from the cars below was a bit disorienting to someone who wasn't used to it all, and this was certainly a new experience for Hiccup. He did his best not to gape at all the vehicles pulling in, burning up the asphalt at the entrance and sending the sound of roaring engines down to the sleeping town beneath Mt. Gibbs.

"Aha!" Jack suddenly jumped and ran off. "There she is!" he called out, running toward a circle of cars parked next to the old track. Hiccup hesitantly followed him, unsure what to do otherwise.

Jack jogged up to a brunette woman leaning against a green S2000. Hiccup bit his lip, trying not to ogle the car.

"Hey, pretty lady. You come here often?" Jack struck a ridiculous pose and the girl giggled.

"Bunny is just around the corner, Jacky," she told him. "Better watch yourself."

Jack leaned closer to her, raising an eyebrow.

"I'd rather you watch me," he smirked, placing a hand on the hood of the silver car next to the green one.

Hiccup rolled his eyes again. What was wrong with this guy?

"Ey! Get yer paws off the merchandise, Jack!" an accented voice rang out angrily. Hiccup froze, realizing the owner of the voice was right

behind him. Jack merely glanced over at the stranger, still smirking.

"Merchandise? You sellin' this bad boy now, Bunny?" he joked.

The tall, gray-haired man walked right past Hiccup to sneer at Jack, busying himself with the iPhone he carried in his hand, illuminating the tattoos that seemed to be on his face as well as his bare arms. Hiccup glanced back at the brunette and her ride, then the tall man and the car he was yanking Jack away from. A GTRS3, definitely a kit.

Everything slowed began to click into place in Hiccup's mind. The people. The cars. But how does Jack fit into all of it?

"Oh, please, Bunny," the brunette spoke up. "Jacky is harmless; we all know that."

She gave Jack a wink, and he grinned back at her, replying,

"Thanks, Tooth."

That was it! Hiccup leaped forward with realization,

"You're Tooth-__Toothania_! The Tooth Fairy! Oh, Gods, I _knew_ I recognized you!" he exclaimed.

Toothania turned to him, a little surprised at his outburst. Jack stepped over, clearly confused, asking,

"Tooth Fairy? Well, that's a new one." He turned back to Tooth, commenting, "I thought you were just Bunny's carry-on."

The man-obviously Bunnymund-turned around again, pointing a finger at Jack accusingly.

"Ya watch yer mouth, Frost!"

Tooth shushed him, waving him off.

"Oh, hush, Bunny," she told him before turning back to Jack to explain. "They call me The Tooth Fairy in the ring, Jacky. 'Cause I can punch anybody's teeth out and make money doin' it."

She held up a fist and winked at him again. Jack took a step back, a little intimidated.

"Cryptic," he muttered.

Hiccup shook his head,

"Hitting on a _warrior_, Jack?" he laughed. "You should've known better."

Tooth giggled along with him, responding,

"He just does it to ruffle Bunny up. And it always works."

Bunnymund shoved his phone in his pocket, turning back to his car.

"If he'd keep his bloody mitts to himself fer two seconds, I wouldn't have ta worry," he grunted, lifting the hood.

Toothania scoffed,

"You know very well I can handle my own," she retorted, seeming offended. Bunnymund adjusted the hood and left it open.

"Yeah, yeah, sis," he grumbled. "And as much as I'd love ta see ya knock the sport's teeth out, I got numbers ta fill."

He pulled out his phone again, turning back to Jack.

"Ya in for the show, Frost?" he asked, looking disinterested.

Jack smiled,

"You bet!"

He leaned over and pulled Hiccup over to his side, adding,

"Put one in for Hiccup, too!"

Hiccup pushed away from Jack, glaring at him.

"Hiccup?" Bunnymund eyed him.

"_Hiccup_" Tooth smiled, "Oh, that's such a cute nickname!"

Jack smirked, grabbing Hiccup's shoulder to pull him in again.

"It's his _real_ name, Tooth," he told her, laughing.

Hiccup pushed Jack off again and noticed both Bunnymund and Toothania snickering.

"Oh, yikes," Tooth mocked. "At least no one will knowâ€|?" she tried.

Hiccup shrugged, sighing,

"Uhh...I guess I'm lucky, then."

Bunnymund shook his head, finally asking,

"Alright, well, you wanna race 'im, Jack?"

Jack grinned, shooting him a thumbs-up, replying,

"That's the plan, my man!"

Bunnymund looked unamused, turning away and retorting,

"Oh, piss off, ya bloody git."

"Haha, come on," Jack grabbed Hiccup's jacket sleeve and dragged him away from the small circle of cars. Hiccup blinked, breathing as the neon faded and the abandoned track came into view.

"D-did you seriously just go up to a freakin' _underground_ _legend_ like The Tooth Fairy and-and Bunnymund himself and _not_ freak out?"

"You kidding? I've known these clowns for a couple years now. They _love_ me here!"

Hiccup glanced around, but the people gathered around seemed more interested in their own groups of friends and colorful cars.

"You don't seem that popular to me, Jack," Hiccup remarked. "I mean, I only knew about you from your skidmark record and that thing with the cop chase last summerâ€¦"

Jack smiled,

"Ah, initiation day," he reminisced. "That was a fun ride. Back when I still had my Zonda, too."

He glanced back at Hiccup,

"You heard about that?" he asked curiously.

Hiccup pursed his lips, replying,

"It was on the news."

Jack turned around excitedly.

"I was on_ TV_?" he blurted out.

Hiccup took a step back, blandly correcting him,

"Radio news."

"Oh," Jack deflated. He turned back around, finding some empty spots on the bottom bleachers and taking a seat. Hiccup scooted in next to him, continuing,

"You know, they never did find you or your car."

Jack cracked a smile,

"Yeah, well, you can thank Sandy for that," he replied.

Hiccup gaped at him,

"You know Sandman, too? No way!"

Jack just nodded, drinking in the attention again.

"The guy's my contact for this stuff. Sandy's the only way I ever get into these shows anymore."

Hiccup shook his head. Jack knew Bunnymund and Sandman, even Toothania, and on a level where he could just go up to them and talk freely.

"So, it's safe to assume you know North?" he inquired, already knowing the answer.

Jack scoffed,

"_Duh_," he replied. "He's the one who got the idea for that cop chase for my initiation."

Hiccup's eyes narrowed at that last word.

"Wha-what initiation?"

"For the Guardians. What else could it be for?" Jack remarked matter-of-factly.

Hiccup's jaw fell open. That'd been happening a lot lately.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait a second," he said. "You are part of _the Guardians_?" he asked in disbelief.

Jack just leaned back, simply replying,

"Yep."

Hiccup eyed him.

"...You're lying," he noted. Jack shot back up in his seat,

"What? No, I really am-" he defended.

Hiccup shook his head,

"Then why didn't you tell me before now? That totally seems like something you'd brag about-I have an Italian car, I go out with ladies every night, I run with the _fastest street crew in the city_?!"

Jack sighed, turning to him.

"Okay, look," he started, "it's not a done deal yet. North is all for it, Sandy loves me, but it's _Bunny_! That guy has got it out for me ever since I won that race two years ago, so he won't let me roll with them..._yet_. But I'm working on it!"

Hiccup tensed. Jack had to be lying. It was impossible. It just couldn't be. Jack was too much of an asshole to be with the Guardians.

"How the _hell_ did you win a race against Bunnymund?" he blurted out, his mouth running faster than his brain. "How'd you even get to race him?"

Jack smirked,

"Easy," he told him. "I hit on Tooth."

Hiccup closed his eyes, sighing,

"I should have known it was something stupid."

"I couldn't help it," Jack continued. "Toothania is hot."

Hiccup wasn't sure if he believed him. Jack running with the Guardians? It didn't add up. But he was so friendly with Toothania and Bunnymund back there. It was definitely obvious that Bunnymund didn't seem to like Jack at all.

A booming voice broke him out of his thoughts, shouting,

"Oh, ho, ho! Who is here to have fun?"

Hiccup looked up, and the crowd behind him cheered as a bright red Chevelle pulled onto the track, engine roaring as the man inside pumped a fist in the air.

"Is that?" Hiccup's eyes widened.

"There's the big guy!" Jack smiled, waving to him.

"Ah, Jack Frost. I see you could make it!"

Hiccup forced his mouth to stay closed this time. This was actually happening? He continued to just stare up at the massive, bearded man, not hearing a word he and Jack exchanged. He'd only ever heard about this man online. He'd only seen him once at a car show, only there to leave a signature burn-mark on the pavement, there and gone in the blink of an eye.

"And this is Hiccup," Jack said, and Hiccup felt himself being yanked to his feet. He blinked, swallowing as he realized that North was still just as massive from the new angle.

"You are Hiccup? Bunny says you two will race tonight, yes?"

Hiccup just stared up at the man, and Jack elbowed him.

"Uhh, yeah," Jack replied for him. "It won't be much of a competition, but it's just for fun, right?"

North let out a hearty laugh,

"Of course!" he smiled, and then gave Jack a stern look, continuing, "Just be sure to pay Bunny before race this time."

And with that, the man walked away, waving someone else down. Hiccup felt his breathing go back to normal and Jack waved a hand in front of his face.

"You still in there?" Jack joked.

Hiccup just turned to him blankly.

"That just happened," he said.

Jack raised an eyebrow,

"Yeah...it did. You okay?"

Hiccup fell back onto his seat on the bleachers.

"North is one of the Guardians. You...are one of the Guardians."

"Will be. Still workin' on it," Jack smirked, sitting back down with him.

"Wowâ€|" Hiccup breathed. And then he glanced back at North's car, sitting on the track.

"Wait."

Jack eyed him,

"What?" he asked.

Hiccup frowned,

"You signed me up to race!" his eye twitched.

Jack grinned,

"Uhh, yeah, you brought that camaro, so I figured-

Hiccup turned to him, panicking.

"I can't race! Especially in Astrid's baby! She's already gonna kill me, but if she found out I raced with Stormfly, she'd mutilate me! Kill me slowly, bring me back to life, and then kill me again!"

Jack snickered at Hiccup's reaction, laughing,

"Ha, dude, she's not gonna find out-

"And I haven't driven Stormfly for weeks!" Hiccup continued, interrupting him. "I'm still getting used to the weight shift-

"It doesn't matter," Jack interjected. Hiccup grabbed the front of Jack's hoodie, screaming into his face,

"I have ZERO DOLLARS on me! I CAN'T RACE WITHOUT CASH, JACK!"

Jack pushed him away, officially weirded-out.

"Chill," he told him, brushing off the front of his hoodie. "You're gonna race me. No cash, no pinks."

Hiccup bit his lip,

"But you'll still have to pay-

Jack held up his hand, telling him,

"I've got it covered. Just relax and enjoy the show."

* * *

><p>Hiccup's knee bounced up and down as they sat and watched so many cars do basic quarter-mile drags. He wasn't sure what was bothering him more at that point, the illegal activities he was about to participate in himself or the utter lack of American muscle in these racesâ€|<p>

"So, is Toothless your only car?" Jack asked, striking up a conversation.

Hiccup leaned back against the bleachers, trying to calm down.

"For now, yes," he replied, his eyes glued to the track in front of them.

"You buyin' a new baby?" Jack joked. Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"I'm looking into getting a Kaiser Darrin. Found one not too far from here," he remarked casually.

Jack tapped his chin,

"Kaiser Darrin? I...don't know what that isâ€|"

"It's a perfect-no, _ the _ perfect car. The one I want has pocket doors, only found on the '53 Kaiser Darrin. Very rare, _very_ beautiful. And one of them is soon to be _mine_, " Hiccup smiled.

Jack eyed him,

"So, where are you getting one?" he asked.

Hiccup glanced over at Jack. He probably had more money than what he knew what to do with. There was no way he could tell him who the seller was. He just couldn't risk letting this guy find out about his treasure chest; he didn't seem like much of the 'sharing' type.

"Well," Hiccup smirked, concocting his idea, "my cousin has a friend who knows a guy...who's dating a girl whose best friend's grandfather owns one and is looking to sell, soâ€|"

"The way you talk about the car, it can't be cheap," Jack commented.

Hiccup replied,

"Hey, I met the guy. We've got a deal going; it's just gonna take a little saving before I can get it, but I totally got this."

Jack shook his head,

"And what if somebody else came along and bought it before you get to it?" he taunted. "What if they offered a better deal?"

Hiccup shot Jack a glare. The guy he was buying from was a hell of a character, but it wasn't so much about money with him. At least, he _hoped_ not.

"I told you," Hiccup reassured him, "we have a deal already. He wouldn't just hand it off like that. I'd take better care of that car than anyone could even dream of doing."

Jack just scoffed at him,

"Well, aren't you confident."

Hiccup smiled. Yes, he was. That Kaiser Darrin was his dream car, and he was going to have it someday.

Bunnymund turned back from the next set of cars and waved to Jack.

"Oh, hey, we're up next!" Jack jumped up. Hiccup felt that weight settle in his stomach again.

"Come on," Jack grabbed Hiccup's arm and pulled him to his feet. "Go bring your car up to the line and let's do this!"

Hiccup bit the inside of his cheek. What was he saying about confidence before? That he had it? Because he may have been lying about that oneâ€|

* * *

><p>Hiccup pressed slowly on the brake, the nose of the camaro coming right up to the spray-painted white line. He glanced over at Jack just as his car pulled up to the line, as well. He rolled down the window, the sound of the engines filling his ears as he looked back at the road in front of him, exhaling.<p>

He could do this. He could definitely do this...right?

"Try not to look like you're about to have an aneurism, Hic," Jack shouted, having rolled down his window just to tease him. Hiccup glared over at him.

"I'm just thinking about how much you're gonna cry when I beat you, Jack," he replied, gripping the steering wheel.

"Aww, you think you can beat me," Jack laughed. "How cute."

Hiccup eyed Jack. Stormfly was sporting a V8, sure, but foreign cars always had their issues. He just needed to get a good start, and there was maybe an 80% chance he'd beat Baby Tooth. Huayras are all about their 0 to 60, but beyond that, Stormfly had the advantage. He could do this. He could definitely do this.

New determination set, Hiccup pumped the gas pedal. Toothania waltzed over to the small space between the two cars, smiling over at Jack.

"You know the rules, Jacky. Play nice and no victory kisses."

Then she turned to Hiccup,

"Good luck, cutie!" she smiled. "Jacky keeps his engine raw, so you don't have to worry about NOS, or anything like that."

Hiccup blinked. NOS? Well, he didn't figure that into the equation. Confidence slowly droppingâ€|

Toothania winked at him,

"Good luck!" she told him and then stepped back. She pointed at Jack,

and he pressed hard on the gas, the engine rumbling loudly. Hiccup smiled and Tooth pointed to him with her other hand. He pumped and pressed the gas pedal to the floor, the engine roaring louder than Jack's. He smirked to himself, keeping his eyes on Tooth.

She waited a moment and dropped her hands.

Hiccup shifted the gear instantly, letting go of the brake and speeding off. Jack's car sped ahead, but he was gaining on him. As the car travelled faster, he shifted the gear again, and continued to catch up to Jack. The next line was in sight, but he still hadn't pulled in front of Jack's car. He pushed the gas harder, though it did nothing, and he watched as Jack flew past the finish line just before him.

"Ughh," he groaned. Now he would never hear the end of it. Hiccup could hear Jack laughing as they rounded back around the track to the start again. Jack pulled out into the lot again, parking and pushing up the door. He jumped out, running over as Hiccup parked Stormfly next to his.

"I TOLD YOU I'D WIN!" Jack shouted at him. Hiccup shook his head, getting out of the car.

"If it had been Toothless out there, I'd have won," he remarked. Jack smirked, folding his arms across his chest,

"Well, we'll just have to see about that, huh?" he told him.

"Yeah," Hiccup replied with a smile, "we will."

* * *

><p>*doesn't know how to write action but wants to write a fic about cars* aghhhh, I'm sorry.

8. Chapter 8

****Stupid Love - Chapter Eight****

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 1854****

****Warnings: Lots of language, some cat-calling, Jack being a misogynistic jerk, Astrid getting angry****

* * *

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><p>"I gotta admit," Hiccup grinned, "this is pretty awesome, Jack."<p>

The two were walking past the several cars parked on display on the campground parking lot, music and lights blaring all around

them.

"Good to hear," Jack smiled back, his eyes constantly scanning the people around them.

"I'm glad I can check off doing this for my bucket list," Hiccup joked, "especially since Astrid is totally gonna kill me later."

Jack rolled his eyes, turning to the shorter man, "Would you quit worrying? She's not going to know."

Hiccup shook his head, replying simply,

"You don't know Astrid."

Jack laughed. This guy was just as pathetic as he looked, apparently.

"Just come up with a good lie and you'll be fineâ€|" he told him, looking around again. His eyes rested on a woman standing next to a blue Charger and he grinned.

"Speaking of _fine_â€|"

He shot a hand in the air and waved it about frantically, shouting,

"HEY!"

The woman didn't look up, so Jack proceeded to run over. Hiccup, unsure what was going on, followed him.

Jack sauntered up to the woman and she looked up just as he shoved his hands in his pockets and stated,

"Whoo, look at _you_!"

The girl eyed him suspiciously before he continued,

"Babe, you're lucky bein' sexy ain't a crime, or you'd be guilty as charged!"

"Fuck you," she glared, flipping him the bird. Jack smirked,

"Wouldn't you like to?"

Hiccup watched the trainwreck before him, letting out a faint, "Jack, seriously, don't-" but the idiot didn't seem to hear it.

Lucky for Jack, the girl just walked away, leaving him there with his defeat.

"These girls,I swear," he muttered, turning to Hiccup. "They have no idea what they're missing out on."

Hiccup shook his head, not the least bit surprised by any of this.

"I assure you, they don't care," he told Jack blandly.

Jack glanced past Hiccup to some ladies strolling by, smiling before cupping his hands over his mouth and shouting,

"HEY, NICE TITS!"

Hiccup pushed him back,

"Would you stop that?"

Jack smirked,

"What?" he snickered.

Hiccup glared at him, replying,

"You're gonna get yourself murdered if don't _quit it_!"

Jack waved him off, turning and walking back through the lot. Hiccup continued to give him the stink-eye, so he defended, saying,

"Oh, come on! I'm being nice!"

Hiccup smarted,

"No, you're being an asshole."

Jack just looked away,

"I do what I have to to get a date, Hiccup," he replied. "I don't expect _you_ to understand."

Hiccup hastily rushed forward and stood in front of Jack, making him stop in his tracks. Hiccup frowned, inquiring,

"Remember that not-so-fun conversation from yesterday?"

Jack tried to think for a moment, but then stared at Hiccup blankly, asking,

"Which one?"

Hiccup stared back,

"The one about how you can't treat women like that? Ringing any bells?"

Jack scratched his head, trying to remember.

"Oh...right. That."

Hiccup folded his arms, expecting more of a response, but Jack just scoffed.

"No, yeah, but I told you that being nice doesn't work."

Hiccup narrowed his eyes,

"Have you even tried it?"

"Yes! And it _doesn't work_!"

Hiccup gritted his teeth and pushed past Jack, walking the opposite way. Jack glanced back,

"Where are you going?" he asked.

Hiccup kept walking away, shouting,

"I'm leaving!"

Jack, confused, ran after Hiccup and caught up to him.

"Aw, what?" he asked, "But-"

Hiccup cut him off, saying,

"I have to pick up Astrid soon and I'd rather not have to be around you anymore if at all possible."

Hiccup turned, ducking behind a crowd of people to lose the white-haired jerk following him.

Jack paused,

"What-dude, come on!" he called out, "But we were having so much fun!"

Hiccup sighed, looking around for Stormfly, murmuring to himself,

"Yeah, when you weren't being a complete assâ€¦"

Jack glanced around him, having lost Hiccup for good in the crowd.

"Well, see you around," he muttered. "I guess."

* * *

><p>Astrid tapped her foot on the ground, her arms folded over her chest and her purse dangling from her shoulder as she stood on the curb at the end of the parking lot. Hiccup rounded the corner in Stormfly, biting his lip as he slowed to a stop in front of his best friend. She glared at him as she pulled open the passenger door, huffing,<p>

"I've been waiting here for nearly twenty minutes."

Hiccup glanced over at the clock. He could have sworn he was making good time...

"What took you so long?" Astrid asked, shutting the door and shoving her purse down at her feet. Hiccup licked his lips. Here it goes.

"Oh, uhhâ€¦" he started, "I was just...uhh, finishing up a level."

Astrid rolled her eyes,

"You and your video games, I swear."

Hiccup smiled, driving down the street again to take Astrid home. He shrugged, sheepishly replying,

"Yeah, ha, sorryâ€¦"

Astrid leaned back in her seat, rubbing at her shoulder. She struck up the small talk, asking,

"So, what did you do tonight? Other than play some stupid gameâ€¦?"

Hiccup tapped his finger on the steering wheel.

"Uhh, wellâ€¦" he responded. "That's about it. Yep, just playin' video games all night and day. What else would there be to do?"

Astrid seemed satisfied with his answer and glanced behind her. Her eyes widened, and she remarked,

"It looks like you cleaned out Stormfly. Thanks."

Hiccup held his breath.

"Huh? Oh, yeah..."

Right, how was he going to explain that? He exhaled, trying to sound convincing as he replied,

"Yeah...uhh, I thought I would make sure I got her back to you all shiny and squeaky clean."

Astrid sat back and eyed him. After the silence lasted almost a minute, Hiccup felt himself begin to panic. He glanced warily at Astrid, somewhat-defensively asking,

"What?"

Astrid crossed her arms again, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Alright, what are you hiding?" She questioned.

"What?" he squeaked, "I-I'm not hiding anything. What could I possibly be hiding?"

"I don't knowâ€¦" Astrid replied. She leaned back and sighed,

"So, what game did you play forâ€¦" She glanced at the clock on the dash. "...six hours?"

Hiccup licked his lips, trying to think of the last game he'd played,

"Uhhâ€¦"

Astrid's eyes widened and she turned to stare at him.

"See? You_ are_ lying!" she accused.

Hiccup clutched the steering wheel. This wasn't working. Why wasn't this working?

"What? No!" he responded hastily, "I justâ€¦ I played more than one game."

"What ones?" she questioned.

"Uhm, you know, the...uhhâ€¦"

"You are the world's worst liar, Hiccup, I swear," Astrid responded coolly. "What did you do? Why did you clean my car-"

She gasped and peered over at Hiccup, horrified.

Hiccup, eyes wide with confusion, cautiously asked,

"...what?"

Astrid looked nauseous as she fearfully asked,

"Oh, my Gods, did you have_ sex_ with some dude in my baby?"

Hiccup swerved the car, slowing down before turning another corner.

"What? _No_! Why would I even- you know I wouldn't do that!" he argued.

Astrid stared at backseat of her car,

"Did you spill something in here? What did you do?"

Hiccup frowned,

"I d-didn't do anything!"

"Don't you lie to me!" Astrid shouted, and then punched his arm roughly.

"_Ow_!"

Hiccup swerved again, grabbing the bottom of the wheel with his right hand so he could rub his now sore shoulder.

"Okay, okay, I- I raced...with Jack," he conceded. "We were- I wasn't planning to! It wasn't even my idea! He talked me into it!"

Astrid was quiet. Hiccup wasn't sure what scared him more, the sudden silence or the imminent doom that was about to befall him. A few moments passed, and he finally got the courage to look over, asking,

"Astrid?"

Astrid continued to stare forward, a completely unreadable expression

on her face.

"Pull over."

Hiccup glanced back as she spoke,

"What?"

"Stop the car right now, Hiccup."

He slowly pulled over under a dim streetlight, a little ways away from the next stop sign. Shifting into park, he cautiously eyed his best friend.

"Are you gonna hit me again?" he questioned.

"Did you win?" she asked instantly.

Hiccup gave her a confused look, replying,

"What? The race? ...no. Almost, but no."

Astrid finally turned her head to look at him, simply saying,

"Get out."

Hiccup stared back blankly,

"What?"

Her eyes narrowed and she yelled,

"I said, Get. Out."

Hiccup couldn't have unbuckled his seatbelt any faster.

"Okay, geez!" he told her, scampering out of the car.

Astrid slowly opened her door, stepped out and looked around. Hiccup figured she must have been checking for witnesses. She slammed her door and glared back at Hiccup,

"I can't believe you ran off and raced in my baby!" she suddenly shouted at him. "And you let that slimeball Jack talk you into it?! I thought you were just gonna get rid of him, not become his plaything!"

Hiccup made a face,

"Hey, I'm not-"

"I'M NOT FINISHED!" Astrid screeched. Hiccup froze as she stomped over to him, far more than just anger in her eyes.

"You raced Jack in my baby," she continued. "And then, to top it off, you_ lost_. Do you have any idea how _pissed off I am right now_?!"

Hiccup swallowed loudly.

"Uhm, maybe?" he tried. "But why does it matter that I lost-"

Astrid grabbed his collar and pulled him closer, shouting right in his face,

"You could have destroyed my car! You could have been caught racing and my car could have been impounded! WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING?!"

Hiccup visibly shook. This was not going to end well. Oh, she really WAS going to kill him! There had to be a way out of this...

"But...but, it was _Jack's_ idea!" he argued, blaming the true criminal of this mess. "He was the one who invited me-"

"But you went along with it, Hiccup!" Astrid pushed him back, "YOU did that. YOU drove my car. You are the empty-headed moron here, not him or anybody else."

Hiccup sighed. She was right. He was the one who went with Jack to the race and then agreed to race him. There was no excuse for what he did. He frowned,

"I- I'm sorry. I'm really sorry, Astrid."

Astrid scoffed,

"Yeah, I'm sure you are. Better think about how sorry you_ really_ are as you walk home."

She pulled open the driver-side door. Hiccup's face fell.

"What? Astrid!" he cried as she got in. "It's, like, 4 in the morning and I'm miles away from my apartment! You can't just-"

She shouted, "Yes, I can!" and then slammed the door closed. Pulling back out of park, she sped off, leaving Hiccup standing there under the streetlight.

He looked down at his shoes, muttering,

"...I think I should have just let her think I had sex in her carâ€|"

9. Chapter 9

****Stupid Love - Chapter Nine****

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 3858****

****Warnings: Mostly just fluff this chapter, some language, Jack being a moron****

* * *

><p>I do not own any rights to any Dreamworks Animation

characters.

* * *

><p>The afternoon sun heated the asphalt under Hiccup's hands, which is why he was thankful for the shade coming from the tall apartment building. He pushed himself off the ground and wiped his hands on his jeans. His car reflected the sun's rays right into his eyes and he turned away, walking into the small garage. Number 207, identical to his apartment number, of course. Hiccup grabbed a water bottle from the shelf, popping the lid and squirting some refreshing water in his mouth. After a big gulp, he squeezed some in his hair, and he shook his head, sending the tiny droplets in all directions.<p>

He placed his water bottle back where he found it and picked up his cell phone. No messages, no calls. Astrid was really giving him the cold shoulder.

"That, or she's still sleeping in," he mused. It was only 3 o'clock, after all. Astrid didn't have to work today, so maybe she was catching up on her rest, and not just blatantly ignoring her best friend?

He pocketed the phone and walked back to his car. Toothless was looking nicer now that he'd cleaned out all that junk accumulating in the back and given it the bath it deserved...

He placed his hand on the trunk top, taking a deep breath. What was he possibly going to do today? Everything he'd already planned to do was now done.

He kneeled down, feeling the tread on the back tire. Maybe he could rotate his tires? He glanced over his shoulder into his garage again. He didn't have the risers set up, and he usually had Astrid here to help position his car correctly.

A rumbling engine sounded near the entrance and Hiccup turned his head. He half-expected Stormfly to roll in, but when he saw the golden shimmer of a vehicle that was far too expensive to be in this neighborhood, he instantly frowned and groaned internally.

The Huayra pulled up next to Toothless, the driver's side door rose up, and an obnoxious, white-haired boy stepped out. Hiccup stayed on the ground, hoping Jack wasn't there to stay.

"Fancy meeting you here," Jack smirked, reaching up to close his car door. Hiccup, unamused, simply remarked,

"I_ live_ here."

Jack looked at the apartment building and then the open garage behind Hiccup and his car.

"You live in a tiny garage with your car?" Jack joked, and Hiccup rolled his eyes and stood up.

"How did you even find my apartment?" he couldn't help but ask.

Jack laughed and stepped over to Hiccup's car.

"I have my ways," he replied. "So, this is the infamous Toothless, huh?"

As Jack put out a hand to touch the hood, Hiccup stepped over and grabbed his wrist, stopping him.

"_Don't_ touch my car," he told him coldly. Jack backed off, shaking his arm out of Hiccup's grip.

"Why are you here, Jack?" Hiccup asked.

Jack glanced back at his own car, his eyes narrowing a moment before he responded,

"Look, I need a favor."

Hiccup almost laughed.

"Of course you do. But what could you possibly need from me?"

Jack turned his head, smiling at him. "Other than what's left of my sanity?" Hiccup added.

Jack reached down and opened his car door again. He stood back, making a quick nod to suggest that Hiccup look inside. A quiet, high-pitched whine let out from in the car and Hiccup walked over, peering inside.

A small, black puppy sat on Jack's passenger seat, its little head resting on the center console, big green eyes staring right back up at him.

"You have a dog," Hiccup said matter-of-factly.

"A puppy," Jack corrected.

"Okay..." Hiccup stared at the puppy another moment before turning back to Jack, adding, "_And_?"

Jack visibly deflated.

"He hates me, Hiccup!" He complained. "He won't do anything I tell him to!"

"Why am I not surprised?" Hiccup huffed. He leaned in to the car, picking up the small pup and pulling him into his arms. He turned around, plopping down in the driver's seat.

Jack folded his arms over his chest, frowning down at the dog, continuing,

"I need to take him for a walk so I can pick up chicks, but he won't walk anywhere!"

Hiccup scratched behind the puppy's ears and looked over him. There was a big scar on the puppy's left hind leg that was only recently healed.

"How old is this dog? He's so small..." Hiccup asked, still looking the pup over.

"Uhh," Jack replied, "I think the guy at the shelter said he was almost three months?"

Hiccup looked up at him,

"The shelter?" He asked, "You...you adopted a dog to pick up women?"

Jack nodded, acting as though that was a completely normal thing to do.

"I saw it in a movie once," he continued, "so I figured I'd give it a shot."

Hiccup shook his head, petting the dog in his lap again.

"That is the worst thing I've ever heard," he told him.

"It's only bad if it doesn't work," Jack defended.

"Well, this guy's got a healing wound on his leg," Hiccup pointed at the scar on the dog's leg. "So, he's not walking because it's _painful_, not just because you're an ass."

Jack blinked,

"Well, that sucks," he grumbled. He looked down at the puppy, but then his eyes widened.

"WAIT!" He suddenly exclaimed, causing Hiccup to jerk his head up. "I can work with that! Let's take him to the park!"

Hiccup raised an eyebrow, asking,

"Why?"

"The only better chick magnet than a puppy is a _crippled_ puppy!" Jack replied, leaning down to pet the dog's head. "We can just bring him to the park and ladies'll flock right to us..."

Hiccup wrapped his arms around the puppy in his lap, pulling him away from Jack's hand.

"I am gonna punch you," he said through clenched teeth.

Jack knelt down and reached for the puppy again, but Hiccup pulled him away again.

"Oh, come on," Jack whined. "Can't you just help me out?"

"Why should I?"

"Because I got you into the show last night?" Jack offered.

"Ugh," Hiccup groaned. "You know, Astrid almost killed me, thanks to you!"

Jack smirked up at him,

"Not my fault you can't lie," he replied. "Now, are you helping me or not?"

Hiccup gazed down at the puppy and then back at Jack.

"Oh, fine," he sighed, kicking at Jack to get him to move.

"But we have to get this pup some toys to play with first."

Jack stood back up, a big grin on his face.

"That's what I'm talking about!" He laughed.

* * *

><p>Jack parked the car right across the street from the dog park.<p>

"Well, here we are!" Jack said with a triumphant smile before turning to glare at the puppy in Hiccup's lap, adding, "Good thing, too. The little bastard kept eyeballin' my gear shift."

Hiccup laughed,

"That's probably because you kept touching it," he replied, popping open the door and stepping out. He reached back in and grabbed a shopping bag.

"Here, buddy," he told the pup in his other arm, "We've got chew toys galore in this bag."

Jack got out of the car, pulling out his keys to close the doors with the press of a button. He walked out into the street and strolled right up to the gate, holding it open for Hiccup.

They made their way in, and Jack quickly found a park bench to "set up shop," as he called it. Hiccup knelt down, placing the puppy in the grass to let him sniff around and get comfortable. His snout headed straight for the bag of toys in Hiccup's hand.

"Good boy," he laughed, pulling a toy out and letting the dog have it. It squeaked and the puppy dropped it, giving it an odd look.

"So," he turned to Jack, sitting with his legs crossed on the bench, "what are you gonna name this little guy?" He asked.

Jack grinned, replying,

"I was thinkin' of calling him Toothless."

Hiccup looked up, the most unamused expression on his face.

"No."

"Oh, yes."

Jack nodded, very well aware of how much he was pissing him off. Hiccup shook his head, grabbing another chew toy from the bag and

immediately chucking it at Jack's head.

"That is not only messed up and creepy," Hiccup remarked, "but it's obvious plagiarism and I'd have to sue you."

Jack laughed,

"Not if I call him Toothless 2.0!"

"You're an idiot," Hiccup grumbled. Jack snickered at him before dodging the next flying toy.

He snapped his fingers, responding,

"Hey! We could call him Twoey! Get it?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes,

"If I have to start chopping people up and feeding them to him, just know you'll be the first to go."

Hiccup grabbed onto the toy in Toothless' mouth and tugged on it. The puppy chomped down harder, but the toy slid right out. Hiccup frowned and held the toy out back to him.

"Are you really keeping him, Jack?" He asked, not looking up. "You don't seem like much of a dog person."

Jack huffed,

"I am totally a dog person," he replied. "And, DUH, I'm keeping him. He's freakin' adorable!"

Hiccup smiled. He couldn't disagree with that. He scratched at Toothless' ears again.

"What possessed you to adopt from a shelter?" He asked.

Jack leaned back on the bench, replying,

"Shelter dogs automatically come with a backstory to keep the ladies interested."

Hiccup frowned,

"But he's got injuries-"

"Healed injuries," Jack corrected.

Hiccup sat up, sending Jack his usual glare.

"You have to take extra special care of him, though. He might need special food because of his teeth, extra exercise because of his leg-" he stared down at Toothless as he gnawed at the toy between his little paws. "Why not just get another dog?"

"He was too cute," Jack smirked, looking down at the puppy, and then back at Hiccup. "And besides, he reminds me of someone I know."

Hiccup let out a defeated sigh.

"Well, you better take good care of him," he scolded playfully.

"Oh, don't you worry," Jack told him. "He'll be spoiled."

"Yeah, but he's obviously not trained, Jack," Hiccup continued, clearly unconvinced. "He's gonna destroy your car and your house and probably your life."

"Not if he gets me a girlfriend, he won't."

"I'm serious, Jack," Hiccup glared. "He's a living, breathing animal, not just some accessory to get you laid! He's still a puppy, but he's going to grow to be a big dog in no time at all."

The puppy in question perked up his ears, as though realizing he was being talked about just then.

Jack leaned forward on the bench, pouting,

"You act like I'm stupid or something, Hiccup."

"And for a good reason," Hiccup promptly replied.

"Toothless is gonna live a good life," Jack reassured him. "Trust me."

Hiccup pet the top of Toothless' head, replying,

"He better, Jack, or I'll make Astrid come by and kill you."

Jack sat up again, feigning a frown.

"But if I die, who will feed Toothless?" He joked.

Hiccup laughed,

"I will," he replied, "and he'll never have had better because he doesn't even like you."

Hiccup sat forward, getting his face closer to the puppy's, saying,

"Do you, bud? You don't like Jack at all, do you?"

Toothless barked, jumping up to nip at Hiccup's fingers.

"That's right!" Hiccup agreed, "He's just a big meanie, isn't he?"

Toothless jumped up, pouncing on Hiccup's hand and chewing on his fingers. Hiccup laughed as Jack stood up.

"Hey now," Jack mock-whined, "you're hurting my feelings with those words, you know!"

Hiccup chuckled, flipping over and lying on his back, only for Toothless to come over and lick his face.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Hiccup laughed. "I can't hear you over the sound of TOOTHLESS LIKING ME MORE THAN YOU!"

Jack made a dramatic gasp.

"_No_! Say it ain't so!"

He put his hands on his knees.

"Come here, Twoey!" He beckoned to the pup, "Come on! Show Hiccup how wrong he is!"

Toothless glanced up at Jack a moment and then went right back to licking at Hiccup's ear, pushing at his face with his tiny paw. Jack fell to his knees as Hiccup laughed loudly.

"Haha, _denied_!"

Jack crawled forward on all fours, trying to grab Toothless' attention.

"Come on, I'm the one who rescued you!" He tried again.

Hiccup reached up and picked the puppy up over his head.

"Yeah, to be used as a lure for single women," he eyed Jack before setting Toothless down on his chest.

"Well, I did the same to you and you're still hangin' around," Jack commented, reaching over to pet Toothless, but the dog moved away, licking at Hiccup's hand.

It quickly grew quiet, save for the barking and talking from the others all around the large park. Hiccup just breathed out his nose and pet the puppy now laying on him.

Jack sat back, slowly realizing what he'd just said.

"Ooh, okay..." He started. "I'm sorry. That came out wrong."

"Did it now?" Hiccup muttered back.

Jack bit his lip. He really was screwing up with this guy lately, wasn't he? He could fix this, though!

"But, hey," he offered, "we're friends, right?"

Hiccup almost laughed again, but he just turned and looked up at the ridiculous expression on Jack's face and responding a little too sarcastically,

"I wouldn't say that."

Jack grinned,

"But we have so much in common!"

"Yeah, well," Hiccup held onto the pup and sat up, replying, "I'd probably consider being your friend if you weren't such a creep."

Jack half-laughed, having started to catch onto his own weird antics. He crawled back over, smirking.

"Admit it," he teased, "you're having fun."

Hiccup rolled his eyes,

"I'm a dog person," he defended. "It has nothing to do with you."

Toothless pushed his head into Hiccup's hand, forcing him to pet him again, making Hiccup smile. Jack watched in amusement.

"Toothless really likes you, huh?" He said.

Hiccup glanced over at Jack, remarking,

"He'd like you, too, if you'd actually play with him."

Jack grinned, crawling forward some more.

"Alright, watch out! I'm comin' in!" He exclaimed, reaching around Hiccup and plucking the puppy up from his lap. Toothless wagged his tail, but let out a high-pitched growl at Jack.

"Haha," Hiccup smirked, "he really hates you."

Jack frowned, putting Toothless back down in the grass only for him to saunter his way back to Hiccup's lap.

"You said he wouldn't hate me once I bought him all these toys," Jack complained, pulling the bag over and dumping everything out. "Maybe he won't hate me once he sees my house?"

Toothless popped his head up as Jack rummaged through the pile of toys. Hiccup leaned over and grabbed a packet of dog treats, replying,

"He won't hate you once you feed him, dumbass."

"That's probably true," Jack mused. He reached over and snatched the treat bag from Hiccup, adding,

"He loves you enough as it is!"

Hiccup laughed and picked Toothless up, placing him by Jack's toy pile to let him sniff around.

"Is your house puppy-proof?" Hiccup wondered aloud. "You don't have, like, a bunch of bear-traps lying around or anything, right?"

Jack pulled out some tiny cans of cat food from the pile as Toothless started to investigate.

"Dude, I got it covered," he told Hiccup. "My place is all one floor, Toothless can have his own room if he wants, there's a backyard-well, kind of..."

"Kind of?" Hiccup questioned.

Jack tapped his chin, attempting to recall his house's layout.

"It's not exactly in the back," he explained. "It's more on the side, in between the sun room and the infinity pool..."

Hiccup sighed unenthusiastically and slumped back into the grass behind him.

"Am I supposed to be impressed?"

Jack rolled his eyes,

"No," he replied, "but Toothless should be. He'll be living there, after all."

Hiccup grabbed one of the chew toys and looked it over, asking,

"Are you sure there isn't some million-dollar vase or something that he could knock over and break?"

Jack pulled open the treat bag, smiling as Toothless instantly jumped right into his lap.

"If there was," he replied, "I could just buy a new one."

He pulled a treat out and Toothless stuck out his tongue, hopping up to grab at Jack's hand.

"Haha, you were right!" He laughed, giving the puppy the chewy treat. "He totally loves me now."

Hiccup glanced over, watching as Toothless struggled to get the treat to the back of his mouth where he actually had functioning teeth that could chew the delicious treat.

"There's no way I'm letting you take him home with you unless it's safe, Jack," he stated.

Jack smirked, closing the small bag of treats and tossing it aside.

"Oh, Hiccup," he joked, "if you want to come over, you need only ask!"

Hiccup pushed himself back into a sitting position and turned to the grinning idiot.

"You didn't even know what kind of dog food to buy, moron."

"Hey!" Jack remarked, "The guy at the shelter said he liked cat food!"

Hiccup shook his head, throwing the toy in his hand at Jack's head again.

Jack barely ducked in time, continuing,

"I'm telling you, it'll be fine."

"And I'm telling you, I don't believe it."

Jack pushed himself up, getting to his feet and replying,

"Fine, I'll show you!"

Hiccup stood up, too, replying back,

"Fine!"

* * *

><p>Jack pulled down the long driveway, the large house finally coming into view. He parked the car under the portico near the front door.<p>

"Tada~" Jack smiled, lifting his door and stepping out. Hiccup leaned forward,

"This is your house?" He asked trying not to sound impressed.

He pushed up his door, as well, and cradled the puppy in his arm, grabbing the plastic sack of toys with the other.

"I thought you said you lived alone?" He added.

"I do," Jack replied.

He walked over to the front door, pulling out his keys and pressing a button to close his car doors again. Hiccup shook his head, walking around the front of the car.

"But this is huge," he told him. "That's way too much space for just one person."

"That's why I've got you!"

Hiccup stiffened but Jack just smiled, stepping over and petting Toothless as he snuggled into Hiccup's arms. "Isn't that right, Toothless?"

Hiccup held out the dog for Jack to take him. Jack picked him up, smirking,

"Yeah, Daddy's got a super-cool crib, doesn't he?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes and Toothless wiggled, whining at Jack.

"You better put him down," Hiccup warned.

Jack looked at Hiccup, confused, and then back at the whining ball of fur in his hands.

"Oh," he said, quickly setting Toothless down on the paved driveway. The puppy quickly sauntered to a nearby sand garden and squatted.

"Ah, no, not in the sand!" Jack complained.

Hiccup laughed,

"Be glad he's not doing that on your couch, Jack."

Jack waved him off,

"He _wouldn't_!"

* * *

><p>Jack spun around, gesturing the the open room behind him.<p>

"And this is the second kitchen," he told Hiccup, "just a stone's throw away from the patio that overlooks the pool!"

He walked over the the glass wall leading to the patio.

"This place is stupidly huge," Hiccup spoke up, looking out at the giant pool just outside. "Who would actually want to live here?"

"Don't be jealous, Hic," Jack smirked. Hiccup turned his head,

"Hic?" He questioned.

"It's called a nickname," Jack replied. Hiccup rolled his eyes,

"You mean like '_Twoey_'?"

Jack laughed.

"Yeah, but I refuse to kill anyone for you," he joked.

Jack turned, walking out to the TV room. Hiccup followed behind him, Toothless waddling along right beside him.

Jack stepped into the room, the carpet and furniture the same color as his hair. He plopped down onto the couch, and Hiccup walked over to the enormous television.

"Oh, dude, you have the PS4?" he grinned, kneeling down to find a whole assortment of new and old consoles.

"Yeah, got it early," Jack replied. "It was a gift."

Hiccup scooted back and grabbed the corner of the TV stand. The wall next to him flipped, revealing an organized shelf of DVDs.

"Holy shit," Hiccup gawked, standing up. "That's one hell of a movie collection."

Jack smiled, leaning down to pick up the puppy shuffling his way over to the couch.

"Somebody sounds impressed," he remarked.

Hiccup smirked, glancing back at him.

"...maybe just a little."

Jack sat back, pulling Toothless into his lap.

"Wanna play something?" he asked Hiccup. "I mean, while you're here?"

Hiccup turned around, biting his lip in thought.

"I don't knowâ€¦" he replied calmly, "I was kinda planning to work on my car today."

Jack frowned, petting the dog as he yawned and snuggled into his hoodie.

"Yeah, but _this_ Toothless is way more fun," he commented.

"Eh," Hiccup responded, not convinced. Jack picked up the puppy in his lap, holding him in front of his face.

"Come on," he pouted. "You can't say no to _dis widdle face_!"

Hiccup sighed, knowing he wasn't going to win this one.

"Agh, fine," he blurted out, stepping over to the couch. "But only one game, then I gotta go."

"Ha! Alright," Jack grinned, setting Toothless back down.

As Hiccup sat down next to him, Jack reached forward and picked up the controllers from his glass coffee table and handed one to Hiccup.

"TV," he said sternly, "turn on."

The large television flickered and came to life, instantly showing the Playstation logo and a low tone rang throughout the room.

Hiccup grinned, looking around.

"Oh, wow," he remarked, "the sound is amazing in here."

"Yeah," Jack explained, "they built this whole house to be super-acoustic. Makes everything sound like a concert-totally turns chicks on."

Hiccup turned on his controller, replying sarcastically,

"Oh, I'm _so_ sure."

Jack selected a game, and as they waited for it to load, Toothless sat up, pushing his paws on Jack's controller.

"Huh?" Jack looked down. "Oh, hey there, Twoey!"

Hiccup glanced over.

"Looks like he wants to help you out," he joked.

Jack pulled Toothless back into his lap, petting his head.

"So," Jack started as the game began, "did my house pass your test?"

"Hardly," Hiccup replied, eyes on the TV. "If I could, I'd just steal Toothless from you, but my apartment doesn't allow pets."

"Bummer," Jack told him. "See, that's why I bought a house. Nobody can tell you what to do way out here. Want pets? No problem. Wanna build a race track around your house? Go for it! Wanna make love to a hot mama in your pool? All the power to ya! Nobody can tell you no around here!"

Hiccup shook his head,

"I'd hate to be your neighbor," he said bluntly. Jack grinned, replying,

"That's why I don't have any."

10. Chapter 10

****Stupid Love - Chapter Ten****

>Pairing: Hijack

>Word Count: 1850

>Warnings: Mild language, illegal highway racing

* * *

><p>I do not own the rights to any Dreamworks Animation characters.

* * *

><p>Hiccup quietly leaned back on his couch, cell phone in one hand, remote in the other. He absentmindedly gnawed at his shirt collar with his eyes glued to the tiny screen in his hand as the television screen further behind it flickered with static for a moment before the channel came in clear again. A faint "sugar crush" sounded and Hiccup set his phone down to look up at the TV.
"I would have thought you'd be depressed without me."

>Hiccup jumped up, turning around in his seat to find Astrid standing in the doorway to his apartment.
"Oh, hey," he cleared his throat and stood up. "Uhh, what're you doing here?"

>Astrid frowned,
"I'm here to see how life's been treatin' you," she told him. "But you don't seem to be hopelessly suffering and wasting away like I expectedâ€|"

>Hiccup laughed.
"Well, since you're actually talking to me again, I'd say I'm doing pretty great."

>Astrid walked inside, shutting the door behind her.
"You deserved worse, you know," she added. Hiccup walked over to her, a pout on his face.

>"Are you still mad at me?" He questioned. Astrid shot him a stern look, replying,
"_Yes_."

>Hiccup sighed and shrunk back a bit, glancing around his tiny apartment before finally asking,
"How am I supposed to make it up to you?"

>Astrid rolled her eyes,
"Hmmâ€|" she responded, pulling her car keys out of her pocket. "Well, how about you treat me to lunch down

at Gobber's?"

>Hiccup smiled,
"Wanna cruise?"

>"Do you even have to ask?" Astrid turned back to the door, nudging it open with her shoulder. "Of course! And don't you DARE let me win!"
Hiccup reached over the couch and grabbed his keys and wallet in one scoop.

>"I won't hold back, I promise."<p>

* * *

><p>As soon as Toothless and Stormfly pulled onto the highway, Hiccup peeled out, zooming out in front of Stormfly in mere seconds. Astrid pushed on the gas, booking it until she was right behind Hiccup's Fiero. She quickly maneuvered into the passing lane, but Hiccup swerved over, blocking her path. She smirked, moving back and forth before smashing the gas pedal to the floor.
"Oh, shitâ€" Hiccup swerved back over into the right line as Stormfly nearly rear-ended his precious car.

>"â€|the fuck, Astrid? Was that really necessary?"

>Astrid laughed and sped ahead, but Hiccup pressed on the gas and shifted gears, gaining on her.
Up ahead, Astrid dodged around two cars and Hiccup followed her, copying her movements as Toothless continued to get closer and closer. Astrid glanced in her mirror and tried pressing on the gas some more, but it was already to the floor, and her digital odometer flashed a solid 90 MPH, though she knew she was going at least 110.

>Hiccup shifted gears again, smacking the clutch before pushing on the gas and pulling right past Stormfly. He grinned when Astrid flipped him the bird as he sped on ahead again. He kept going until the turn-off ramp appeared. Just as he hit the brake, Stormfly's nose crept into his peripheral and it was on.
He slammed the gas again, but Astrid was already maneuvering in right beside Toothless. Hiccup shot her a competitive smile and she grinned right back. The stop sign for the turn was in sight, but the utter lack of cars meant that sign no longer existed to either of them.

>Toothless drifted around the corner, Stormfly right on his tail, both zooming right toward the restaurant at the bottom of the hill.
Hiccup shifted gears, pulling back for only a second, and his engine roared as he pressed the gas to the floor, taking off and skidding to a stop in the restaurant parking lot. He backed Toothless into his regular spot and watched as a steaming Stormfly did the same.

>Oh, he was about to get an earful, he just knew itâ€|

* * *

><p>"You're a jerk," Astrid remarked, slamming her car door. Hiccup hopped out of his own car, a big grin plastered across his face.
"I knew switching to a new fuel injector would do the trick," he commented, shutting the door and rushing over to catch up with Astrid. She ran ahead and pushed open the door to the restaurant, and then flipped around and held it closed. Hiccup smiled, walking up and trying to push it back open, but Astrid wouldn't let it budge. He stood back, folding his arms and giving a mock pout, but Astrid just stuck out her tongue at him in return.

>"You know, I can't pay for your meal if you don't let me in," Hiccup told her through the glass. Astrid frowned and let go of the door handle, and Hiccup pushed his way inside.
"Just know I technically beat you in here," Astrid added as they walked in and found

themselves a place to sit at the bar.

>"No need to be jealous," Hiccup replied. "I've been practicing."
"I can tell," Astrid quipped, leaning forward on the bar.

>"Hopefully, it'll be good enough to beat Jack's car next timeâ€|" Hiccup trailed off, leaning back on the stool.
Astrid let out a disapproving huff,

>"You're still hanging out with that douchebag?"
Hiccup rolled his eyes.

>"I haven't raced him with Toothless yet," he explained. "After I beat him and rub his face in it a little, I'll be done for good."
"Oh, I highly doubt that," Astrid laughed.

>"What?" Hiccup turned to her, "Why?"
"You've been hanging out with the guy more than me this past week."

>"That's only because you weren't even talking to me the last couple days!" Hiccup remarked.
"So, what?" Astrid glared. "You go and replace me with him? You two are practically best friends now, aren't you?"

>"What? No!" Hiccup defended, "Jack isâ€|Jack's nothing but a complete assholeâ€|who happens to own a perfect car."
Astrid rested her chin in her palm, adding,

>"And invited you to a race where you met The Guardians."
Hiccup bit his lip. That was true.

>"And got a puppy that I swear I've seen a million pics of on your instagram," she continued.

>Hiccup looked down at his hands. That was probably also trueâ€|
"And, according to your facebook, brought you over to his house to play video gamesâ€|quite a few times now."

>Hiccup cringed, finally replying,
"It does sound a little weird when you put it like thatâ€|"

>Astrid placed her hand on his shoulder.
"Face it, Hiccup," she told him. "You twoâ€|"

>"No!" He pleaded.
"Areâ€|"

>"Not the F-word! Please!"
"FRIENDS!" Astrid finished in a sing-song tone. Hiccup let his head fall to the counter, defeated.

>"Augghhhâ€|" He groaned. "Yeah, kinda. It sucks."
He turned his head to look up at Astrid as she pulled her hand away.

>"But it's not my fault. Every time I try to leave, or something, he justâ€|pulls me back in somehow," he continued. "It's weird."
"And creepy," Astrid shook her head. "I'm never betting you to do anything ever again."

>"I don't blame you," Hiccup replied sorely.
A familiar laugh made him pick his head back up, and the one and only Gobber sauntered up to them from behind the bar. He set down their usual orders, burgers and fries, and showed off his toothy smile.

>"Hey, Heccup, Astrid," he greeted them. "Good ta see ya!"
"Hey, Gobber," Astrid and Hiccup replied in unison. Hiccup's smile returned as he picked up a french fry and popped it in his mouth. Gobber stepped back and grabbed two, filled glasses before setting them down in front of him.

>"Got yer usual for ya," he remarked. "This pathetic excuse fer a beverage fer the young lad," he said as he pushed the glass of Mountain Dew towards Hiccup. "And a cherry Coke with no ice fer the lady," he added with a smile, pushing the other glass toward Astrid.
She smiled, reaching for a straw from the dispenser across the counter.

>"So, who won today?" Gobber grinned, glancing back and forth between the two.
Astrid shoved the straw in her glass and began to stir it around.

>"Hiccup beat me by just a hair," she admitted.
Gobber let out a hearty laugh, replying,
>"Ohh, well, don't ya let 'im live it down!"
Hiccup grinned, remarking,
>"Oh, she hasn't."
Gobber laughed again and told them to enjoy the meal before turning back to help some other customers. Hiccup and Astrid both shouted their thanks out to him and he waved them off and walked away.

>Hiccup grabbed his own straw and took a sip of his soda. Astrid grinned, turning to him to ask,
"So | Any chance your boyfriend's less of an asshole now? At least, since the bar?"
>Hiccup coughed loudly, having choked as Astrid had obviously planned.
"You did that on purpose," he croaked before coughing again.
>"Duh," she smiled triumphantly. "But answer the question."
Hiccup took a few more sips of his drink and leaned back on the stool.

>"Uhh," he started. "I don't know, sort of, I guess |? Why do you ask?"
"Oh, no reason," Astrid told him nonchalantly, picking at her food. "Just curious if I'll be able to handle him being around, that's all."
>Hiccup sighed irritably,
"I _told_ you, once we race, it's over," he replied. "You won't have to deal with him ever again."
>"Yeah, and I'm the Queen of England," Astrid retorted sarcastically. "Hiccup, there is no way that's gonna happen."
>"And how would you know?" He tested.
"Because I know you," she replied matter-of-factly. "And I know you like this dude."

>Hiccup held back a laugh.
"Please," he told her, "I like brussels sprouts more than I like him."
>"For now," Astrid added.
She picked up her burger and took a big bite. Hiccup raised an eyebrow, slowly asking,
>" |and what's that supposed to mean?"
Astrid just sat and silently chewed her food. Hiccup glared at her before she finally spoke up.
>"It means I know you, you dolt," she remarked. "I know exactly what's happening here, so don't think I don't see it."

>Hiccup's eyes narrowed.
"See _what_?" He asked, confused.

>"You," she replied, "and him."
Hiccup stared at her like she had grown a second head.
>" |what? Where is this coming from?" He asked, more concerned than confused this time.
>"You LIKE him, Hiccup," she told him bluntly.

>"Wha "Jack?!"
>Hiccup glanced around frantically. Had his best friend gone completely insane and he was the only one noticing it.
"Not like _that_, I don't!" He protested.
>"I beg to differ "
"You can beg all you want," he cut her off, almost afraid to hear what else she might suggest, "you're still wrong!"
>"I think I'm right," Astrid said knowingly and took another sip of her soda with a smile on her lips.
"Yeah, well," Hiccup huffed. "I "you "we'll just see about that!"
>Astrid laughed.
"I guess we will."

****Stupid Love - Chapter Eleven****

****Word Count: 3189****

****Warnings: Jack catcalling at women, Hiccup getting embarrassed a lot, Jack being a douchebag pretty much the entire chapter (sorry), mentions of masturbation and sex, some language****

* * *

><p>Hiccup sat down on the cold cement floor of his small garage, glancing over at his car. The hood was still propped open, the lights were on, and the radio played a random rock tune. He reached up, massaging at his shoulder as he cooled off.<p>

Just then, his phone rang. He stood up to grab it from the shelf, but stopped himself, staring down at the grease on his hands. He wiped his palms on his jeans and grabbed his phone, turning it on and propping it between his ear and his shoulder.

"Hello?" he answered, picking up a rag to try to get the rest of the grease off his hands.

"Well, hello, Hiccup," came the voice on the other line.

Hiccup sighed. Why didn't he bother to check the caller ID?

"What do you want, Jack?" he remarked. "I'm kinda busy."

"You workin' on your car?" Jack asked.

Hiccup glanced out at the parking lot.

"...What did I tell you about the stalking thing?" he questioned, walking towards the garage door.

"I'm not stalking you!" Jack defended. "I'm not even anywhere near your apartment, I swear!"

Hiccup rolled his eyes, replying,

"Uh-huh, sure."

"It's true!" Jack continued. "I'm at the Shadow Creek place. The, uhh- the outdoor mall or whatever it's calledâ€|"

Hiccup turned back to his car, picking up his phone and holding it to his other ear.

"And you called me becauseâ€|?" he asked.

"There are so many chicks out here," Jack replied, "but I could really use a wingman. Preferably a sarcastic asshole of one, if you happen to know any."

"Well, the only one I know is busy working on his car to get it ready to race, so-

"You're still not ready?"

Hiccup stepped back,

"Wha-I've _been_ ready!" He retorted. "I'm just waitin' on _you_, snowflake!"

"Oh, sure, blame _me_," Jack told him. "You could've just asked."

"But, you-" Hiccup pinched the bridge of his nose and took a deep breath. "Agh, fine," he responded calmly. "When are you finally gonna race me, Jack?"

"Bring that POS down here and help me out for a bit, then we can race," Jack promptly replied. "Deal?"

Hiccup shook his head. There was no way he was going to participate in any more of Jack's schemes.

"Ugh, Jack, I don't-" he started, but Jack quickly spoke up to cut him off.

"Great! See you soon!"

"Wait, I-"

Before he could even truly protest, Jack hung up and Hiccup sighed in defeat.

"Agggghhhhh," he droned out, "I _really_ hate that guy..."

Hiccup drove down the highway, turning at the stoplight into the expansive outdoor shopping center. Taking another turn past the "Shadow Creek" sign, he found the closest parking space and pulled in. Turning off the engine and stepping out, Hiccup glanced around.

Jack had said he was near the south entrance, but there were dozens of people wandering around the area. He sighed, not exactly distraught at the idea of not finding Jack.

"Well, look who's finally here!"

Hiccup closed the door to his car and turned around to find Jack jaywalking over to him.

"Took you long enough," Jack scoffed at him, shoving his hands in his pockets.

"I could have just not shown up at all," Hiccup replied unenthusiastically, promptly turning around to walk up to the sidewalk.

Jack cracked a smile and followed after him.

"Don't worry," he told Hiccup, "I'll forgive you once you help me get some phone numbers."

"I'm here to _race_, Jack," Hiccup grunted, shooting him a glare over his shoulder.

"Yeah, yeah, just relax a little, will you?" Jack waved him off, walking down the sidewalk a bit and then motioning Hiccup to follow. "Come on, let's go over here."

Hiccup frowned,

"You never listen to me, do you?" He remarked.

"I'm sorry, did you say something?" Jack smirked, glancing back at him over his shoulder.

"Jackass," Hiccup swore under his breath, briskly walking to catch up with him as they neared the center of the shopping mall. The pathway led to a large, circular median with a big structure standing at the very center. As Jack walked up to it, he turned around, swinging his arms around.

"See? What do you think?" He grinned, his waving arms nearly hitting someone as they passed him. "This statue thing is like traffic central! Almost everybody comes through here at least once, so it's ideal for finding the perfect target."

Hiccup shook his head, replying,

"Referring to a woman as a 'target' is your first mistake-" He paused, and then turned to Jack, saying, "No, wait, I stand corrected. Your first mistake was being born."

Hiccup laughed as Jack instantly ceased his twirling and nearly fell over. Hiccup stepped back and took a seat on the stone bench there as Jack frowned at him, asking,

"Does that mouth of yours ever say anything nice?"

Hiccup smirked, simply replying,

"Not to you, it doesn't."

* * *

><p>Nearly an hour had ticked by and Jack was rubbing at his sore shin again. Hiccup sighed; this whole scenario was all too familiar. He slumped forward, telling Jack,<p>

"Sitting here just so you can holler at any hot girl who walks by isn't going to do anything but solidify your image as a creeper."

Jack, unconvinced, rolled his eyes.

"Oh?" He questioned, "And you're suddenly the expert on this kind of thing?"

"No," Hiccup replied, "that's just common sense, Jack. You'd probably know that if you had any."

"Well, when was the last you had a date, Mister Know-it-all?" Jack asked condescendingly.

Hiccup glanced over at him, confused.

"Why does it matter?" He asked in return.

"Ding-ding-ding! We got a loner over here!" Jacked laughed obnoxiously.

"You're one to talk," Hiccup remarked.

"Hey, I'm on the market, man," Jack defended. "Every hour of every day, I'm on the lookout, taking every date I can get."

"Which is exactly none," Hiccup added.

"That's what you think."

"Because it's true!" Hiccup shot back. "You wouldn't be dragging me out here as your so-called 'wingman' if you were actually succeeding at any of this nonsense!"

Jack sat back on the bench.

"At least now I know why you're no help, sourpuss," he responded.

Hiccup glared back at him,

"Oh, no, no," he replied, "this isn't my fault by a long shot-

"Aren't gay guys supposed to be, like, chick magnets or something?" Jack interjected.

Hiccup eyed him.

"What would give you that idea?"

Jack sighed,

"Maybe you're just defective..."

Hiccup's eyes narrowed and he turned to him.

"Wait, is that why you keep asking me to go around with you?" He questioned. "To attract more women? Because I'm gay?!"

"No, that'd be ridiculous," Jack scoffed. "Obviously, it doesn't even work."

Hiccup took a deep breath. Why did he keep putting up with this asshole? There really was no good answer for it.

He stood up,

"Well, not that this isn't fun-" he started, but Jack grabbed the back of his jacket.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," Jack told him. "Come on, sit down. I'm just running my mouth. Ignore me."

Hiccup crossed his arms, replying,

"I've been trying to do just that since day one..."

Jack patted the seat next to him as he let go of Hiccup's jacket, pleading with him.

"Look, let's just change the subject," he offered. "Uhm, so...you're gay?"

"I'm leaving," Hiccup huffed and started to walk away.

Jack quickly got to his feet, chasing after Hiccup, trying to stop him.

"No-" he rushed up to his side, "no, no, hear me out! I'm interested in this, you know?"

Hiccup slowed down, glancing over at Jack who seemed relieved. Jack smiled, continuing,

"I mean, I don't meet a lot of guys who may or may not be attracted to me."

Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"You certainly meet a lot of women who aren't," he replied.

Jack couldn't help but smirk.

"Oh, he's got jokes now. Clever," he said. "So, what's it like? I mean, I only ever liked girls, so I have no idea at all how it could possibly feel."

Hiccup raised an eyebrow, confused by Jack's strange phrasing of that last line.

"I thought you were bi," he commented.

Jack paused, as though thinking it over. He shrugged, replying,

"Well, whatever. I haven't met a guy I wanted to screw yet. So, sue me."

Hiccup shook his head, not even pretending to understand Jack's reasoning.

"Yeah, well..." He returned to the original question. "It's not really any different."

Jack frowned.

"Wow, way to make a potentially X-rated conversation into a PG one."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you," Hiccup remarked, unenthused.

Jack leaned forward, trying to look Hiccup in the eye as he asked,

"Are you still a virgin?"

Hiccup scrunched up his nose, glaring at Jack's dumb expression.

"You have absolutely no sense of humility, do you?" He asked rhetorically.

"Hey now," Jack laughed, "you're the one with the PG-rated love life, not me."

"What?" Hiccup scoffed, stopping to give Jack an incredulous look. "Are you kidding?"

"No," Jack responded, stopping himself and turning back to face Hiccup. "Dude, you probably don't even masturbate!"

"How would you know?!" Hiccup defended.

"I...uhh, I don't," Jack replied, looking away. "But nobody can be that much of a tight-ass all the time unless they aren't letting off steam on a daily basis, ya know, like a normal person."

"Daily basis..." Hiccup trailed off, still eyeing Jack. "What, guys masturbate, like, every day?"

"Well, normal guys do!" Jack replied, turning back to him.

Hiccup glared again, asking,

"Don't you mean lonely, single guys do?"

He stepped forward, pushing Jack back a bit, adding, "And I'm just as normal as you are, Frosty!"

"Minus the regular sex thing," Jack remarked, standing his ground with a smirk.

"Except you're the worst pick-up artist ever, right?" Hiccup retorted.

Jack grin faltered and he folded his arms across his chest.

"Ouch, dude," he said begrudgingly.

Hiccup could care less about Jack's ego taking a momentary hit.

"You're the one who fuckin' started this!" He shouted at him.

Jack took a step back again, and held up a finger, commenting,

"That's your one, free F-word, Hic. Any more and you have to be bumped up to PG-13."

"PG-13?" Hiccup gritted his teeth, clearly still offended.

"Seriously? I'm not some, some prepubescent kid who never has sex! You really think I couldn't-"

"Just go right up and fuck some guy for hell of it?" Jack finished for him, leaning back down to flaunt that dumbass smirk in his face. "No," he continued. "Because you're not like that."

Hiccup shoved Jack away from him, but Jack quickly recovered and continued speaking.

"But, it's okay!" He told him, "not everyone is as lucky as me!"

"You make it sound like you're not the loneliest person in the world," Hiccup huffed.

"Nope," Jack grinned, stepping up to Hiccup again as he turned away. "That title's already been taken..."

He grabbed Hiccup's shoulder.

"...by you."

Hiccup shrugged him off and walked off,

"You're such a moron," he said through his teeth.

* * *

><p>Somehow, regardless of how much Hiccup wanted to leave, he didn't. Did he know why? Of course not. But thanks to the unknown force that was keeping him at Jack's side today, they were now wandering aimlessly around the outdoor mall, talking and munching on pizza.<p>

"Yep," Jack said through a mouthful of food, "I'd say my best physical feature is my amazing abs."

Then he paused, and corrected,

"Or maybe my hair."

Hiccup laughed, replying,

"Well, it certainly isn't your dick."

Jack shot a playful glare his way.

"Don't be talking smack about my perfect dick, you jerk," he told him. "I get enough harsh words from you; can't you spare him?"

Hiccup grinned,

"Not a chance."

Jack crumpled the napkin that once held a slice of pizza in his hands and tossed it over his shoulder carelessly. Hiccup frowned, but continued walking along with him anyway.

"So, what about you?" Jack asked.

Hiccup glanced back at him, confused.

"...what?"

"Your most attractive feature," Jack explained.

Hiccup rolled his eyes, replying simply,

"Don't have one."

Jack snickered to himself and Hiccup stared down at the half-eaten pizza still in his hand.

"Oh, come on," Jack asked, "you haven't looked in a mirror before?"

"I try not to," Hiccup quipped, taking a small bite from his pizza before making a face. It'd gone cold already.

Jack shook his head, sighing dramatically.

"Come on now," he told him, "you'll never get yourself a date if you think like that."

"I'm not going to get a date, period," Hiccup grumbled, trying to give Jack the message to move on from this topic as he spotted a nearby trashcan to dump his trash.

"Well, not with that attitude, you won't!" Jack replied, obviously not catching Hiccup's message at all.

After Hiccup deposited the trash, Jack ran forward a bit, turning around to face him, but Hiccup was having none of his nonsense and walked around him. Jack tried again, this time walking backwards in front of him.

"Hiccup, you gotta work with what you got," Jack told him, moving with him every time he attempted to walk around.

"Now, let's see," Jack leaned in, giving him a once-over that Hiccup knew was completely unnecessary. "You have a few, distinct features going for you that'll attract the opposite sex...or gay guys, in your case."

Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"You're gonna run into something if you keep walking like that," he warned, but Jack ignored him.

"First, you have those big, green eyes," Jack said enthusiastically. "That screams exotic. Combined with the reddish-brown mop on your head, every ginger-lover in the world will wanna fuck you so hard—"

"NO," Hiccup shouted, stopping him. "No, no, no, no. Just...stop. No. Stop talking."

Jack came to a halt, and Hiccup shoved his hands in his jacket pockets. If he had to listen to this anymore, he was probably going to throw up.

"Ah!" Jack jumped forward, continuing, "I almost forgot your freckles! See, depending on how far they go downâ€¦"

Hiccup swatted Jack's creeping hand before it could touch him, retorting,

"Which you won't be finding out."

Jack smirked,

"You're a fucking dalmatian, aren't you, Hiccup?"

Seeing his chance, Hiccup ducked around Jack and kept walking.

"Okay, whatever, don't answer," Jack called to him before running up to him again. "But I stand by what I said. You have just the right looks to be considered attractive."

Hiccup sighed. When was this guy going to stop talking?

"The real treat, however," Jack said, pointing a finger at his lips, "is that right there."

Hiccup glared up at him, remarking,

"Get that appendage away from my mouth before I bite it off."

"See?" Jack grinned triumphantly, "Girls-I mean, guys would love that! You're all snarky and use big words all the time! You're a fuckable, nerdy ginger! Who doesn't want a piece of that?"

"Try everyone who is currently alive on this planet," Hiccup fired back.

"Are you a necrophiliac now, too?" Jack questioned.

"Jackâ€¦!" Hiccup warned.

"Alright, alright," Jack shrugged, "to each his own."

"Jack!"

"What? I'm just kidding!" he laughed. "Geez, look at your face!"

Hiccup huffed and walked faster, but, of course, Jack caught up to him again.

"Can we please change the subject now?" Hiccup asked desperately.

Jack rolled his eyes, replying,

"Only if I've made my point."

"Well, you haven't, but this conversation is ending anyway," Hiccup told him in a harsh tone.

"Oh, I don't think so," Jack grinned, glancing around. Spotting a woman sitting on one of the stone benches outside one of the stores, he shot a hand in the air and shouted,

"HEY! SEXY LADY! OVER HERE!"

Hiccup's eyes widened.

"Jack! What are you doing?!" he questioned, but Jack grabbed his wrist and dragged him over to the complete stranger.

The woman nervously looked up at the two of them, quietly responding,

"Uhh, hi? Do you...need something?"

Jack smiled, pointing over at Hiccup.

"Do you think he's hot?" he asked bluntly.

"Jack!" Hiccup shouted, shoving Jack's hand away again.

"Would you fuck this guy?" Jack continued to ask. "Be honest."

"J-_jack_! What are you-" Hiccup bit his lip and frantically turned back to the stranger, trying to explain, "He's not being- he's, uhh-"

The woman glanced back and forth between the two of them, as though trying to understand what was really going on, before resting her eyes on Hiccup and grinning as she replied,

"Yeah, sure. You're pretty cute."

"Wha-" Hiccup eyed her, confused. "I-"

Jack turned back to him, grinning in victory.

"_See_?"

"But- no, I- That's-"

Jack turned back to the woman, telling her,

"Thanks for your help. He's gay, by the way."

The woman pursed her lips into a flat line.

"Aww, shoulda known," she responded. "The cute ones always are."

Hiccup ran his hand down his face.

"What- why would-" He kept stammering as Jack started to pull him back towards the walkway they were on before this all occurred.

"I didn't-" Hiccup took a deep breath and flipped around to face Jack. "Why would you _do_ that?" he grudgingly asked. "What even just

happened?!"

Jack laughed at his reaction, replying,

"I told you, you got it! You just gotta _use_ it!"

Hiccup groaned. This again?

"But I don't _want_ to 'use it'!" he whined.

"Why not?" Jack asked. "Are you waiting for some Prince Charming to just ride up on his fuckin' unicorn and save you from your lifelong celibacy? Because I'm pretty sure that's not gonna happen."

"Ugh, no! It's not like that!" Hiccup folded his arms over his chest. "I justâ€¦ It's not like that."

"Then what _is_ it like?" Jack questioned.

"Well, first of all," Hiccup gritted his teeth, responding, "there's no prince. There's no one at all! Nobody will ever see me that way and that's the end of it!"

"Ohhhh," Jack smiled, "I see what's going on here."

"I'm actually pretty sure that you don't," Hiccup remarked.

"You have the whole 'no confidence' thing goin' on," Jack continued, stepping around to face Hiccup. "What happened? Get rejected by a hot guy? Is that it?"

Hiccup turned away, but Jack just moved again to look at him.

"It's okay! _I_ wouldn't reject you, Hiccup," he teased. "And I'm probably hotter than any other guy you could find anyway."

Jack reached out a hand to touch his shoulder, but Hiccup swatted it away.

"Ugh, _seriously_?" Hiccup grumbled. "What is with you and always trying to touch me?"

"Wellâ€¦" Jack smirked.

Hiccup put his hand up, saying,

"Actually, don't answer that."

Jack gave a fake pout, and Hiccup sighed exhaustedly.

"Can you justâ€¦ can we just race now?" he asked.

"It's not even dark yet," Jack frowned.

"Are you waiting for dusk?" Hiccup joked.

"Fine, fine," Jack rolled his eyes. "Let's go."

****Stupid Love - Chapter Twelve****

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 2151****

****Warnings: Illegal racing, the boys almost run over a freakin cop, quite a lot of vulgar language in this****

* * *

><p>I do not own the rights to any characters from Dreamworks Animation.

* * *

><p>The second Hiccup could see his car again, he picked up the pace and started running over to it.<p>

Jack laughed, pulling out his keys as he called out to him,

"Eager to get your butt whooped?"

Hiccup grinned and yelled back to him over his shoulder,

"I'm eager to make you eat my dust!"

Jack laughed,

"Yeah, we'll just see about that!" he smirked, stepping into the street to walk to his own car.

Hiccup reached his car and opened the door before turning to see Jack blatantly jaywalking again.

"Where we headed?" He shouted to Jack.

Jack glanced back and stopped as he stepped up to his own car. After a moment, he responded,

"The tunnel past Knightly Park."

And with that, they both climbed into their cars and drove off.

* * *

><p>Hiccup turned down the street, Knightly Park coming into view again. The sun was beginning to set, but there were still a few kids playing at the playground. Hiccup slowed down, looking around for the tunnel. He knew it was close by|<p>

He drove over the hill and the small tunnel came into view. The train tracks that ran overhead were old and almost never used anymore, but the tunnel itself was sprawled with graffiti. A common place for teens to hide out and the only way to get to the run-down part of town without going all the way downtown, the tunnel was just short of three-hundred feet long.

Hiccup stopped Toothless at the stop sign in front of the tunnel,

looking to see if any cars were coming from the other side. He let off the brake and drove through the single-lane tunnel, trying to imagine the look on Jack's face when he finally beat him.

As he emerged from the other side of the tunnel, the under-populated residential area came into the view and the large streets were free of any people and especially cops. Jack must have raced around here before, Hiccup considered, because it was nearly perfect for it.

Hiccup pulled around and parked his car along the curb, waiting for Jack to show up.

Just as he opened the door to step out, he heard Jack's engine revving up from the other side of the tunnel. He glanced back and watched the golden car dash through the tunnel and then skid to a stop right next to him.

Jack rolled down his window with a smirk, but Hiccup just rolled his eyes at him.

"Took you long enough," he mocked.

"You're so anxious to lose, aren't you?" Jack teased back.

"Oh, shut up," Hiccup scoffed, getting back in his car and rolling down his window as well. "You gonna call the start or what?"

"Geez, keep your pants on," Jack laughed. He glanced back at the tunnel and then down the rest of the street. "Alright, starting line is the stop sign," he told him, pointing out toward Clover Avenue. "The finish will be Indian Gulley."

Hiccup grinned,

"Perfect."

Jack drove to the stop sign while Hiccup backed Toothless up and pulled right up next to Baby Tooth.

He rolled down the other window and sent Jack a nod. Jack sent a nod back and revved up the engine in his car. The sound echoed out and down the road. Hiccup followed suit, holding down the brake and pumping the gas so the engine roared.

They both glanced at each other and they both grinned.

It was go time.

Hiccup let off the brake and pushed the gas pedal to the floor. Jack did the same, and Baby Tooth quickly zoomed ahead of Toothless with ease.

Jack laughed, glancing back as he neared the finish line. That was when Hiccup pushed the clutch and shifted gears. The engine roared again and the car sped up, matching up to Jack's as the entrance to Indian Gulley neared.

Hiccup grinned and looked over at Jack's determined expression.

"Better make this as painful for him as possible," Hiccup told himself.

One last move. He shifted again, and that did it.

Toothless pulled ahead, and Hiccup smiled wide as he just barely reached Indian Gulley first.

"No!" He heard Jack shout as he braked and drifted around.

Jack turned into the Gulley and slammed on the brakes.

"Hahaha!" Hiccup got out of his car, pumping a fist in the air.
"_Yes_! I did it!"

Jack propped open his door and climbed out, immediately sending Hiccup a glare.

Hiccup walked around his car, smirking.

"Now, where do I submit my application to join the Guardians?" Hiccup taunted.

Jack rolled his eyes.

"Pfft, you wish!" He replied, "It ain't that easy."

"I beat _you_, no sweat," Hiccup snickered. "So, how tough could it be?"

Jack stepped over to him.

"Ooh, you're askin' for it, Hic," he told him.

Hiccup crossed his arms.

"Asking for what? Hmm?"

"A _rematch_."

Hiccup laughed.

"What's the point?" He asked. "I'll just win again."

"Not a chance!" Jack barked back. "I'm callin' it! Right here, right now!"

Hiccup eyed him.

"_Now_?" He questioned. "Man, you sure are desperateâ€¦!"

Jack pointed a stern finger in his face, exclaiming,

"There's _no way_ I'm letting you think a fuckin' _Fiero_ can outrun my Baby Tooth!"

Hiccup smirked. Jack being jealous was such a nice bonus with his victory. He sighed, conceding.

"Alright, Jack," he told him, "let's do it. Call the start."

Jack moved his arm, pointing down the road.

"Stop sign is the start. Finish is the other end of the tunnel."

Hiccup stared over at the tunnel and scoffed,

"You're gonna scratch your pretty, little car pulling that kind of shit."

Jack grinned.

"Not if I blow right past you," he remarked, a determined gleam in his eye.

Hiccup smirked back at him. This was gonna be fun.

* * *

><p>Jack and Hiccup waited at the stop sign, both mentally preparing for the race that was about to happen.<p>

Hiccup gripped the steering wheel and glanced over, but Jack was still staring down the road.

Hiccup revved the engine loudly, and Jack looked over to meet his eyes. Hiccup nodded, and Jack paused a moment. His eyes flicked to the road and then back to Hiccup. He suddenly smirked and nodded back.

Jack took off, and Hiccup slammed on the gas, taking off right after him. They both approached the tunnel at quicker and quicker speeds. Jack sped right past the stop sign and entered the tunnel. Hiccup held his breath as he kept his foot to the floor and entered the tunnel, as well. He slammed the clutch and pulled his last trick again, shifting the gears and pulling up to match Jack, just barely squeezing in next to him.

A light flickered at the end of the tunnel. Someone must have pulled up, Hiccup figured, but they had better get out of the way soon or they'd get run over by Jack. He glanced over for a split-second and realized Jack had noticed the light, too. But they both continued to barrel down the road, their cars inches from each other.

Jack's eyes seemed glued to the end of the tunnel. He was determined to win this time, it was obvious.

Hiccup kept glancing over, waiting for Jack to slow down, just enough for him to break ahead and hopefully keep the idiot at the end of the tunnel from getting run into.

The light flickered again and Hiccup realized it was a motorcycle. They were backing up, trying to move away.

Hiccup huffed; this was his chance. He shifted gears again quickly, just barely pushing 100 MPH, and pulling ahead of Baby Tooth by a few inches. Jack gritted his teeth and glanced over at him.

"Hey! What do you think you're doing?!"

Both of them looked toward the end of the tunnel. The person who was on the motorcycle had gotten off and walked over, apparently deciding to shout at them to stop.

Hiccup suddenly recognized the black and white colors on the bike and the man's uniform.

"Uh-oh," he bit his lip.

"Oh, _fuck_," he heard Jack shout, but as Hiccup looked over, Jack slammed on the gas pedal, going even faster.

Hiccup's eyes went wide.

"Shit, Jack, _move_!" He shouted to him, but Jack kept going.

The man jumped back away from the road as he and Jack barreled out of the tunnel, and Hiccup smacked the brakes, unsure what the hell to do next.

"I'M OUTTA HERE!" Jack shouted, his tires squealing and his car zoomed off down the road.

"JACK!" Hiccup cried out, glancing back to see the man mount his motorcycle and flip on the lights.

Hiccup didn't have a better decision and took off right after Jack, speeding down the road as fast as he could. The policeman on the motorcycle spun out and followed them.

Hiccup felt his heart leap into his throat. What the hell was he doing? He couldn't be running from a cop! But he kept right behind Jack, watching his every move, hoping he'd have some clue what to do and help him out.

Hiccup dodged parked cars, speeding up to catch up to Jack's car. Jack blew past another stop sign and Hiccup shut his eyes as he followed right behind him. He couldn't believe he was doing any of this.

Another policeman on a motorcycle turned around the corner and took after them, as well. Hiccup bit his lip into a frown. Gods, why was he getting himself into?

Jack swerved over and drifted around a corner, taking off down the road toward Main Street.

"Seriously, Jack?" Hiccup groaned, speeding up and drifting around the corner, too. The last thing they needed was to make this a public event. He ground the gears, pulling into third and pressed the gas, pulling up next to Jack's car again.

"GO RIGHT!" Jack shouted at him suddenly.

Hiccup blinked,

"_WHAT?!_" he shouted back, confused.

"I SAID GO RIGHT!" Jack shouted again, glaring over at him for a split moment. Right as he looked back, he swerved over and turned left. Hiccup glanced in his rear-view mirror and drifted around the corner, turning right.

"I hope you know what you're doing," Hiccup mumbled, watching Jack take off in the other direction in his rearview mirror before one of the cops turned the corner to go after him.

He gulped. How was he gonna shake the cop? He looked around. He was nearing the library, and the town square. Maybe he could find a building to hide behind?

That's when he remembered the bank. The old bank that had closed down last year had a blocked off parking lot as the road that lead to it was at a hill. That would have to do. Hiccup sped up, drifting around another corner and down Hammond Street toward the bank.

The motorcycle was out of view, so he took his chance, pulling around the corner, nicking the edge of the hill and plummeting into the parking lot. He balanced out for only a moment and then drove back around the bank, and slammed the brake. He shut off the engine and waited.

After a moment, he heard a small siren go by and disappear again, and he sighed in relief. He was good. He was in the clear.

"Oh, my godsâ€¦ I lost 'im," he said to himself.

Hiccup sank in his seat exhaustedly, but then he heard an engine roar and he sat up. Baby Tooth screeched to a halt right in front of Toothless and he poked his head over the dash to see Jack grinning like a madman.

"Haha, WHOO!" Jack shouted, propping up his door and getting out. "Was that fun or _what_?!"

Hiccup climbed out of his own car and grinned at Jack, as though he couldn't control it.

"That was _insane_!" he shouted, rushing over to Jack, and then glancing back at his car. "Oh, man, I'm so glad I put that neon flasher plate on todayâ€¦"

Jack stepped over to him, smiling.

"Don't forget," he spoke up, "I totally beat you out of the tunnel."

The smile on Hiccup's face instantly fell. He turned back to him.

"Oh, come on," he scoffed. "That didn't count!"

"Baby Tooth was the first car out of the tunnel, Hiccup," Jack said triumphantly. "I won."

Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"Well, I won the first time," he responded.

"That was just a fluke!" Jack retorted. "B-beginner's luck!"

"Yeah, sure," Hiccup waved him off. "Someday, I'll just have to show you what Toothless can _really_ do."

Jack laughed, asking,

"Oh, you sayin' that wasn't your best?"

Hiccup shook his head with a smirk, replying,

"Not even close."

13. Chapter 13

****Stupid Love - Chapter Thirteen****

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 2653****

****Warnings: A LOT of language, mentions of illegal vehicle activity, Jack being rude to an old person****

* * *

><p>"Hey, Astrid!" Hiccup called out as he walked into the bar with a big grin on his face.<p>

Astrid, standing behind the bar, looked up and gave a small wave. Hiccup hurried over and plopped down on the closest barstool.

"What's up?" She asked with a smile as she pulled out a glass, placed it in front of him, and pulled over a nozzle from the soda fountain to fill it with Coke.

"Guess whose absolutely _amazing_ car raced against someone's Huayra today and _won_?!" Hiccup bounced in his seat, leaning on the bar excitedly.

Astrid put the nozzle back and smirked, replying,

"Hmm, let me guess... Was it, perhaps, _you_?"

Hiccup let out a quick laugh, responding,

"Ah, give the lady a prize!"

Astrid giggled, and then asked curiously,

"So, how'd you manage to pull that off?"

Hiccup picked up the soda and took a big gulp.

"Sheer willpower," he told her. "Too bad it wasn't enough the second time."

Astrid cocked an eyebrow.

"_Second_ time?" She asked.

"He demanded a rematch," Hiccup explained bluntly before taking another sip of the soda.

"Ah, of course he did," Astrid shook her head. She reached back and grabbed another cup for herself and started filling it with soda. Hiccup sat back, continuing,

"And then this cop on a motorcycle showed up."

Astrid stopped and glanced up at him.

"Oh, Gods," she groaned. "Did you do something stupid?"

Hiccup laughed, leaning on the counter again, responding,

"What? Me? _Yes_."

Astrid rolled her eyes.

"You raced Jack right in front of a cop?" She stated more than questioned.

"No..." Hiccup replied. "We just almost _ran him over_ because he pulled out in front of us and then tried to make us stop!"

"Oh, no," Astrid commented, watching as Hiccup flung his hands about, animatedly recalling what happened.

"So, we raced out of the tunnel down on Hammond," he explained, "right past the cop, and just start _bookin' it_!"

Hiccup spun toward her in the stool, continuing,

"He chases after us, and soon, there's another motorcycle joining him. So, Jack and I split up, and we lose them! I pulled into the alleyway behind the old bank on Cox, right? And Jack caught back up with me-"

"How'd he hide a car like his?" Astrid interjected with disbelief.

Hiccup laughed, replying,

"No clue! But it _worked_! Oh, man...the adrenaline rush alone was worth it, I'm telling you!"

Astrid sipped at her soda before standing back and looking around the nearly-empty bar. Her gaze returned to Hiccup and the stupid smile still stuck on his face.

"Look at you," she smirked. "You're becoming a full-on thug, aren't you?"

"Oh, yeah, definitely," he told her, nodding frantically. "The world just won't know how to handle all..." He pulled up his thin arm and pretended to flex, "_this_."

They both burst out in laughs. Astrid shook her head at him and Hiccup leaned back again and finished off his soda. Astrid took the empty glass from him and gave him a serious look.

"But in all seriousness, Hiccup," she remarked, "you can't be pulling crazy stunts like that. You'll get hurt or wind up in jail or something."

Hiccup just snickered, but Astrid continued, suggesting,

"Maybe you need to stop hanging out with your crime-spreed buddy?"

Hiccup put up his hand to stop her, his smile refusing to fade.

"Astrid, you're being ridiculous," he told her. "Besides, Jack's not that bad-"

"Oh!" Astrid cried out. "Oh, Gods! Oh, no! There it is!"

Hiccup eyed her, confused.

"Wh-what is it? What did I say?"

"Are you kidding me?" She glared at him, and then repeated in her best 'Hiccup' voice, "_Jack's not that bad_?!"

Hiccup grimaced, instantly stammering in reply

"D-did I say that?"

"Those exact words," Astrid steamed, her menacing glare boring into him.

"Oh, no," Hiccup looked down at his hands.

"Oh, no is right-what is wrong with you?!" Astrid bellowed, her nose scrunching up as the anger built in her voice. "I told you to get rid of the guy, not get into his pants-!"

Hiccup glared back at her,

"This again?" He grumbled. "It's not like that and you know it!"

Astrid opened her mouth to reply, but stopped short. She took a deep breath and then stood back, replying calmly,

"If you say so."

Hiccup continued to glare at her, retorting,

"I do say so."

Astrid took out a washrag and snatched up one of the glasses behind the counter, absently wiping it down. Hiccup watched her cautiously, her behavior suddenly seeming suspicious.

"Alright," she started again calmly, "now, take out your phone and delete his number."

Hiccup raised an eyebrow, asking,

"What? Why?"

Astrid placed the cup back on the counter.

"I distinctly remember you saying you'd stop being friends with him after you had your little race," she told him matter-of-factly with a determined frown.

"I never said that," Hiccup instantly remarked.

Astrid stepped forward,

"No, you said-"

"I SAID," Hiccup cut her off, correcting, "that you wouldn't have to see him again. That's all."

"Oh, you son of a bitch!" Astrid yelled at him, startling him enough for him to grasp onto the counter to keep himself from falling over. "You never planned to stop talking to him, did you? Hell, you-you probably just gave him your number when this all started, didn't you?"

"W-why would I do that?" Hiccup stammered, scooting back on the stool nervously.

"Oh, don't give me that shit!" Astrid gritted her teeth.

Hiccup gulped visibly before sitting up straight and looking her in the eye.

"I don't like him that way, Astrid," he told her. "I'm serious."

"Alright, fine," Astrid turned around, crossing her arms furiously. "I'm only your best friend-or maybe not. Maybe I've been replaced!"

"Come on, don't do that," Hiccup sighed, slumping onto the counter dejectedly. "I'm just making friends. You're always telling me to do thatâ€¦| So, what's the problem?"

Astrid glared at him over her shoulder, remarking coldly,

"The problem is that that guy is an asshole, and I don't want you to get hurt."

"Wellâ€¦|" Hiccup hesitated, not wanting to say anything that'll set her off again.

He finally huffed, continuing,

"Don't worry. I've got this under control."

Astrid turned around, eyeing him with a frown.

"You're sure?" she asked.

"Yeah," Hiccup replied earnestly. "And besides, I told him if he ever pulls anything, you'd punch him into a coma, so, no worries, okay?"

"That's my boy," Astrid smiled.

"So, no more lectures?" Hiccup asked sheepishly.

"I ain't promising anything, Hiccup," Astrid grabbed her glass of soda again, taking a quick gulp.

"Shoulda known," Hiccup sighed.

"But, hey," Astrid started again, "I do have a proposition for you."

"Yeah?" Hiccup asked, intrigued.

"If I front you some cash to help you fund your little 'project'," Astrid asked, "can I get your help making Stormfly a little more...I don't know, like, race material?"

"Wha-yeah!" Hiccup grinned. "Dude, I'm only about three-hundred away from what I need right now, soâ€¦"

He glanced over as Astrid took another drink of her soda.

"I mean, uhh, of course I can do that," he told her. "But...why do you want me to?"

Astrid blew out a puff of air, her bangs moving from her eyes for a moment.

"Well, thanks to you," she replied, "certain people tend to recognize my car on the streets, and I am not okay with Stormfly being labelled a loser."

Hiccup sank back with a grimace.

"Yeah...sorry about that."

Astrid held up her hand, and Hiccup instinctually winced.

"Don't," she told him. "Just make her a winner, and all shall be forgiven."

"But, in order for her to win," Hiccup noted, "you'd have to race, soâ€¦"

Astrid smirked,

"Yeah, well, you've got connections now, don't you?" she remarked smartly.

"What happened to wanting Jack out of the picture?" Hiccup asked, confused.

"Well, if that asshole's sticking around," Astrid replied, "I might as well get some use out of him, right?"

* * *

><p>"What do you say, Mildew?" Hiccup pulled the fakest smile he could manage.<p>

The old man just grumbled back at him,

"I say I ain't sellin' it today, boy."

Hiccup looked down at the hefty envelope in his hand. He'd been saving up over the past year to finally meet Old Man Mildew's price. Hiccup gazed over at the old, rusted car sitting in the tall grass of the man's front yard.

"But, we agreed on three grand!" he whined, and bit his lip. He finally got the money and now Mildew was leaving him in the wind?

Mildew just waved his hand at him and turned to walk back up his porch steps.

"Come back next week and we'll talk," he remarked disinterestedly.

"But, _Mildew_" Hiccup tried one more time.

Mildew turned around, but stopped, looking past Hiccup with a confused look and asked,

"Who's that?"

Hiccup looked behind him, spotting the familiar gold-dusted car driving up and stopping next to his Toothless.

"Oh, great," Hiccup groaned. This wouldn't end well.

The door on the car propped open and Jack stepped out.

"Hey, Hiccup," he grinned, pushing the door closed and walking over to him.

"Jack, what are you doing here?" Hiccup asked, fearing what the answer might be.

Jack simply smiled, pulling out his phone and replying,

"A little birdy told me you were out here, tryin' to buy a car."

Hiccup eyed him.

"...Astrid?"

"Twitter."

Hiccup rolled his eyes. Duh, he forgot about that.

"Seriously?" he muttered, more to himself than Jack, but he didn't take it that way. He started defending himself, casually replying,

"What? I like being 'in the know', ya know?"

"You're such a creeper, Jack, I'm telling you."

Hiccup turned back, only to see Mildew had descended down the stairs of the porch again.

"The lad's right," Mildew commented, eyeing Jack like he was an alien. "You're a freak."

Jack turned back, sizing the man up before pointing a thumb his direction and asking Hiccup,

"Who's this bozo?"

Hiccup looked from Jack to Mildew and back, replying,

"That_ gentleman_ is Mr. Mildew."

He motioned to the car in front of them, adding,

"And that is _his_ Kaiser Darrin."

"Oh, so _this_ is that car you've been wanting," Jack smirked, checking out the car and walking around it. He turned back to Mildew, asking, "So how much you gettin' for it?"

"I ain't selling it today," Mildew replied coldly.

"Please, Mildew?" Hiccup pleaded. "I can add another hundred-right here, today."

Mildew just crossed his arms, unimpressed.

"I don't think so, Hiccup," he responded. "I'm bumping it another three grand for now."

Hiccup shut his eyes. No. That was _not_ what he wanted to hear. Jack glanced over at Hiccup's pained expression and then at the envelope in his hand. His eyes widened,

"Whoa, that's a lot of cash ya got there, Hic," he remarked.

Hiccup opened his eyes again, spying Jack as he inched closer. He bit his lip into a frown.

"Go away, Jack," he grumbled.

Jack smiled and turned back to Mildew.

"How much you want for the car, old man?" he asked with a smirk.

"Jack!" Hiccup warned. That tone was sounded all-too-familiarâ€¦

"Who are you callin' 'old', ya hippie?" Mildew fired back.

"I could give you 200 thousand for it," Jack offered, stepped up to the short, elderly man.

"What?" Mildew's eyes immediately widened.

"WHAT?" Hiccup's did the same.

Jack glanced back and forth between them, and tried again,

"...300 thousand?"

"Jack-"

Hiccup grabbed the back of Jack's hoodie and pulled him back.

"What's a kid like you doin' with that kinda money anyway?" Mildew questioned suspiciously.

Jack grinned, despite being pulled back awkwardly by his collar.

"Hopefully," he replied, "buying a car from you."

"I got no use for yer money," Mildew grunted, turning away again.

Jack's smile fell.

"But-"

Mildew angrily waved him off, ascending the staircase again and opening the porch door.

"Get lost, ye hot-shot freak!" He glanced over her shoulder with a glare. "And take the dolt with ya!"

Hiccup let go of Jack, desperately rushing over to the porch steps. He pleaded,

"But, Mr. Mildew-!"

"I said, beat it, kid!" Mildew shouted, and slammed the door behind him.

Hiccup visibly deflated, his arms falling to his sides in defeat.

"Uhh, sorry?" Jack offered, biting his lip as he backed up toward his car.

"I can't believe you just did that," Hiccup shook his head, reaching up and pulling at his hair.

"Hey, I didn't know-"

Hiccup whipped around, glaring daggers at Jack.

"Now I'm never gonna get that car!" he shouted, stomping over to him.
"I was THIS close, Jack! THIS FUCKING CLOSE."

Jack backed up, bumping into his car. He glanced back before looking back at Hiccup.

"It didn't look like that when I first got here," he smarted.

"I would have found a way to drive that Darrin home today if you hadn't shown up," Hiccup retorted, aggressively shoving a finger at Jack's chest.

"Geez, man," Jack jerked back, "I said I was sorry--"

"I DON'T CARE!" Hiccup growled up at him.

Jack huffed and pushed back.

"Hey, dude, it's just a car!" he shouted, and Hiccup took a step back. Jack looked over at the Fiero, continuing, "Besides, I really like Toothless. You're not tryin' to replace that hot machine, are ya?"

Hiccup looked over at the Darrin and then back over to his Fiero before a sigh left his lips.

"...no," he said, "I guess not."

Jack grinned in triumph.

"Go to your baby, Hiccup," he told him grandly, placing an arm over his shoulders.

Hiccup stood still a moment and then shrugged him away.

"Stop being such a weirdo, Jack," he remarked.

"You're the weirdo," Jack replied.

Hiccup rolled his eyes, walking over to his car slowly.

"Why do I put up with you?"

Jack laughed.

"'Cause you liiike me~" he sang.

Hiccup opened the door on his car, smirking,

"Don't flatter yourself."

Jack grasped at his chest, dramatically replying,

"Agh! Right in the heart!"

He shot Hiccup a playful glare, adding,

"_Et tu, Hiccup_?"

"Just go, Jack," Hiccup finally told him.

"Alright, alright," Jack conceded, opening up the door to his car, as well.

But just as Hiccup went to climb into his car, Jack added,

"I'll just bring Twoey home by myself."

Hiccup stood back up and looked over as the black puppy hopped down from Jack's car and around to Hiccup, jumping up and pawing at his jeans. Hiccup sighed, muttering,

"I swear, you do this on purpose."

Jack smirked, walking around Hiccup's car, as well, to join them.

"You love this dog, man," he remarked. "I have to take advantage of that. It's, like, the law."

Hiccup crouched down and patted the dog's head, a smile slowly creeping to his face.

"Hey, Toothless!" he cooed, scratching behind the puppy's ears. "Hey, wanna ride in _my_ car?" he offered, "Yeah, my car is _way_ more fun than stinky, old Jack's."

Toothless stepped over and sniffed at the Fiero for a second before jumping up onto the driver's seat.

"Toothless inside of Toothless?" Jack questioned. "It's Toothless-ception!"

Hiccup shook his head and scooted in next to the pup. He glanced back up at Jack, replying,

"You're not as clever as you think you are."

"Uhh, no, actually," Jack laughed. "I am _super_ clever, thank you very much."

"I'll meet you at the house," Hiccup rolled his eyes and slammed the car door shut.

He started the engine and Toothless hopped into the passenger seat, tongue already sticking out. He pulled into Reverse and skidded down the gravel pathway and toward the main road. Jack ran over to his car, yelling, "Hey, wait up!" before following his lead.

14. Chapter 14

****Stupid Love - Chapter Fourteen****

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 4941****

****Warnings: Some language, mostly just fluff this chapter but some mentions of sex at the end****

* * *

><p>Toothless jumped into Hiccup's lap as he turned the wheel and pulled onto Main Street. Smiling, Hiccup looked down and laughed at the excited puppy staring right back up at him. He gently scratched behind the dog's ears, moving his other hand to the bottom of the steering wheel, but Toothless nudged at it, and Hiccup moved up his knee to steer instead. Toothless nudged at his hand again, and then nipped at his sleeve.<p>

"Oh, you just want to play, huh?" Hiccup grinned.

That was when he remembered the toy he bought just the other day. He had stashed it in his room for the next time Jack stopped by with Toothless, but he wouldn't be able to give it to him now...or could he?

His apartment wasn't too far out of the way, so Jack wouldn't mind if he stopped for just a second, right? Hiccup glanced at the golden car trailing behind him in the rearview mirror before flipping on his turn signal and taking a left towards his place. Jack followed right behind him.

He put on the turn signal one last time and pulled into the lot in front of his apartment building.

He parked and stepped out of the car, and Toothless hopped out and ran over to the closest spot of grass.

Jack's car drove up behind his, the window already rolled down. Jack made a face, asking,

"Uhh, what are we doin'?"

Hiccup walked over to the puppy who was avidly sniffing the ground, shouting to Jack over his shoulder,

"I forgot, I bought Toothless a new toy yesterday and I wanted to go get it before we head out."

Jack sat back.

"Ohhhâ€¦" he responded, "You know, he's got plenty of toys already."

"Yes, but I bought this one," Hiccup told him, bending down to pat Toothless on the head.

"Oh, whatever," Jack scoffed, stepping out of his car and walking over to join him. "Here, I got this. Just get the stupid toy."

Hiccup looked up at him a moment before standing up and walking toward the entrance.

"I'll be right back," he said before he disappeared inside.

Jack bent down to scoop the puppy into his arms.

"Come on, little guy," he said, "I've got a plan."

He turned around, dashing over and carrying the dog right back to his car. He set Toothless in the passenger seat and climbed into the driver's side before pulling the door down. Now, he just had to wait.

Hiccup finally emerged from the building again, toy in hand. He glanced around before Toothless' head popped up from Jack's car window. Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"Really?" he laughed.

Jack pulled a face.

"It wasn't me! I swear! Twoey just jumped into my car! It wasn't like I could've told him no!" he exclaimed, reaching up only a moment to scratch at his neck.

Hiccup shook his head and walked over to his car again.

"Fine," he replied. "I'll just follow you out there, then."

"No, wait!" Jack shouted to him. Hiccup looked back.

"Just come with me!" Jack offered, sticking his head out of the window and motioning for Hiccup to come over. "I mean, uhh, it'll save you the trip and I can just bring you back later."

Hiccup eyed Jack a moment. Jack was obviously up to something, but he wasn't sure what. But if he was offering a free ride in his perfect car, he didn't really want to say no.

"...ehh, okay, I guess," he conceded, but turned back to his car. "Just let me lock my car up first."

Hiccup climbed back into his car and pulled it up to his garage door before getting out and opening it up. Pushing it up high enough to get his car in, he jumped back into the car and parked it inside the garage. He shut off the car, grabbed the dog toy, pocketed his phone, and shut the door behind him.

Jack smiled triumphantly and sat back in his seat, watching as Hiccup made his way back across the lot to his car.

"Haha, it worked," he cheered quietly, holding Twoey up on his lap. He made a fist and gently bumped Toothless' limp paw, making a ridiculous fist-bump of sorts.

Hiccup walked up and lifted the door, letting himself in. He sat down, barely closing the door before Toothless bounded over and hopped into his lap.

"Look what I got you, Toothless!" he called, holding up the stuffed toy in his hand. It was a plush, green dragon, with beady eyes and a crooked, sewn-on smile. Toothless instantly jumped up and chomped onto its tail.

"Yeah, you like that, don't you?" Hiccup laughed as Toothless began to tug on it, trying to get it away from him to chew on it some

more.

Jack pulled the car into drive and circled back to the road. As Toothless finally snatched the toy away from Hiccup's hand, Jack jokingly scoffed, saying,

"He likes all the toys I got him better."

Hiccup just rolled his eyes, sitting back in the seat before replying,

"Quality's better than quantity, Jack."

Jack laughed, glancing over at Hiccup and then at the puppy again.

"You call that quality?" he remarked, "It looks like you got it at a thrift store or something!"

Hiccup crossed his arms, reaching over to pet Toothless.

"You're just jealous that Toothless likes me more than you-" But Toothless nipped at his hand, not wanting him to take the toy. "Ow!" Hiccup grumbled, pulling his hand back.

Jack snickered.

"Yep, you caught me," he replied, "totally jealous of you getting your hand bit off."

* * *

><p>They soon arrived at Jack's house once again, and all three of them got out of the car. Toothless rushed to the front door as Hiccup and Jack made their way in at a leisurely pace.<p>

Walking into the living room, Hiccup tossed his jacket on the couch and held up the dragon toy, looking around for the puppy.

"Oh, Toothless~" he sang, waiting for the dog to come running to him any second.

Just as he predicted, Toothless scampered in from the kitchen, his tongue flopping out of his mouth as he ran right up to Hiccup, jumping on his leg to try and reach the toy. Hiccup moved the toy around, and Toothless followed it, constantly trying to chomp onto its tail again with his teeth.

Jack walked around the corner, kneeling down in front of the TV.

"Hey, I just got that new zombie game," he remarked, glancing back at Hiccup. "You wanna play?"

Hiccup threw the toy across the room and plopped down on the floor next to Jack.

"I'm kinda playing with Toothless, in case you hadn't noticed," he replied.

Just as Jack turned away, Toothless rushed around the couch and dove right into Hiccup's lap, and Hiccup dramatically fell onto his back, laughing.

He glanced up and noticed the laundry basket full of dog toys-most of which were just the empty vessels of stuffed animals Toothless had gotten his paws on-and a grin came across his face. He scooted himself over to the basket, rifling around until he found a toy that still served its primary function. He pulled out a rubber ball and squeezed it. The shrill squeak made Toothless' ears perk up and he bounded over to try to take the ball from him. Jack turned around, having set up the Playstation, and groaned as he watched Toothless grab the ball from Hiccup's hand.

"Don't get those toys everywhere!" Jack whined, reaching over to grab the drool-covered dragon toy. "Maya spent twenty minutes yesterday getting 'em all picked up."

"You seriously make your maid pick up after Toothless?" Hiccup questioned, reaching over to snatch the dragon toy back from him.

"Well, I ain't gonna do it," Jack smirked.

Hiccup turned back and promptly picked up the basket of toys and dumped its contents on Jack's head. Jack glared at him, and Hiccup just laughed as Toothless barked and circled Jack, trying to pick up several toys at once and failing quickly.

"Oh, you are so gonna get it now," Jack taunted, pushing the turned-over basket out of the way.

"Oh, I'm so scared," Hiccup mocked, smirking. Jack crawled forward and immediately pushed Hiccup onto his back.

Just as Hiccup caught himself on his elbows, still laughing, Toothless growled, jumping in front of Hiccup and snarled as menacingly as a puppy can in Jack's direction.

Jack chuckled, leaning down to match Toothless' playful stance.

"You wanna go?" He teased the pup, "Huh? Ya feelin' lucky, punk?"

Toothless growled and charged at Jack. Before he could react, the puppy bit down on one of the drawstrings hanging from his hoodie and pulled on it. Jack reached up to pull it back, but Toothless growled again, chewing on the string a bit and pulling it again. Jack's hood shrank behind him and he laughed.

"Looks like Toothless' got you on a leash," Hiccup commented, sitting up.

Jack tugged on the string and smiled up at him, responding,

"Don't be jealous, Hic."

Hiccup laughed and held out the other toy, trying to get the puppy's attention.

"Toothless!" he called. "Hey, come here!"

Jack eyed him, but as Toothless looked back at Hiccup, he jumped forward, poking his wagging tail.

"Hey, come on," Jack shouted to him with a smile. "Twoey, over here!"

He picked up the squeaky ball and Toothless turned back to him as he squeezed it. Hiccup scooted forward.

"No, no, Toothless!" Hiccup tried again, but the puppy had rushed over to play with the drawstrings on Jack's hoodie again. Hiccup bit his lip before promptly throwing the dragon toy at Jack's face.

Jack playfully glared over at him,

"Hey, knock it off," he grumbled, pulling Toothless toward him almost-defensively.

"_You_ knock it off, doofus," Hiccup shot back, crawling forward to pat at the ground in front of Toothless, grabbing the puppy's attention again.

He grinned, but Jack pushed him away as Toothless broke out of his hold and bounded over to Hiccup. Realizing he'd escaped, Jack flopped onto his stomach, reaching out to grab Toothless' good leg, but he hopped out of the way just in time. Jack's own leg swung up and whacked the TV stand.

"Agh," he groaned, flipped over onto his back to look over at his foot.

Hiccup took the distraction to start nailing Jack with random dog toys he found lying nearby. Jack flinched, holding up his hands to deflect the plush and rubber toys.

"No, not the hair!" he cried dramatically.

Hiccup stopped just to laugh out loud.

"Ha, you're such a dork," he told him, covering his mouth to keep from laughing again.

Jack rolled his eyes.

"Look who's talking," he teased, gazing up at him with a smirk.

Hiccup flicked him in the head and Jack winced, rubbing the spot and pulling a frown. He sat up and looked over up at the big TV in front of him.

"TV, power on," he stated and the screen flickered to life. He leaned forward and picked up the first controller he could find.

Toothless chewed on another of his toys, lying down by Hiccup.

Hiccup slowly reached over and pet the back of the pup's

head.

"Heyâ€|" Hiccup spoke up, blankly glancing around the room. "Where's that big duck toy you got him last week?"

Jack sat up against the coffee table, pulling the controller into his lap as the game menu showed up on the screen.

He kept his eyes on the TV as he replied,

"I lock all the big ones up in my room, why-?"

Hiccup sat up, getting to his feet right away. Jack turned in just enough time to see Hiccup step past him.

"Hey, wait-no, don't!" He reached out a hand to grab Hiccup's leg, and Hiccup stumbled, barely catching himself from falling on his face into the carpet.

"_Asshole_!" he shot at him before getting back up and running into the hallway.

"Seriously, Hic?" Jack complained, standing up to go after him.

Hiccup rushed down the hall and into the first room to the right.

"Alright, where are they?" he said to no one, scanning the room for the hidden dog toys. He briskly walked around the big bed and continued looking around. So far, all he saw was an empty room that had clearly been cleaned by a housemaid since Jack last used it.

Toothless circled Jack's feet as he attempted to run into his room, nearly tripping him.

"Ack, Twoey!" he whined, exasperated, and tried to step around him. "Come on!"

Hiccup turned around as Jack ran in, immediately shouting out,

"Sick 'em, boy!"

"Wha-" Jack stared down as Toothless instantly chomped onto his skinny jeans, pulling at them like he was the enemy. Jack glanced back up at Hiccup incredulously, remarking, "How did you even _do_ that?"

Hiccup turned back, looking around the room again. His eyes landed on the closed double-doors near the large window.

"Aha! The closet!" he yelled, rushing over to open the door. He knelt down, wading through the dozens of small boxes stacked inside. In the corner, he found the large duck toy he was looking for.

"There it is!" he grinned, taking it out and holding it up and calling out, "Toothless, look what I got!"

Jack watched as the dog let go of his jeans and scampered over to

Hiccup's side. Jack let himself fall onto his bed, simply remarking,

"No fair."

Hiccup laughed, tugging the toy back and forth as Toothless chomped on it, trying to find the squeaker. He let go a moment, and Toothless lugged the toy away. Hiccup glanced back at the closet, eyeing the boxes still sitting inside.

"Wait, what else you got stashed in here?" he wondered aloud.

Jack turned to look at him,

"Uhhâ€¦"

Hiccup pulled a flat box out, turning it over in his hands to find a bright blue logo printed on the side.

"...what is this stuff?" he asked. "Are these Flipeez?"

Jack grimaced and flipped over onto his stomach.

"Oh, yeah," he replied. "I got those about a month ago."

"They're still in the packagingâ€¦" Hiccup set the box down and looked back in the closet. "Is that a Perfect Polly? Glow Pets?"

Jack grinned, but Hiccup turned around, pulling out box after box of weird toys.

"Jack, why do you have all these?" Hiccup asked, confused.

"I don't knowâ€¦" Jack told him, shrugging. "I like buying stuff off the TV."

Hiccup shook his head, staring down at the box apparently containing a Magic Bullet in his hands.

"You spend a lot of nights alone, huh?" he joked, throwing Jack a smirk over his shoulder.

"No!" Jack defended. "...I have Toothless now!"

Hiccup made a face and laughed.

"Well, that didn't sound weird at all," he scoffed sarcastically.

"Oh, my God, shut up," Jack glared at him.

"Ha, you have a thing for dogs now, Jack?" Hiccup joked, setting the box down.

"_Bitches_, Hiccup," Jack corrected with a smirk. "Just bitches."

* * *

><p>Hiccup pet the back of Toothless' head as he laid next to him on

Jack's bed. His eyes were focused ahead on the TV screen as Jack sat in front of the bed, playing the zombie game he was bragging about earlier. Jack's character ran along, shooting at the oddly-colored zombies on the screen. Hiccup glanced down at Toothless, who had started to inch forward to sniff at Jack's hair.<p>

Hiccup smirked, getting an idea.

He pushed himself up on his elbows and picked Toothless up, dragging him forward and plopping him onto Jack's head.

Jack looked up, pausing his game for a moment just to send a quick glare up at Hiccup.

"Would you stop that?" he remarked, "You're gonna mess up my hair."

"You mean, it's meant to look like that?" Hiccup eyed him, holding back a laugh as he pulled Toothless back.

"Those hurtful words of yours, Hic, I swear," Jack shook his head and returned to his game. Toothless scooted his way out of Hiccup's hands, trying to lick at Jack's hair like before.

Jack swatted at him for a second, but Hiccup picked the puppy up again and placed him on Jack's head.

Jack stopped the game again, pushing his head up so Toothless would slide back onto the bed. He turned around, reaching up to smooth out his hair.

"Hey!" he pouted, "I said to stop it."

Hiccup held up his hands,

"Wasn't me," he defended, trying not to smile.

Jack narrowed his eyes and stood up.

"Alright, fine-" he threw himself onto the bed, bringing his controller with him.

Hiccup quickly pulled Toothless close to him.

"Hey, watch it!" he glared, hugging the puppy to his chest protectively. "You're gonna squish him."

"That'll teach him to screw with my hair," Jack replied, sticking his tongue out at the dog. Toothless burrowed into Hiccup's arms, and Hiccup shot a playful glare at Jack.

"Puppy killer," he jokingly remarked.

Jack let out a exaggerated gasp, turning back to him.

"Why would you say that?" he asked, mock-surprise all over his face.

Hiccup turned to the TV again, replying,

"It's probably true, I mean, you're already a dream killer."

Jack's face fell.

"I said I was sorry for that whole thing with the carâ€¦" he told him.

"It's not just a _car_, Jack," Hiccup sighed angrily. "I've always wanted a Kaiser Darrin, especially a '53 with those pocket doorsâ€¦"

"Yeah, well," Jack looked back at the TV, unpausing his game, "then just wait 'til the guy keels over and pick up the car at the estate auction."

"If that's what it'll take," Hiccup replied, rolling his eyes. It wasn't like he hadn't considered that option already.

"Maybe I should've offered him four-hundred," Jack commented quietly, watching the menu pop up on the screen again with a frown.

"No, Jack," Hiccup grimaced. "Do you even _know_ how much that car is worth?"

"...no," Jack absently replied. "But why does that matter?"

Hiccup turned onto his side, facing Jack.

"Ugh, seriously," he retorted, "the most anyone's ever paid for a _mint-condition_ '53 Darrin was only three-hundred grand."

Hiccup reached down and scratched Toothless behind the ears, and Jack glanced over at him.

"What are you saying?" he asked, clearly confused.

"I'm _saying_ Mildew probably thinks you're crazy," Hiccup replied, an unamused expression on his face as he glanced up at Jack and then back down at Toothless before adding, "I know I do."

"Ehh, makes no difference to me," Jack shrugged, returning to his game. "I got more money than I know what to do with, anyway."

Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"Well, if you ever feel like sharing, you have my number," he said. He crawled forward a bit on the bed and picked up the other controller off the floor. He then flipped over on his back as he turned the controller on and connected to the game.

Jack gave him a confused look.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

Hiccup smirked, selecting his character and pressing Start.

"It's called challenging myself," he replied matter-of-factly. "Maybe you should try it."

Jack glanced at the TV and then back at Hiccup before

grinning.

"Okay, I will!" he told him, and turned over on his back, laughing as his elbow bumped Hiccup's head. Hiccup shoved him away.

"You're such an idiot," he said, looking over at Jack stuck his tongue out and pressed Start on his controller.

The game only lasted a minute before Jack's character died. He grumbled,

"This is stupid."

Hiccup laughed,

"_You're_ stupid."

"I'm not used to being upside-down!" Jack complained, respawning his character but it died again quickly. "Gah! How do you even see like this?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"You're playing upside-down, not blindfolded," he remarked.

Jack pushed himself back on the bed, trying to look at the

"Ughh," Jack whined, lifting his head to stare at the puppy. "Really, Twoey?"

The dog ignored him, chewing on the drawstrings emphatically.

"He really likes the strings on your hoodie," Hiccup smiled, leaning on his side again.

"Yeah, I've started to notice that," Jack replied, letting his head fall back onto the bed.

"Hope you like soggy, chewed-up drawstrings," Hiccup said, returning to the game.

"Don't have much of a choice here," Jack commented, motioning to Toothless as he continued to lay there.

Hiccup glanced back and just shook his head, laughing.

* * *

><p>"Yeah, soâ€|" Jack stared up at the ceiling, "My mom said it was a girl. Or, well, it was going to be, I mean."<p>

Hiccup frowned, looking away from the movie playing on the television to give Jack a sympathetic look.

"That sucksâ€|" he told him. "You coulda used a little sister to keep you in line."

Jack felt a small smile come to his face.

"Ha, yeahâ€|probably."

Hiccup slowly pet Toothless' back as he gnawed at the toy between his paws. Hiccup sighed quietly before looking over at Jack's pensive expression.

"What do you think she would have looked like?" he asked. He bit his lip as the words escaped his mouth. He hadn't really meant to ask that.

Jack didn't seem to mind, though. He closed his eyes, the smile getting a bit bigger as he replied,

"I always imagined she would look just like my mom."

He turned his head, glancing over at Hiccup.

"You know, long brown hair, but with my dad's blue eyes. She would have been beautiful."

Hiccup paused, eyeing Jack a moment.

"Wait, is that what color your hair's supposed to be?" he asked. "Brown?"

"Haha, yeah," Jack smirked, "White's more interesting, though."

Hiccup matched his expression, replying,

"Well, I won't argue with that. It's definitely different."

Jack nodded.

"It gets the job done."

Hiccup scoffed,

"What job?" he joked. "Warding off women?"

Jack put a finger to his lips.

"Sshhh," he told him.

Hiccup furrowed his eyebrows.

"Hey-"

"No, I mean," Jack pointed down at the puppy under Hiccup's hand.

Hiccup glanced down to see the dog had gone still, sleeping soundly against the small toy in his paws.

"Oh," he breathed out.

"Yeah," Jack smiled softly.

"Geez, Jack," Hiccup smirked. "You bored him to sleep."

"Oh, cheap shot, jerk," Jack sulked, turning back to stare at the

ceiling. "I'm over here, spilling my guts to you, and you use that to stab me in the heart."

"Yeah, well," Hiccup yawned, slumping down onto the bed.
"You...uhhâ€¦"

Jack glanced back over at Hiccup's blank expression.

"What?" he asked.

"I can't think of anything to say," Hiccup replied absently.

"_Justice_~" Jack smirked, closing his eyes and pumping a fist into the air.

"I'm-I'll think of something," Hiccup told him, waving him off. "Just wait."

Jack grinned, watching as Hiccup crossed his arms over his chest and looking up at the ceiling before yawning again.

"Oh, I will," he told him, tilting his head back to watch the television screen. It looked like the movie was almost over, as Hercules was glowing a weird, golden color. Jack sighed and stared back up at the ceiling, like before.

Jack waited, but after another minute passed, he frowned before looking over at Hiccup again.

"Hiccup?" he asked, his voice coming out as a whisper.

As he stared over, he noticed the slow rise and fall of his chest. He smirked,

"Seriously, falling asleep on me now?" he shook his head. "That's just rudeâ€¦"

But as the minutes passed, Jack kept glancing over at Hiccup. Something about this whole scenario seemed familiar to him, but Jack couldn't quite put his finger on it. He sat up, leaning on his elbow and watching as Hiccup's head lulled to the side and Toothless nuzzled into his side.

Had this happened before? Jack didn't think so, but the thought was nagging at him. When was the last time something like this had happened? It'd been nearly a year since he had a girl in his room-was that it? He shook his head, but kept digging. It'd been even longer since he had been this close to a sleeping guy, actually. In fact, that was all the way back in high school-no, eighth grade. Yeah, his first boyfriendâ€¦

Wait, that was it. Jack blinked. His old boyfriend, Jamie. The night before that stupid breakup, Jamie had come over to play video games and wound up falling asleep on the couch. Jack just sat there, watching him. That was the night he realized he had fallen in love with his boyfriend. The next day, he made the dumb decision of going against Jamie's wishes and practically announcing to the whole school that he loved his boyfriend. He didn't want to keep their relationship a secret, no matter how much Jamie wanted it to be

one.

Jamie's friends had laughed at them. Jamie was all upset and pushed Jack away. He told him that Jack was lying, that he was crazy and had been stalking him and that he had no idea what Jack was talking about. Jack barely even understood what he meant when Jamie said he didn't want to see him again. Apparently, it meant "I'm breaking up with you" and was also meant to actually be taken seriouslyâ€|

Jack wound up spending the remainder of the eighth grade trying to keep people from calling him gay. He could care less what the other kids thought, but the constant reminder of the day Jamie broke his heart pushed him to change his image, at whatever cost.

High school went by in a rush of chasing skirts and copying moves from television on literally any woman he could find. He must have slept with every female teacher, every girl in the student body, pretty much any woman he could find. He more than solidified his image as a player, namely one that was purely heterosexual. Even if he wanted to, he never spared a single glance at another guy, because he was never letting what happened in eighth grade ever happen to him again. He refused to be anything but straight right up to graduation.

Once he was out of school and ready to take on the real world, he took almost a whole week to relax and do nothing but hang out in his big, empty house. He only lasted four days before he drove to the nearest bar and picked up as many women as possible. It occurred to him that taking a break from one-night stands wasn't an option for him; he had to be with someone every night, or he'd likely go insane.

And he had no issues with that until he realized the one flaw in his plan about never sleeping with the same girl twiceâ€|

There were only so many women in the world. He went through dozens of bars, hundreds of online dating services, even took out an account with a couple escort services, but it wasn't enough.

Whatever natural charm he had seemed to lose its luster. Women started to say no, so he change things up a bit. He bleached his hair. It worked for a while, but then the problem came back. He picked up new hobbies. He tossed away the 'prospering college kid' title and started driving a fast car, but it wasn't enough.

He started staying up late for no reason, watching TV and ordering junk off of infomercials, but it wasn't enough.

Eventually, he realized that he felt best when he was at least on the prowl, attempting to pick up women in bars, even when they would almost always say no. Sometimes, he'd get lucky, but he usually went home alone. However, that was enough to keep him going, at least for a while.

And then, Hiccup showed up. Jack was used to jealous boyfriends, bodyguards coming over to throw him out, but this was different. Hiccup was smaller than he was, and maybe he took advantage of that. Okay, he definitely took advantage of that. Hiccup may have verbally objected to everything, but he still went along with it all.

And then Hiccup raced him in that Camaro, and then Hiccup liked the puppy, and then Hiccup just stuck around longer than any friend he'd ever had...and a whole lot longer than any woman had.

Jack returned to reality, hearing Toothless snore and shove his face into Hiccup's shirt. His eyes widened as he stared at the two of them.

"Oh, no."

The words escaped his lips so quietly.

No wonder this whole thing seemed so familiar. It was just like that night-the night he had fallen in love with Jamie.

Could he...really have fallen for Hiccup?

As terrifying as that thought was to him, maybe it was okay. Maybe that was his solution to all thisâ€¦

Maybe the reason he's always trying to pick up chicks and take them home is because he just wants someone to spend time with. Maybe what he needed wasn't another one-night stand, but to fall in love...to find a companion.

But, did he really like Hiccup that way? Jack honestly had to think about it.

Maybe he did. Okay, maybe he really did. But, what was he supposed to do about it?

* * *

><p>That was a really long chapter and the ending was written while a four-year-old was throwing dinosaurs at my keyboard every two letters, so if there are typos, you'll understand why. Sorry.

15. Chapter 15

****Stupid Love - Chapter Fifteen****

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 2331****

****Warnings: Some language, bacon-consumption, instance of criminal action****

* * *

><p>A muffled, light-hearted tone rang from the small cell phone tucked into Hiccup's back pocket. Hiccup refused to answer it, and instead pulled the soft sheet over his head and kept his eyes shut. Whoever was calling needed to just buzz off and let him enjoy the best sleep he was sure he'd had in months. Just as soon as the song stopped, it started again. Hiccup grumbled incoherently, finally pushing the covers down, grabbing the stupid phone, and pulling it up

to his ear, eyes still closed shut.<p>

"Uhh... Hello?" He muttered through a loud yawn.

"Hiccup?" Astrid's worried voice sounded from the other line. "Where are you?"

Hiccup groaned. Astrid was the one bugging him so early in the morning? She should know better.

"What do you mean?" He grumbled in reply, "I'm at my apar-"

"_I'm_ at your apartment," Astrid cut him off. "I came by so we could work on Stormfly, remember? But _you_ are definitely not here."

Hiccup rubbed at his eyes, barely opening them.

"I saw Toothless was still in the garage, so I got worried, and..." Astrid continued, trailing off.

Hiccup finally opened his eyes and stared up at the odd, beige-colored ceiling.

"Wait," he said, "you're at...my apartment?"

"Yeah, I just said that," Astrid replied.

"I'm not at my apartment," Hiccup said, his eyes widening as he sat up straight to find himself in the familiar-but not familiar enough-bedroom.

"Thank you, Captain Obvious, but we've established this," Astrid retorted, clearly irritated. "Anything _else_ _you'd_ like to share with the class?"

Hiccup gazed around, throwing the covers off of him completely and slowly getting to his feet.

"Shit, where am I?" He muttered, looking around. He turned back and looked over at the duck toy lying on the end of the bed.

"Shit."

Astrid's concerned tone was back as she asked,

"What? What happened?"

Hiccup bit his lip, letting out a strangled "Oh, Gods, I'm still at Jack's" through closed teeth.

A second of silence occurred just then, but it was soon overtaken by Astrid's absurd and obnoxiously loud laughter.

"Astrid, don't-" he tried to beg, but she was already off.

"Hahahahahaha, you-" she attempted to catch her breath. "You spend the night often, or-?"

Hiccup just groaned in response. First, he realized he fell asleep at Jack's house, and now she was back to the inappropriate taunting?

"This isn't funny," he grumbled as Astrid started to snort, her laughter only seeming to get worse.

"It seems-" she snickered, "I mean, it seems pretty funny to me."

Hiccup smacked himself in the forehead.

"I must have dozed off while we were...watching the movie," he muttered.

Astrid started to calm down, but Hiccup could hear the smirk in her voice as she teased,

"Oh, is that what you were doing?"

Hiccup found the door and glanced out into the hall. The sunlight was pouring in from the other rooms and he frowned.

"Astrid, seriously," he huffed, switching his phone to the other ear, "can you not do this right now?"

"Can't help it," Astrid quipped.

Hiccup heaved a big sigh and started down the hall.

"Well then, I'm gonna have to call you back..." He told her. "Right after I strangle Jack."

Astrid laughed again, but then stopped, remarking,

"Wait, wait, it's almost noon. So, I'm gonna go ahead and head back and catch some Zs before my shift tonight."

Hiccup paused, glancing around.

"But, we were gonna work on your car-"

"Well, now you can 'work on' Jack," Astrid cut in. "Or continue to do so, whichever is more accurate."

Hiccup pulled the phone away from his ear, stating a final "Goodbye" and hanging up.

His eyes scanned the living room. No Jack here.

He kept walking, looking and listening for the white-haired menace. He turned down the hall toward the kitchen.

"Come on," he heard Jack's voice from behind the door, "it's just turkey bacon. Look, I know you prefer pork, but we need to spice it up sometimes."

Hiccup put on his most convincing glare and stormed into the room, pushing the swinging door open angrily.

"JACK!" He shouted.

Jack sat up in his seat at the breakfast island, not even turning around as he commented,

"Uh-oh, looks like Sleeping Beauty's finally awake."

Toothless, sitting in a white, plastic highchair on the other side of the island, spit out the bacon he'd just been chewing on. Jack frowned, telling him,

"No, Toothless, eat your breakfast."

He pushed the plate closer to the puppy as Hiccup stomped over to Jack.

"Why didn't you wake me up-" Hiccup started to yell, but then stopped as he saw Toothless attempting to lick another piece of bacon. Hiccup swiftly pulled out his phone from his pocket again, swiped the screen, snapped a photo, and then tapped the corner to send it straight to Instagram. He shoved the phone back in his pocket as he turned back to continue yelling at Jack.

"I told you that Astrid and me had plans this morning!"

Jack smirked, looking up at him.

"Not anymore, I'm guessing," he remarked knowingly.

"And why is Toothless eating bacon in a highchair?" Hiccup scowled, furiously gesturing to the puppy munching on his food.

"Oh, so now you ask..." Jack raised an eyebrow, mocking him.

"I was a little more preoccupied with being pissed because you just let me fall asleep in...in your..." Hiccup trailed off, and then crossed his arms. "And I told you I had to be back last night!"

Jack feigned innocence, putting his chin in his hand and leaning on the counter, trying,

"Uhh... I forgot?"

"Ugh," Hiccup deflated, "just...take me home. Now."

"Don't you want to eat brunch first?" Jack offered. "Or, at least, let Toothless finish his?"

Hiccup looked over at the puppy in the ridiculous chair again.

"Fine, but-" He walked over and plucked Toothless from the highchair and set him on the floor.

"Aww," Jack whined, "he likes the chair."

Hiccup picked up the plate of bacon and placed it on the floor. Toothless plopped down in front of it, quickly licking and munching on another piece.

"He's a puppy," Hiccup replied, "not a baby."

Jack waved him off,

"Pfft, details."

Hiccup pulled out a chair and sat down.

"I can't believe you let me sleep in," he remarked.

"You looked comfortable. I never see you actually look relaxed," Jack replied. "I didn't want to ruin the moment."

Hiccup shook his head.

"You did it on purpose, didn't you?"

Jack grinned, leaning back in his seat again.

"Well, you do have the whole day to do whatever now..." He replied, "Why not spend it with me?"

Hiccup put his face in his hands.

"Shoulda known," he mumbled.

Jack continued, saying,

"I was thinkin' you could show me what your car can really do. I mean, you said you would, right?"

Hiccup glanced up from behind his hands, a look of disbelief on his face.

"You seriously want to race again?" He asked.

"I was thinkin' more along the lines of a cruise..." Jack smirked.

Hiccup laughed.

"Huh, yeah, alright," he replied. "I might be up for that...considering my other plans are apparently out."

Jack put up his hand for a high-five, triumphantly exclaiming,

"Alright!"

Hiccup looked at Jack's hand and just rolled his eyes, standing up again and walking back out of the kitchen.

Jack let his arm fall.

"Really?" He complained. "You're just gonna leave me hangin'?"

* * *

><p>The gold Huayra pulled into the parking lot in front of Hiccup's

apartment and rolled right up to his small garage.<p>

Hiccup lifted the door, stepping out. Jack leaned over the center console, asking,

"So, where we headed?"

"If we're gonna cruise," Hiccup told him, "we gotta go to Gobber's."

He walked over to the garage door and unlocked the latch and lifted the door.

Jack got out of his car with a surprised expression.

"Gobber's?" Jack questioned. "Wait, you mean that ratty, old bar off Highway 48?"

Hiccup grinned,

"That's the one."

Jack pulled a face, pouting,

"But... I can't bring my car _there_!"

He stalked over to Hiccup as he climbed into his own car.

Hiccup eyed him a moment before realizing what Jack meant.

"Oh, right," he responded, "Whatever. You can just ride with me."

Jack frowned.

"What? But what about-"

Hiccup held up his hand to stop him and then glanced around before starting the engine and closing the door behind him.

Jack stood back a moment, watching anxiously as Hiccup backed out. Jack stepped up to the car again as Hiccup parked and rolled down the window.

"Just hop in and we'll take Toothless down there," Hiccup told him. "You bring Baby Tooth and someone'll wanna key that thing."

Jack grumbled,

"Ugh, you American-only freaks, I swear. Someone worked hard on my baby, too, you know!"

Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"You wanna risk it?" He asked. "Go ahead and bring 'er down. If not, just park her in my garage. She'll be safe and sound when you see her again."

Jack glanced back at his car, then the empty car. He sighed,

"Yeah, alright."

Jack stomped back over to his car, adding,

"This feels like punishment."

Hiccup just laughed, replying,

"Maybe it is."

Jack shot him a glare over his shoulder.

"Asshole."

* * *

><p>Jack pulled the lever on the side of his seat and it reclined. He folded his hands behind his head with a smile and crossed with feet, kicking them up on the dash. Hiccup shot him a glare and pushed his feet down with his hand.<p>

Jack laughed and sat up a bit, peeking out the window. Hiccup shook his head, focusing on the road ahead of him.

Jack looked over at him and noticed the pensive expression on Hiccup's face.

"What?" Jack questioned, eyeing him.

Hiccup furrowed his eyebrows and glanced over at him, replying,

"...What?"

"You got this look on your face like you wanna say somethin'," Jack remarked, "but you won't for some reason."

Hiccup stifled a laugh, and then told Jack,

"...I'm trying to figure out why you thought it was necessary to get Toothless a high-chair."

Jack snickered, leaning back in the reclined seat again.

"Hey, I'm an awesome parent, Hic," he told him, folding his arms across his chest. "Don't diss my natural talent."

Jack let out a quick yawn, and Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"Toothless is a dog, Jack," he responded.

"So? You don't like how I raise my child now?" Jack poked Hiccup in the arm, smirking. "What're you gonna do about it? You gonna break in and kidnap him from me?"

Hiccup grinned,

"I'm considering it," he replied.

"You monster!" Jack laughed, yawning again immediately

after.

Hiccup sighed, scratching his head.

"Haha... He seems happy at your house, though," he said.

Jack rolled his eyes, replying,

"Yeah, but that's just 'cause you come and visit him all the time. The second you're gone, he..." Jack covered his mouth as he yawned again, "he misses you, you know? He's so mean to me when you're not around."

"He's probably a good judge of character," Hiccup commented with a smirk.

Jack shut his eyes, responding,

"He just likes you more than me... But I don't blame him, I like you more than me, too."

Hiccup narrowed his eyes, still not looking over at him.

"Pfft," he remarked, "what is that supposed to mean?"

Jack was quiet and Hiccup blinked. That had to have been the first time that's happened since he'd met the guy...

"...Jack?" He asked, glancing over, only to find Jack lying back with eyes shut.

Was he really sleeping?

"Jack?" He tried again.

What did he mean, though? Jack liked him? More than he liked himself? Was that some self-deprecating comment, or some odd term of endearment? Considering Jack probably loved himself more than even his car, there's no way he liked Hiccup that much...right?

Hiccup eyed Jack again and bit his lip.

No, it couldn't be. That wouldn't make any sense.

Hiccup shook his head. The guy was tired, and definitely not in control of his mouth, so he probably didn't even know what he was saying. He just needed to forget he said anything and move on. It never happened.

Hiccup noticed the city limits sign and sighed with relief at the distraction. He pulled into town, turning onto the main drag and into the mercantile gas station.

He turned off the engine, but let his keys sit in the ignition as he stepped out to put in some gas. He shut the door behind him and walked toward the store to pay inside.

* * *

><p>Jack heard the door slam and blinked slowly. The car started and

took off so quickly, Jack barely had time to sit up before getting knocked back again.<p>

"Huh? Where-" Jack tried again and turned to look over at Hiccup, but whoever was driving was definitely not Hiccup. "Hey, what are you doing?!" He exclaimed.

The man shifted his eyes and drifted out into the street, speeding down the road and turning down a small alleyway, keeping silent all the while.

Jack scowled. Was Toothless seriously being _hijacked_? No way was this really happening.

"_Hey_!" Jack shouted again, grabbing onto the guy's arm. "You can't just-"

The man ripped his arm from Jack's grip.

"Shut up," he remarked.

Jack grimaced.

"Uhh, _excuse you_," he grumbled, "this is my friend's car-"

The man glared over at him.

"I said, SHUT. UP." He gritted his teeth and shoved Jack back against the reclined seat. "God, you never know when to just stuff it, do you?"

Jack blinked, a hint of familiarity coming to him. He glanced up at the man.

"Wha- Wait a second..."

The man looked back at him and Jack's eyes widened as he recognized him.

"_Jamie_?"

* * *

><p>How's THAT for a cliffhanger? Mwahahahaha!

16. Chapter 16

****Stupid Love - Chapter Sixteen****

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 2925****

****Warnings: Implied Criminal Activity, Some Language, Somewhat-Hostage Situation, Jack looking at a Playboy magazine****

* * *

><p>I do not own the rights to any characters from How to

Train Your Dragon or Rise of the Guardians.

****Also, this ENTIRE CHAPTER is basically just the hijacking scene from the movie Adventures in Babysitting. That is exactly what it's based on, so if you haven't seen that movie, I highly recommend watching it (along with Crazy, Stupid Love and the entire Fast & Furious series)!****

* * *

><p>Hiccup's hand hovered over the Heath bar for a moment before he reached over and grabbed a 100 Grand bar instead. Walking up to the register, he pulled his wallet out of his jacket pocket and opened it, taking out a twenty-dollar bill.<p>

"Is this all for today?" The acne-ridden teenager behind the counter asked in a rehearsed tone. Hiccup handed him the money, saying,

"Yeah, and put the rest on Pump 9, will you?"

The cashier turned and looked out the big window facing the pumps before frowning and asking confusedly,

"Uhh...you mean 8?"

Hiccup scrunched up his nose. He always parks at Pump 9 when he comes down here. Hiccup glanced out to the lot through the front doors.

"What? No, it's-"

He froze. There wasn't a car sitting at that pump anymore.

"W-where's my car?" he stammered, running up to the door and shoving it open. "Toothless?!"

He looked around frantically. Where the hell did his car go? And where was Jack?

He ran across the lot, glancing up and down the road, but there was still no sign of his car or the white-haired moron he suspected had taken it. He walked towards the pumps again, pacing back and forth quickly.

Hiccup took out his cell phone, biting his lip as he dialed Jack's number. He put the phone up to his ear, listening as it rang and rang and rang and eventually went to voicemail. He hung up and tried again. Still no answer.

"Damnit, Jackâ€|" he muttered, pulling the phone away and dialing Astrid's number instead.

After a couple rings, she finally picked up.

"I told you I was gonna sleep and you call me anyway?" Astrid's groggy voice sounded over the other line.

"ASTRID, JACK STOLE MY CAR!" Hiccup shouted into the

receiver.

Astrid paused a moment before simply replying,

"...what?"

Hiccup shook his head, pacing even faster.

"He just-he took off with it!" he told Astrid quickly, "I went inside and I turned around and then it was-and now Toothless is _gone_, Astrid! HE'S GONE-"

"Okay, hold on! Calm down," she cut him off. "Tell me what happened. _Slowly_."

Hiccup took a deep breath.

"Jack and I decided to go for a cruise down to Gobber's. I needed to fill up on gas, so we stopped at the station just off the highway. I went inside to pay for gas," he explained, "and the second I turned around, Jack had taken off with my car."

He heard Astrid grumble a moment before asking,

"_Why_ would Jack take your Fiero? I mean...seriously?"

"Wha-" Hiccup looked down at the ground. "I don't knowâ€¦ But who else could've taken it?"

Astrid sighed,

"I don't know, Hiccup. Just...stay there at the gas station. I'll come and get you, and then we'll figure this whole mess out, okay?"

Hiccup let out a breath. What was going on? Where was Jack? And why was Astrid not freaking out about this as much as he was? Hiccup just didn't understand.

"Okay," he replied quietly, ducking his head and pressing End Call on his phone.

* * *

><p>Jack was getting anxious. Okay, he'd been anxious this whole time, but now he was actually feeling it. The cold shoulder from this guy-he didn't want to think of him as Jamie; the boy he knew wasn't some criminal, yet here he was, stealing Hiccup's car with HIM inside-was as unnerving as the sharp turns and blown-through intersections they'd gone through in the past minute and a half.<p>

He let his jaw finally unclench long enough to ask,

"Where are we going?"

"You'll find out soon enough," Jamie said sternly, staring straight ahead as they turned another corner. Jack bit his lip as his shoulder smacked into the door.

Jamie sure was in a hurry to get somewhere, and Jack wasn't too keen on finding out just where that somewhere was. He needed to find a way to get him to stop, or at least slow down so he could find a way to get out of there...

"You know, you don't have to do this, Jamie-" he started, but Jamie shot him a dark glare over his shoulder.

"Yeah, yeah-save it," Jamie retorted with a scowl. "I don't care."

"It was worth a shotâ€¦!" Jack muttered, slouching back into his seat. So much for that idea.

Jamie turned left onto another street and the road narrowed. The buildings were taller and more run-down. Jack peered out the window, figuring they must be downtown now. There weren't any other cars around, and definitely not another person. Jack suddenly felt sick as that all really sank in. He was actually in danger right now, wasn't he?

Jamie turned a sharp corner and they entered a small, dark alleyway.

"Okay, this is getting a little freaky," Jack croaked, noticing a flickering light over a garage door up ahead.

"Just keep your mouth shut and I'll make sure you get out of here alive, alright?" Jamie told him, rolling down his window just enough to stick his hand out. He slowed to a stop and made a quick motion with his hand. Suddenly, the garage door started to open and Jack could see sparks of lights flying out.

As the door continued to lift higher, Jack realized the sparks were coming from all over, as there were several men, all about his age, welding and cutting up cars, all similar to the one he was currently sitting in.

He gulped.

"You've got to be kidding meâ€¦!" he whispered, squinting at the bright light as the car slowed pulled forward.

Jamie stopped the car right in front of a small group of men, all sitting on overturned buckets and plastic chairs. Jack sat up and Jamie parked the car, stepping out almost instantly. Jack glanced over as he left.

Should he stay put? Should he get out? His mind seemed to be running laps in so many different directions, and he wasn't sure what to do. Before he could decide, his hand was pulling on the door handle and he was stepping out.

"Ey, Pitch!" He heard Jamie shout over the sound of whirring and sparks falling to the cement floor, "Uhh, caught a Fiero..."

Jack looked behind him as he shut the car door. It grew quiet as the men were all stopping what they were doing. Someone was closing the garage door where they'd come in at.

Well, there goes his chance to make a run for it.

"Yes, and a stray," Jack heard someone reply. "I'd tell you to throw them both back, but something tells me you have other plans, JB?"

Jack turned back to see a tall, pale man standing over Jamie as the younger man visibly stiffened.

"Uhh, wellâ€¦" Jamie sputtered.

Jack stepped forward-again, not really sure why-and pushed a hand out to the man Jamie had called 'Pitch'.

"Wow, it sure is nice to meet Mr. Tall, Dark, and Gruesome in person!" he said as loudly and obnoxiously as he could, his hand waiting to be shaken.

Pitch glanced over, eyeing his hand with a deep scowl.

"Jack, don't," Jamie warned, barely looking over at him.

"Take this friend of yours upstairs, JB," Pitch ordered, turning back to Jamie before walking back towards the men sitting nearby. "We have...business to discuss."

"Alright," Jack smirked, stepping ahead of Jamie. "Show me to the party!"

Jamie shook his head, pushing Jack aside and walking in front of him, passing by the others.

Jack followed him quickly before they reached a metal staircase that led to what seemed to be an office. This ride just never stopped, huh?

As Jack started to go up the stairs, Jamie shoved him up against the railing.

"What are you doing?" Jamie sneered. "That guy could have you killed just for lookin' at him funny!"

Jack rubbed his shoulder, walking up the remaining few steps, remarking,

"I think a better question would be, what are you doing?"

Jamie stepped up, and Jack looked down at him, taking that moment to try to knock some sense into him.

"A chop shop, Jamie?" he grimaced, judging. "Really? What the hell happened to you?!"

Jamie looked away, gritting his teeth as he replied,

"It's none of your business-"

"Oh, it is definitely my business!" Jack barked back. "You see, I was in a car that you hijacked-"

"I told you, I didn't know you were in there!" Jamie argued, glaring up at him, "That guy always drives by that gas station around this time on the weekends, along with that chick and her Camaro. It was the Camaro I was after, not that moron's heap of junk-!"

Jamie pushed him as he reached the top of the stairs, but Jack pushed back.

"That moron is my best friend, and he isn't gonna just let you take off his car!"

"Well, unless he wants to go up against Pitch, he can just fuck off, 'cause he's not getting it back!" Jamie pulled open the door and pushed Jack inside. Jack stumbled forward before turning around, yelling,

"You're making a mistake!"

"Yeah, well, I make a lot of those," Jamie remarked, frowning. "Just...stay here. I'll figure out a way to get you out of here when I can, okay?"

Jack growled, stepping forward,

"Don't pretend like you actually care about me, you ass-!"

Jamie shut the door in his face. Jack slammed his fist against the door as he heard it lock.

Shit.

Now what was he supposed to do?

He looked around the dim office. There was a dusty, old desk off to the side and yellowing papers all over the floor. The one window was covered by broken blinds, barely letting any light in from the hanging fluorescence just outside.

Jack sighed, feeling defeated.

Just then, he felt a buzz in his hoodie pocket. He glanced down, pulling out his cell phone.

He turned it over in his hand and unlocked the screen. Hiccup had called.

"Well, of courseâ€¦!" he muttered to himself. Hiccup was probably worried to death about his car by now. Jack could only hope Hiccup actually cared that he was missing, too, but that wasn't important right now.

He scrolled through his contacts and opened a text to Sandy. If there was just one guy he knew that could get him out of this much of a mess, it'd be Sandy.

He started to type, but one glance at the top of the screen and he groaned.

"Bars, come on-" he walked closer to the window, holding the phone up as high as he could. "Is there any service in this fuckin'

place?"

He walked back towards the locked door.

"Nope."

He walked over to the desk in the corner.

"No."

He stepped over to the opposite corner.

"Nada."

Jack licked his lips, kneeling down closer to the floor. Still nothing.

He stood back up, standing on his tip-toes.

"Aha! There we go!"

He started typing as fast as he could.

****SANDY HELP 911 EMERGENCY****

He adjusted his feet and waited for a reply. Not even thirty seconds, and Sandy had sent a text back, saying,

****What seems to be the problem, Jack?****

Jack looked up at his phone, quickly typing back,

****Somebody stole Hiccup's car!****

Quick and to the point, right? Jack let himself lean against the wall.

****What happened?**** Came Sandy's next text.

Jack breathed. Did he want to go into details right now? He figured anything he said would help Sandy out.

****I fell asleep when we were going to the bar and some dude jacked the car from him!****

Sandy took only a moment to reply, this time, saying,

****Do you know who took it? What did they look like?****

Jack sighed, replying,

****It was Jamie Bennett. I know the guy. :/ And he took the car to some chop shop downtown. The guy who runs it is called Pitch.****

Jack grimaced as he felt the nerves in his feet straining to keep him on his toes. He leaned back against the wall and kicked off his shoes, freeing his feet and wiggling his toes before turning back and holding up his phone again.

It buzzed just as he put it up.

****How do you know that?**** Sandy had texted back.

Jack wiggled against the wall, texting back,

****Cuz I was in the car when he stole it! He brought me here.****

****Are you hurt, Jack? Did anything happen?**** Sandy's response was faster than before.

Jack shook his head. At least someone actually cared about himâ€|

****I'm fine but they locked me up in some room and idk what to do now.****

Again, right to the point. Can we just get to the part where Sandy tells him how to get out of here already?

****Can you get out? Is there a window or any way out?****

Jack cried in pain as his feet finally gave out and he sunk to the floor. He reached out and massaged the bottom of his right foot, glancing up at the corner of the ceiling he was just standing under. He let his gaze fall towards the window when he noticed a hole in the ceiling, right near the middle of the room.

There it was. His way out.

He pushed himself back up on his feet, pushing through the pain to send another text.

****There's a hole in the ceiling but it's kinda small.****

Jack bit his lip, waiting for what Sandy had to say next. Should he go for it?

****I called the crew. We're on our way.****

Jack grinned. The Guardians were on the move. That was the best news he'd heard all day.

****Thanks, man.****

Jack finally put the phone back in his pocket and stepped back until he was under the hole. It was a little wider than his head with a crevice coming out of one side, but if he could get up there and find a way to get his shoulders through, he'd be out of there in a jiffy.

Well, first things first-he needed to get up to the hole. He walked over to the dusty desk, planning to push it over to the center of the room. A few magazines and a small lamp sat on top of it. Jack set the lamp on the floor and pushed the magazines off, but noticed the one at the bottom looked familiar.

He stepped over the pile and picked it back up.

"A Playboy?" He set his thumb on the spine and flipped through the pages, letting out a low whistle. "Don't mind if I doâ€|"

He rolled the magazine up and shoved it into his pocket, moving back over to start pushing the desk. It scraped against the floor as he shoved it towards the center of the office, but he quickly stepped over to the closed blinds to see if anyone downstairs had heard him.

No one seemed to be looking up at the office, so Jack sucked in a breath and figured he was in the clear for now. He walked over to the door again, placing his ear up against it, trying to listen to what was being said down there.

"...the Mercedes is going to New Hampshire," Jack could hear a graspy voice saying. It must have been that Pitch guy. "I want JB takin' the Camaro to Jersey."

"But," he heard Jamie speak up, "I was supposed to take the Porsche to--"

"Well, too bad," the graspy voice remarked. "This is what happens when you fuck up, Bennett! Deal with it."

"...y-yes, sir."

Jack shook his head. As soon as he found a decent way out of here, he was going to have to do something about Jamie.

But, for nowâ€¦|

He jumped up on the desk, standing up and reaching up to the hole in the ceiling. The hole was smaller up close, but he still had to try...right?

He pulled a hand through the hole, feeling around for some kind of way to pull himself up. His hand landed on a rafter.

"Yes," he grinned. Grabbing onto the rafter bar and reaching his other hand up to join the first, he pulled his head through the hole. He adjusted his arm and grabbed for another rafter bar, pulling himself out further, the sides of the hole squeezing around his torso and hips, before he finally got all the way out. He crawled towards the end of the structure, looking down at the people still sitting below. The rafter he was hanging onto led from the office all the way to front of the building. Jack smirked as he realized that there was an open window just a few feet from the end of the bars. With decent balance and one, last leap of faith, he could get out of here for good, Toothless be damned.

"I am a fuckin' _genius_," he whispered in triumph.

* * *

><p>I hope you all don't hate me for taking forever to update! My current college classes take up a lot of time...and with HTTYD2 coming out, I'm gonna be watching that movie every single chance I get...

**Also, I was rewatching Crazy, Stupid Love a few times this past month and I came up with some new ideas to ADD to this story. So, instead of the original 28 chapters I was going to have, I'm planning

to have closer to 36 once this story is done! So, hopefully, that's good news for you all, haha~**

17. Chapter 17

****Stupid Love - Chapter Seventeen**

>Pairing: Hijack
Word Count: 2000

>Warnings: Lots of Vulgar Language, Implied Criminal Activity, Scenes of Danger and Violence

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><p>I do not own the rights to any characters from How to Train Your Dragon or Rise of the Guardians.

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><p>Author's Notes: Some more Adventures in Babysitting references in this chapter. Gotta do something about that Playboy, right? Like I said before, if you haven't watched the movies used in this AU (Crazy, Stupid LoveFast & Furious series/Adventures in Babysitting), I REALLY recommend you watch them! Crazy, Stupid Love is available on netflix and hulu (as well as on dvd for really cheap if you look hard enough), as is most of the Fast & the Furious movies. Adventures in Babysitting is available to watch on youtube (for FREE, believe it or not). Seriously, go watch these movies, guys! It'll enhance this story for you like you won't believe!**

****Alright, on with the chapter!â€|****

* * *

><p>"I can't believe this is happening."
Hiccup's eyes darted back and forth from one side of the street to the other as he sat shotgun in Astrid's camaro. She was driving slowly through what they assumed was the residential district of the town.
>"I can't believe you still haven't shut up about it," Astrid scoffed, stopping the car as they finally reached the end of the block.
"Are you looking?" Hiccup asked, turning around so he could look past her and out her window.
>Astrid grumbled loudly.
"_Yes_, Hiccup," she replied. "I've _been_ looking. Have you tried calling Jack?"
>Hiccup glanced down at the phone in his hands.
"It keeps going to his voicemailâ€|"
>Astrid shook her head, turning the corner so they could continue their search for Hiccup's car.
"Manâ€|I sure wouldn't wanna be you right now."
>"I don't understand how any of this could've happened," Hiccup trailed off, dialing Jack's number again on his phone and holding it up to his ear as he continued to look around.
"I don't know how you even _let_ it happen," Astrid smarted back.
>Hiccup dropped the phone, turning to glare at her.
"He _stole_ my _car_, Astrid!"
>She waved him off, turning another corner.
"He didn't steal your car."
>"Oh, so, so it justâ€|what?" Hiccup threw his hands up frantically, shouting, "Turned into a transformer and, and ran away? Is that it?"
"Pfft, it's more likely than Jack actually taking your car,"

she told him.

>"He was the one who suggested we come out here today. What if he
planned all this?" Hiccup's eyes narrowed.

>"Hiccup, I'm telling you," Astrid told him again, "he didn't take
your car."
"Well, _someone_ did. And if it wasn't Jack,
thenâ€|then, that means they took him, too."

>"They can keep him," Astrid laughed, "it's obvious you only want
your car back, anyway, right?"
"Thatâ€|" Hiccup paused and looked
over at the smirk on Astrid's face. That wasn't true. Of course he
wanted to make sure Jack was okay, too, especially if he was in
danger. But, he had that Fiero a whole lot longer than he'd known
Jack, soâ€|

>He shoved his face in his hands. He really couldn't believe this was
happening.
"Look, why don't we head back to your place andâ€|I
don't know, call the cops, or something? Have them waste their time
finding it, you know?" Astrid offered.

>Hiccup heaved a sigh. He really didn't want to give up, but she had
a point.
"Yeah, I guess."

>He shoved his phone back in his pocket and sank back into his seat.
Astrid shot him a sympathetic look, but stopped the car and took the
closest left to get them back home.<p>

* * *

><p>Jack sure was glad he had forgotten his shoes back there.
Actually, no, he wasn't.
He mentally smacked himself in the
forehead as he tried to stand on the first rafter beam he came to,
but his foot kept sliding on the buildup of rust and dust that had
probably been there for years. He cringed, but stuck a hand up to the
pole jutting out above him to keep himself balanced and started to
walk along the beam.

>He crept forward, slowly and silently, trying to keep himself from
looking down. It's only a ten-foot drop, he silently sneered. As long
as he didn't sweat onto the gross old people below, he'd be
fine.
He took a moment to pause and switch hands to keep him
steady. As he started to step forward, he felt something moving in
his pocket and looked down just as the magazine he'd rolled up began
to fall out. He bent forward to grab it, but it slipped right out.

>"Oh, shiâ€|" Jack caught himself as he scrambled to catch the
magazine.
His fingers slid along it, but he hooked his thumbs on
the end as the centerfold flew out. He cringed, begging the gods that
nobody had heard him.

>Down below, Jamie noticed the ruffling noise, but before he could
look around to investigate, Pitch reached forward and picked up a
bunch of papers, skimming through them.
"JB," he spoke up, his
voice already accusing, "where's the Chicago order?"

>Jamie stood up straight, trying to recall, but just gave his boss a
confused look.
Pitch spun around in his chair to face Jamie.

>"The playboy, Bennett," he glared. "Where is it? "
Jamie glanced
around nervously.

>"Oh, uhhâ€| I thinkâ€|" he murmured, "I think I left it
upstairs."
Pitch waited a moment before deepening his glare.

>"Well, go get it," he spat out.

>Jamie jolted, turning for the stairs.
"R-right! Right away, sir!"

>Pitch shook his head, turning back to the other men.
"We'll have
to figure out what to do with that rust-bucket he dropped on us,

too," Pitch grimaced at the Fiero parked a few feet away.
>The man across from him leaned back in his plastic chair, commenting,
"It's got decent enough tires. We could put 'em on that caddy sittin' on blocks in the back."
>A murmur of agreement from the others was cut short as Jamie stumbled out of the office and down the metal stairs.
"Uhh, Piâ" sir?" Jamie stepped up to him nervously.
>Pitch spun around again.
"Where's the magazine?" He asked, noticing Jamie's empty hands.
>Jamie rubbed at his arm a moment, replying quietly,
"Uhm, it's goneâ"| I think Jackâ" I mean, uhh, that kid took it."
>Pitch rolled his eyes.
"Well, then," he told him matter-of-factly, "get it back from him."
>Jamie bit his lip.
"Uhh, well, you seeâ"| he's gone, too."

>Pitch slammed his fist down, shaking the table
"WHAT?!"

* * *

><p>Astrid let out a defeated sigh as she pulled up to Hiccup's apartment complex.
"Home, sweet home," she said blandly, parking in front of his garage.
>Hiccup looked up, reaching for the door handle, but stopped as he stared at his garage door.
Astrid eyed him.
>"What?" She questioned his silence.
Hiccup continued to stare ahead, but slowly opened the car door and stepped out.

>"Hiccupâ"|?" Astrid tried again, leaning over to look up at him, "You're weirding me out. What's going on?"
"Jack's car," Hiccup said in a breath, walking forward and unlatching his garage door. He pushed it up and open, revealing the golden Hyuara inside.
>Astrid pushed open her door and stepped out, as well, her eyes already wide.
"Wait a second," she scrunched up her nose, trying to piece this all together. "_You_ have Jack's car? And he has yours?"
>Hiccup shook his head.
"No, he doesn't," he replied, turning back to her. "He'd never just leave his baby here. I think you were right, Astrid. Something's up."
>Astrid glanced between Hiccup and the car.
"So, what's the plan?"

>Hiccup stepped into the garage, sliding his hand along the hood of Baby Tooth before reaching down to open the driver's side door. He leaned in and grabbed the keys off the center console and held them up, turning back to his best friend.
"We're going back."

* * *

><p>Jack steadied himself on the rafter as he heard the men starting to get riled up and arguing about something below him. He knew he didn't have much time to get out of there. Quickly, he shoved the magazine back in his hoodie pocket and quick-stepped toward the window.
Finally reaching it, he huffed, pulling himself onto the ledge and looking out. Yet another ten-foot drop. Of course.
>He slid out the window, dangling until he managed to catch his foot on the light fixture below the window. He slid down and caught his foot on the edge of the doorframe underneath, and then swung himself over to a nearby dumpster, just barely catching the edge before falling off of it.
The clanking noise it made from the jump was louder than he'd meant it to be, so he bounced back off the dumpster and into the alley. He hit the ground and started running, getting as

far as he could before his feet started to ache again.
>"God, I'm so stupid," he finally admitted, pausing to lean against the brick wall of the alley and flick the loose rocks off the bottom of his feet.
The big garage door from earlier started to open and Jack froze, glancing over his shoulder before having the sense to run around the corner and peek back around it.
>"He couldn't have gotten far," he heard someone say over the sound of the door still opening.
Jack leaned out farther, spotting Pitch stepping out, looking pissed.
>Jack pulled his phone out of his pocket again, immediately dialing Sandy's number. He moved back behind the wall, waiting for the phone to ring, but it still wouldn't go through.
"Dammit," he bit his lip and glanced back into the alleyway, only to see two men looking up at the open window he'd just come out of minutes ago. Thinking back on it, he probably shouldn't have just left it like that.

>"There he is!"
Jack looked back down at the men, one of them pointing right at him.
>"Get him!"
"Shhhhhiiiiit!" he yelled to himself as he gripped his phone in his hand and ran for it.
>He dashed down the alley, seeing a street only a couple blocks away. He looked over his shoulder to see the two men chasing after him.
He curled his toes as he got closer and closer to the street, his feet screaming at him to stop with the running already.
>He barely reached the sidewalk before taking a sharp left, finding the street to be completely abandoned. He kept running, glaring up at the setting sun and the dark clouds slowly turning the sky a greenish color overhead. The last thing he needed right now was Mother Nature bearing down on him in addition to Pitch's goons.
He reached another alley and heard footsteps catching up to him, so he ran behind the wall, ducking behind the two trashcans sitting right by the back door to the closed-down business. He put a hand over his mouth, keeping his loud breathing from being heard as the footsteps grew closer.
>The men stopped, glancing around cluelessly.
"Where'd he go?"

>"He has to be around here somewhereâ€|"
"Oh, damn, the boss is gonna _kill_ us!"
>Just as Jack thought he heard them turning back, a sleek, black car pulled up to the sidewalk.
He heard a window slide down and Pitch yelling for the men to get in the car. He let out a silent sigh of relief as the doors opened and slammed shut again.
>"We have to catch that boy!" was the last thing he heard before the car sped off again.
Jack gulped, letting himself fall back against the wall.
>What was that guy's problem? Why did he have to chase him down like that? It wasn't like Jack had done anything to him!
He held out his hand to see his phone still there, a tiny white bar in the upper corner.
>"Oh, sure," he grumbled, "now you have service?!"

18. Chapter 18

****Stupid Love - Chapter 18****

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 1659****

****Warnings: Vague threats, maybe some language****

* * *

><p>"Hello? Bunny?" Jack pushed the phone against his ear as he leaned against the brick wall, picking at the rocks on his feet with his free hand. An angry voice cracked through the static and he grinned. "Bunny! Hey, did Sandy talk to you?"<p>

The static returned, cutting through their conversation.

"You're already what?" he tried, but his phone made a loud BEEP BEEP right in his ear and he pulled it away, looking at it confusedly. "Annnnd, call dropped. Of course. Come on, you piece of crap phone! Work already!"

He huffed and shoved the phone back in his front pocket, walking down the alley toward the street. He peeked his head out from behind the building, glancing up and down the road for any cars. As soon as he knew the coast was clear, he took a deep breath and ran across the street, stopping as he got back into the continued alleyway.

His feet screamed at him in pain, but he brushed it off. He had more important things to do right now, like getting his fucking phone to work, or to find some way back to that gas station to find Hiccupâ€|

A drop of water splashed on his nose. He blinked and looked up.

The sky had gotten even darker. He was right, it really was going to rain. And it was going to rain all over him.

"Great."

He turned and jogged down the alley, heading toward the next street.

* * *

><p>Astrid gripped the steering wheel, leaning forward as she pulled up to the stop sign and scanned the road ahead. She had finally reached downtown, now alone in her car as Hiccup had already rushed ahead in Jack's car. She figured that he was just blindly roaming around the neighborhoods nearer to the gas station, going around in circles, hoping Toothless would just pop up again somewhere.<p>

She shook her head and let go of the brake, driving forward. There didn't seem to be a lot of people about, just a few parked cars here and there, a few neon signs glowing in the windows.

Astrid turned the corner, slowing down as some rain started to come down on her windshield. She glanced up to see the clouds overhead getting darker. If they didn't find Hiccup's fiero soon, they were going to have to cut this search shortâ€|

She sat back, only to notice a quick movement out of the corner of her eye. Someone was poking their head out from the alleyway as she passed it. It looked like someone with white...hair.

She slammed on her brakes, jerking her head to the right.

"I'd recognize that dumbass anywhere," she smirked.

* * *

><p>Jack lifted his hood up as the rain started to increase, eyeing the street sign down the block. He couldn't read it from here, but he knew getting much closer to it was only going to make it easier for that Pitch guy to find him. He stepped out onto the sidewalk, looking back behind him before walking into the street.<p>

A car honked its horn, and Jack jumped.

"Wh- Hey, watch it!" he exclaimed, turning to look at the maniac that tried to hit him, but he almost instantly recognized the car. Blue camaro? It couldn't be...

The blue car's driver rolled the window down and leaned over the passenger's seat to look at him.

"Just get in."

Jack blinked. Stormfly? And...It was that girl from the bar! Oh, he was saved!

He ran around to the other side, a smile now branded on his face, and yanked open the car door, hopping in, and pulling his hood back down.

"Oh, man!" he giddily exclaimed, "Never thought I'd be happy to see you!"

Astrid rolled up her window, slowly turning to glare at him.

Jack cringed, shifting in his seat.

"Wait...that came out wrong."

Astrid shook her head, smirking,

"That happens to you a lot, doesn't it?"

Jack opened his mouth to retort, but he barely had the time to be insulted by that.

"Whatever!" Jack grumbled, looking over his shoulder and out the back window. Of course, he couldn't see anything through the louvers, but he could feel the sense of urgency from before rising. "We gotta get out of here, like, now."

Astrid raised an eyebrow to question him, but shrugged and shook her head.

"Alright, alright, I'm goingâ€|" she told him, shifting into drive and pulling away from the curb.

Jack sank back into the seat, relief suddenly washing over him. He could finally breathe and get his thoughts together for more than a few seconds. He glanced out the window and in and around the car again.

"So...where's Hiccup?" he asked curiously.

Astrid stared ahead as she turned a corner, replying,

"He's in your car, looking for you...and his car. Actually, you should call him-

Jack jolted forward, eyes wide.

"Whoa, whoa. Hold up!" he blurted out, looking at her incredulously. "Did you just say Hiccup is driving MY BABY?"

Astrid rolled her eyes, undeterred by Jack's outburst, and simply replying,

"Yes, and he's exceptionally pissed at you right now, so I'd call him ASAP."

Jack turned to her, eccentric.

"Who the hell said he could drive my car?!"

Astrid groaned.

"Ask him."

"But-!"

"AGH, FINE!" Astrid cut him off, pulling out her cell phone. "I'll call him!"

She glanced down and tapped at her phone screen before lifting it to her ear.

"...yeah, Hiccup? Meet us at Gobber's."

Jack could faintly hear Hiccup's voice as he tried to ask what she was talking about, but Astrid just hung up the phone and threw it down on her dash.

Jack ran a hand through his hair, staring down at his feet.

"I can't believe this is happeningâ€|" he muttered. "Did Hiccup seriously take my car?"

Astrid held her hand up, motioning him to stop.

"Don't even start with me!" she fumed. "I am not having this conversation again!"

* * *

><p>Hiccup parked Jack's car in the lot at Gobber's, fumbling to lift the door to get out. He looked over at the entrance to see Astrid's car pulling in. His eyes narrowed when he noticed the white-haired passenger.<p>

The car came to a halt near Jack's huayra, and the doors opened.

"Jack!" he yelled, stomping over to the camaro.

Jack visibly jumped and swallowed, giving Hiccup a sheepish smile.

"Well, heyâ€¦" he responded, "Long time, no see?"

Hiccup stepped right up to Jack, grabbing the front of his hoodie and pulling him down to his eye level.

"Where is Toothless? What did you do with my car?!"

Jack pulled back, but Hiccup's tight grip held him there.

"Wh-whoa, slow down!" he stammered, his voice cracking as he tried to keep Hiccup from killing him right there. "I had nothing to do with what happened to your fieroâ€¦ it just kinda, uhh, got stolen, with _me_ inside-in case you hadn't noticed-and now it's in some chop-shop downtownâ€¦"

Hiccup only glared at him, gritting his teeth.

"_What?!_"

Okay, so that didn't work.

Jack tried again.

"Uhh, yeah, but...but, it's cool!" he told him. "I got some guys coming to help me out. They should be here any second-"

Hiccup let go, shoving him away.

"We have to go there _now_," Hiccup shouted, walking back to Jack's car.

Jack had to laugh at that one.

"Ha, are you kidding me?" he asked, reaching up to rub at his neck. There was no way Hiccup was going to get his car back from all those scary-looking guys in that shop.

Astrid walked around her car, stepping up and putting a hand on Hiccup's shoulder.

"Hiccup, we should wait for-"

"I'm not waiting around so Toothless can get torn apart and sold for scrap metal!" he yelled, pushing her hand away. He reached down and opened Jack's car door. "Are you coming with me or not?"

Jack rushed up to him, hands up defensively.

"No, no, no, no! Hiccup, don't," he frowned. "No, you don't know what you're up against! Listen to me. Pitch-that guy was packing heat, and I'm willing to bet all his little buddies were, too!"

"I don't care," Hiccup told him bluntly.

Jack huffed,

"Would you just-" he reached over and pulled Hiccup toward him.
"Hiccup, it's a _car_!"

"It's MY car!" Hiccup angrily shot back. "Now, let go of me!"

Hiccup shoved his hand away and Jack furrowed his eyebrows.

Hiccup climbed into the car.

"Hiccup, you can't!" Jack pleaded.

Astrid moved in front of him,

"Hiccup."

Jack looked over and Hiccup stared up at her.

"You, too?" Hiccup groaned. "Oh, _come on_! What'd we even come out here for if we aren't gonna get Toothless back?"

"Oh, don't you worry, mate," came a voice from behind all of them.

Hiccup glanced past Astrid and Jack as the two turned around.

"We'll getcha your car back."

The tall, grey-haired man with tattoos that he'd seen only once was back. He crossed his arms over his chest and looked over as the massive, bearded man joined him, followed by a thin brunette and a short, red-haired guy.

Astrid's jaw dropped open as the group walked up to them.

"Is _that_â€|?"

Hiccup stepped back out of the car. The Guardians? _That's_ who Jack had called?

North beamed and walked over to Jack, clapping a hand on his back.

"Jack! It is good seeing you again," he leaned down, looking over him a little, "You are doing okay?"

Toothania scrunched up her nose, eyeing Jack.

"Where are your shoes, Jacky?" she asked him.

Jack felt everyone suddenly stare down at his feet and he grumbled, annoyed.

"Uhh, never mind that," he told her. "It's not important. Did Sandy tell you guys what happened?"

Bunnymund nodded,

"More or less, yeah."

North's voice bellowed a bit as he added,

"If it is Pitch behind this, you will need our help!"

Jack grinned.

"Well, we gotta act fast," he told them. "He knows I escaped. They're out looking for me right now."

Hiccup made a face.

"Gods, Jack, what did you do?"

Jack glanced back at him, awkwardly responding,

"N-nothing! That guy was just crazy!"

Bunnymund spoke up again.

"So, what's the plan?" he asked.

Jack tapped his chin, looking back at everyone gathered there.

"Wellâ€¦"

* * *

><p>Pitch Black was on the move. He was angrily looking up and down every street he passed, but there was still no sign of the white-haired nuisance that had ruined his meeting and, clearly, the rest of his day. He was not going to let that brat get away with any of it.

"Where is he?" He snapped, gritting his teeth and pushing on the gas.

The car sped forward on the wet asphalt, the rain having stopped for now. Jamie bit his lip, raising a hand and suggesting,

"Maybe he...caught a cab and went home?"

"There aren't any cabs in this wretched town!" Pitch shouted, sharply turning a corner, heading back towards the downtown district.

He grabbed the cell phone sitting in the cup holder in the center console. He tapped at the screen and held it up to his ear.

It rang only once before the person on the other line picked up.

"Have the girls check the police station," he ordered, and then instantly hung up.

Jamie leaned forward.

"I doubt he'd go to the police, sir-"

Pitch glared over at him, gripping the phone tightly in his

fist.

"You sure seem to know a lot about that kid, JB."

Jamie's eyes went wide.

"What? O-oh, no," he stammered back, "I don't know anything!"

Pitch eyed him, hitting the brakes and pulling over. His eyes narrowed.

"Oh, you know something," he remarked slyly. "Yes... Maybe you overheard something or you know where the boy likes to hang about?"

Jamie shrank in his seat, "Jack didn't- I mean, that kid didn't say anything."

Pitch sat back, resting his free hand on top of the steering wheel.

"You know, Bennett," he started, "I haven't had the chance to meet your mother yet..."

He grinned maliciously,

"How is she? Well and healthy?"

Jamie shifted, looking away.

"Uhm..."

"And your sister?" Pitch continued, "She goes to that new school over on 14th now, doesn't she?"

Jamie grimaced, looking sick.

"Okay, okay! I think..." he urgently replied, "I think he said that the car wasn't his."

Pitch grumbled.

"_And_?"

"A-and...he said his friend would come back for it!"

"Good. _Good_..." Pitch grinned, stepping back on the gas and pulling back onto the street. "I can work with that."

He reached over, shoving the cell phone into Jamie's hands.

"Call everybody back to the shop. We've got a new plan."

* * *

><p>North set down a duffel bag on the hood of his car, zipping it open and reaching inside.<p>

"Alright," he said, pulling out materials from it, "here is lockpick, flashlight, electrical tape, pliers, and..."

He turned and grabbed something from the front seat of his car and handed them to Jack.

"New pair of shoes."

Jack snickered, taking them.

"Thanks."

He threw them down on the ground and slipped his feet into them. Holy cow, he had never felt more comfortable wearing shoes in his life.

Bunny folded up the map he was holding, shoving it into Jack's hands and saying,

"All you gotta do is sneak in, start 'er up, and lead them back here. We'll handle them on our turf."

"And Sandy will wait 'til the coast is clear and bring your car back," Toothania added, leaning back against North's chevy and pointing back at the red-haired man to her left.

Astrid stepped forward.

"Wait, what about us?" She interjected.

"Yeah!" Hiccup stood next to her, "We can help, too!"

North held up his hand, turning back to them.

"No, no, no, far too dangerous. Pitch is not an easy man to shake."

Bunny nodded,

"It's best if we just get him to come to us and settle this the easy way."

Hiccup furrowed his brows, arguing,

"But it's my car! I have to go!"

Jack frowned, walking over to him. He knew Hiccup wanted to have a part in this, but The Guardians knew Pitch and they knew how to handle it. It wasn't that Hiccup would get in the way, but... well, he would get in the way.

"Hiccup," he told him, "just wait here, and we'll be back with your car in no time."

Hiccup grumbled,

"But what if something goes wrong? What if you need... backup, or something?"

Jack smirked.

"Are you kidding? Sandy's always got my back!"

He looked over his shoulder back at the quiet man, and Sandy gave him a thumbs up and a smile in return.

Hiccup sighed exhaustedly, thinking on what to try next. His eyes shifted back to the cars behind them.

"What if...what if I help you move your car? That way Sandy can help you out and your car won't get left behind if something goes wrong!"

Tooth giggled, looking over at her brother, commenting,

"He sure is determined to do this, isn't he?"

Hiccup held up his hands to Jack pleadingly,

"I have to help, at least with something!"

Jack sighed, putting his hand on his hip.

"What do you think, North?" He asked, glancing over at him.

North rubbed at his chin a moment before replying calmly,

"It is your plan, Jack. You call shots this time."

Jack gulped. Really? He was putting this on him? Jack looked back at Hiccup's desperate expression and then past him to Astrid's determined one. He only got out of that shop through pure luck...and probably some stupidity. If this was on him, he was going to have to think this all through very carefully.

Jack eyed the few people around him. The Guardians were the best of the best, but he's seen Hiccup in action.

He looked over at the collection of all their cars. Hiccup knew how to drive his car, too...

Jack inhaled loudly.

"Okay," he stared down at Hiccup, "you ride with me."

He turned to Astrid. "And, you? Go with Sandy."

He turned around and smirked at North and Bunny.

"If we got all these cars, we might as well use them, right?"

Hiccup jumped up behind him, grinning and tugging on his hood.

"Yes!"

* * *

><p>Jack laughed, leaning back in his seat in his car, right where he belonged. He was driving back into town while retelling the story of his crazy adventure of getting hijacked to Hiccup.<p>

"Man, you should have seen me climbing out that window," he smirked.
" I should start doing parkour or something."

Hiccup just sank down in his seat, arms over his chest. His mood seemed to deplete the instant they had gotten into the car and Jack had told him his plan. He didn't expect Hiccup to like just sitting back while he handled everything, but at least they were getting Toothless back, right?

"Can't you go any faster?" Hiccup griped, sitting up.

Jack sighed, his expression dropping. Apparently not...

"Look, I know you want your car back, but the last thing I need is the cops coming after me while I'm trying to sneak into some garage to steal back a car-

"MY car," Hiccup corrected, giving him a stern look.

Jack gave him a weak smile.

"Right, right. YOUR car," he admitted. He came to a stop at a stoplight and looked over at Hiccup. "You...you know it wasn't my fault, right?"

Hiccup turned and looked out the tinted window.

"I don't CARE whose fault it was!" Hiccup groaned, annoyed. "I just want Toothless back!"

Jack sighed.

"I know..."

Drops of water plopped onto his car and Jack leaned forward a bit, realizing the rain from earlier had returned. With the flip of a switch, his windshield wipers came on, and he turned another corner, recognizing the neon sign glowing in the window of a nearby building.

"Alright," he said, stopping the car and parking it inconspicuously behind another parked car, "it should be around this corner."

Hiccup sat up, looking around and trying to see. Jack reached back and grabbed the lockpick out of the duffel bag and crammed it in his already-full pocket.

The rain picked up, adding to the silence as Hiccup turned back and stared at Jack collecting his thoughts as well as his supplies. He knew he didn't all those stupid things, right? The fiero's fusebox was easily accessible from the driver's seat. Hell, the bozo who took it had his keys. They might even still be in the ignition.

Jack fumbled with North's pliers before deciding to put them back. Honestly, he would rather have something he could definitively defend himself with, but, for now, a lockpick would just have to do.

He sighed.

"Okay, stay here," he instructed Hiccup, turning to face him, "and-

Don't give me that look."

Hiccup huffed, rolling his eyes to stare up at the roof. Jack lifted his door, shaking his head at Hiccup's ridiculous behavior.

"Stay here," he started again. "When I bust out of there in your car, you need to duck down and wait. Those guys will be crawling all over, looking for me.

"Once it's clear, climb over here, start her up, and meet me at Gobber's. Got it?"

Hiccup closed his eyes, droning,

"Yeah, yeah, I got it."

Jack shook his head. That guy just didn't know when to quit. Well, it would be worth it when Jack got his car back and he got to see that smile on Hiccup's face again.

"Alright," Jack stepped out, taking a deep breath before shutting the door quietly. "Here goes nothing."

He pulled up his hood and walked over to the sidewalk casually, glancing back to see Hiccup watching him closely from inside the car. He motioned for him to put his head down and then crept closer to the nearby alleyway.

Hiccup ducked down, both hands on the door, only to take another peek just as Jack disappeared into the alley.

He grinned triumphantly and pulled open the car door.

19. Chapter 19

****Stupid Love - Chapter 19****

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 2939****

****Warnings: Car chases, Some Language, Hiccup being an idiot, Jack being even more of an idiot, bringing back the playboy magazine****

* * *

><p>Jack stepped as quietly as he could through the alley, keeping close to the wall to avoid being seen. He reached the first corner to turn and held his breath as he peeked around it.<p>

The big garage door from earlier was wide open, but the only light was coming from the one hanging by the side entrance.

He grinned. That Pitch guy probably sent out all his troops to go look for him and left the shop empty. This was his chance!

He stepped forward, about to rush across the alley towards the shop, but he heard a noise behind him-something louder than the rain trickling down. He paused, frigidly turning his head to look...

The alley was empty. And it was quiet once more.

Jack shrugged, looking back at the shop. It was probably a stray cat or something. Nothing to worry about.

He checked the alleyway ahead of him again, making sure the coast was still clear, and finally went for it.

He sprinted across the pavement, then turned and smacked his back against the familiar brick wall next to the entrance. He glanced up, noticing the window he'd climbed out of just over an hour ago.

He heard another noise; this time, coming from inside the shop. Oh, no.

Jack stepped forward, cringing as his new sneakers squeaked on the wet pavement under him. He held perfectly still, waiting for another sound. A reaction. Anything.

All that came was an eerie feeling that he was being watched.

Jack shot a keen eye over his shoulder, staring up and down the alley behind him, but it was still empty.

He heaved a silent sigh and shook his head. He's just paranoid because of what he was doing, that's all.

Jack slowly took another step, carefully stepping closer to the wall on the drier concrete.

More noise sounded, a clanging of some sort, from inside the shop. He sucked in a breath and ducked down as he walked in front of the side door. So far, so good.

Jack breathed as shallowly as possible as he neared the garage door. He stared up at the open doorway. It was even bigger up close.

The hushed voices of two-no, maybe three-men drifted through the enormous entrance. Jack side-stepped even closer, and clamped a hand around the metal frame leading inside.

Holding his breath, he took a quick glance in.

He mentally cursed.

The whole place was crawling with Pitch's men, maybe twice as many as were there earlier. Great. Now, what was he supposed to do?

Jack leaned back as he noticed someone walking toward the entrance. He recognized the mop of brown hair as Jamie.

"The mustangs are ready, sir," Jack heard him say quietly and then there was a jangling of keys.

Jack took another peek in, spotting the old man with a stern expression roughly grabbing the keys from Jamie. Pitch.

Jack's eyes narrowed, and he looked a little further around the corner. Another familiar sight.

Hiccup's black fiero was sitting right there, only a stone's throw away from the garage door.

He pushed himself back up against the wall and knelt down. Okay, he was going to have to do this VERY carefully. If he waited until Pitch had his back turned, he could try and slip in next to the car. Once there, he just had to not get caught while opening the door and starting it up. He could easily peel out of there, being so close to the exit. It was almost too easy...

"Filled them both up," Jamie continued inside. "Thought that'd help..."

Pitch gripped the keys in his hand.

"Excellent, now-"

Jack's eyes went wide as someone brushed past him, pushing his way inside and running up to the fiero.

"Huh?" He gasped out, confused.

"Hey!" A man inside shouted, alerting everyone of the intruder.

Jack stayed put, staying knelt down and out of sight. What kind of moron-?!

He glanced over again and realized the obvious.

"Hiccup?" He breathed out.

Hiccup shoved open the door, grinning madly at the keys still being inside, just as he had thought. He flipped it on, slammed the door, and pulled into drive.

Jack stood up as four men surrounded the car.

"Hiccup!" He shouted in concern, but Toothless blew right past the men and out the entryway. Jack jumped out of the way before getting clipped by him. "Agh, geez!"

Hiccup laughed as he whipped around the corner, driving through the alley with ease. He reached up and rested his hand on the dash, saying,

"I knew you'd be okay. That's my Toothless!"

Jack blinked as Hiccup turned and went out of view. Did that seriously just happen?

A clap of thunder sounded overhead and Jack swallowed as the rain began to fall even heavier onto him.

"What are you waiting for?!" He heard Pitch scowl from inside. "Go after them!"

Jack glanced back in time to nearly be run over again as two more cars raced out and more inside came to life and lit up the shop. He didn't wait around for the rest to leave, and darted back towards

where he left his car.

Droplets of rain felt more like needles on his face as he narrowed his eyes and ran to the road.

He couldn't help the deja vu rushing through him as he ran around the corner, his heart pumping in his chest erratically.

"Not this again," he muttered, another car passing him as he rushed to the end of the alley. His car was only steps away, just across the street, but a black mustang roared behind him and he clambered to a halt, suddenly feeling like he had just stumbled into a horror movie.

The engine revved and Jack froze. His hyuara was RIGHT THERE and, yet, he wasn't moving. What was wrong with his legs? He glanced down. What was wrong with him?

The mustang revved again, louder, echoing through the rain to the wet, brick walls around him, before it launched forward, speeding right at him.

Oh, hell no, he was NOT actually getting run over by some lunatic today!

Jack turned and ran as fast as he could, which didn't seem nearly fast enough as the mustang roared behind him. He barely managed to reach his car, pulling a Hutch and jumping up to slide across the hood.

The mustang swung around the corner, only to reveal a second, identical black mustang behind it.

Jack paid no mind as he lifted his car door and hopped inside. Fuck, he'd never been happier to have left his keys in the ignition.

He pulled into reverse and zoomed backwards, his door still up, flying past the stalled mustang and then flipping the gear into drive as he spun the wheel. Jack smacked the console by the radio and his door slowly came down as he flipped a 180° and faced the back end of the car that just tried to run him down.

He panted and glared ahead. He could just barely make out the figure of someone putting their arm out and looking back at him.

It was Jamie.

Oh, Jack was PISSED now. This was how Jamie was handling it? By trying to KILL him?! Well, not if HE had anything to say about it!

He pressed on the gas, his tires squealing a moment before propelling him toward Jamie's car. The mustang swerved and Jack sped past, roughly turning a corner and heading towards Gobber's. Jamie was about to be in for one hell of a surprise.

* * *

><p>Hiccup laughed at his luck, almost in euphoria at the feeling of having Toothless back and in his hold. His fingers tightened around

the steering wheel and he slowed down as he reached midtown.<p>

"Psh, and Jack didn't want me to help!" He scoffed, "Look at how easy that was!"

He chuckled, taking another left turn to head towards Gobber's. This was a piece of cake!

He drove through an intersection where a black car waited at the cross street, its headlights shining onto the wet ground and onto his fiero as he passed. Another clap of thunder sounded overhead, followed by a rumble.

Hiccup hit the bar behind the wheel, turning on his wipers as the rain continued to increase. He glanced in his rearview mirror.

"Huh?"

Was the black car following him?

The rumbling came again, but this time it was distinctly coming from that car...

His eyes flicked to the side-view and the car picked up speed behind him. DEFINITELY following him.

"Shit."

He stepped on the gas, blowing through a yellow light at the next intersection, but the black car only sped up even more.

He glanced to the right and noticed another car waiting at a stop sign. Just as he and the car behind him-he was fairly certain by now it was a newer-model mustang-zoomed past, it pulled out and followed them, catching up in an instant.

Hiccup gulped. Okay, NOW he was in trouble...

He looked around frantically, his windshield wipers becoming very annoying very quickly. He noticed a car approaching the next intersection from the left and grimaced at the thought of even more trouble trailing him, but as he got closer, he recognized it as Jack's hyuara.

Oh, thank the Gods. He was saved!

Jack's car swung out into the street, speeding up until it was parallel with Hiccup's.

Hiccup in his mirror again, noticing another black mustang had joined the group barreling down the road behind them.

Hiccup stared over at Jack, hoping he had some kind of plan.

Jack bit his lip, trying to stay calm. Piecing together what he knew, he was pretty sure Pitch was the one behind the wheel of that second mustang. And both were tailing him and Hiccup relentlessly. They continued to pursue them, despite the weather worsening and the

speeds they were traveling.

How were they going to shake them?

He glanced over at Hiccup and his desperate and worried expression, and then at the mustangs in his rearview mirror.

A brief thought, or rather a memory, re-entered his mind. He grinned.

Hiccup noticed his smirk and his worry started to fade. He had something.

Jack jerked his head left and then pointed at Hiccup and then pointed his thumb ojt to the right.

Hiccup nodded. He understood perfectly.

"Alright, Toothless," he smirked, "we've done this one before. Time for a little hide-and-seek."

Hiccup and Jack both spotted the next intersection in an instant, eyes determined and unmoving.

Rolling thunder echoed through the sky, and the mustangs behind them roared even louder, one speeding ahead before the second caught up.

Pitch's grip tightened around the gearshift as Hiccup and Jack moved in sync, one moving to the left lane and the other to the right.

"You fucking BRATS!" He shouted furiously.

Jack yanked his wheel to the left and Hiccup swiftly circled his to the right. They both split apart, and Pitch scowled.

He picked up his phone as he swerved around the right corner.

"Go after the boy! " he demanded. "I've got the fiero."

* * *

><p>Jack laughed, eyeing the two cars now following him. All he had to do now was lead them back to Gobber's and he was in the clear. That couldn't be hard, right?<p>

He took a sharp right at the next street, and watched as the two vehicles followed behind him, one of them clipping the curb on his way around the corner. He smirked. He had nothing to worry about.

The cars behind him picked up, and Jack raced down the road, towards the highway that lead to their checkpoint. As soon as the signs for the highway appeared, he glanced around and kept his eye out for the other Guardians. They should have been waiting along the road for him to help him out.

He took a left on the highway road, blowing past the stop sign and glancing in the mirror to watch the cars behind him do the same.

A flash of lightning lit up the road ahead as well as the sky above, and a loud thunder boomed overhead. Jack watched the road as the windshield wipers worked faster, the rain getting worse.

He spotted the restaurant only half a mile away and a line of cars leaving the parking lot. As he got closer, he recognized North's chevy and Tooth's honda in the lineup. They crossed at an intersection, the whole group of cars stopping in the road with just enough space for one car to pass through the middle.

He smirked. There we go!

He pushed on the gas, shifting his gearshift down to pull manually into 3rd, the car launching forward a moment before taking off. He sped ahead of the two behind him, and zoomed right through the small opening with ease. He braked and flipped around again, watching as Bunny pulled ahead, closing the gap.

The two cars slammed to a halt, sliding on the wet asphalt.

Jack shifted down and drove up to the line. He popped open the door, triumph written across his face as he crossed his arms over his chest and walked out in the rain to join the Guardians as they surrounded the two, intruding vehicles.

The mustang's door pushed open and an angry Jamie stepped out. Jack shook his head.

"Told you, you were making a mistake. But now, you REALLY fucked up," Jack said pointedly.

Jamie looked back as some older guys stepped out of the other car. He gave them a quick nod before turning back to Jack and the Guardians. He stalked forward, his hair getting soaked in the rain.

He stood in front of Jack, glaring into his eyes before reaching forward and shoving his hand inside Jack's hoodie pocket.

"Hey! What are you-?"

"THIS," Jamie pulled out the rolled-up playboy, "is what Pitch is after. If you hadn't STOLEN IT, none of this would have even happened."

Jack deflated, glancing around with a sheepish smile as everyone's eyes fell on him. Oh.

"Oops," he uttered.

Jamie rolled his eyes, shoving the magazine under his jacket.

"He's still going after your friend's fiero," he continued, walking back towards his car, "but he'll stop as soon as we call him and tell him we have it."

By now, Bunnymund and Tooth were scowling and shooting glares Jack's way while North just shook his head, disappointed.

He cringed and stepped towards Jamie, impatiently

remarking,

"W-well, what are you waiting for? Call him off!"

Jamie glanced back, coldly replying,

"And why should I?"

Jack stomped up behind him, pulling him around to face him.

"Are you serious right now? Jamie, your crazy-ass boss is trying to take Hiccup's car- he might be trying to KILL Hiccup right now!" he shouted, "Call him and tell him to stop!"

Jamie's expression didn't change.

"What's the magic word?"

Jack opened his mouth to speak, but Bunnymund stepped up, fist clenched and at the ready.

"Listen, you little-"

"Don't," Jack held up a hand, motioning for him to stand down.
"Bunny, I- I got this."

He took a deep breath and looked back at Jamie. Clearly, appealing to his humanity wasn't going to do much. Back when he had first met Jamie, the boy was always smiling and going on about ridiculous things like Bigfoot and Santa Claus. But, looking at him now... He was drenched from the rain, the look on his face colder than the wind blowing around him. Jamie had changed, and not in a good way.

But, right now, the only thing standing between him and seeing Hiccup not be pissed with him was this obnoxious dick, and if threatening him was the only option left, then...

He held out a hand and grabbed the guy's shoulder. Jamie glanced down at his hand, but didn't move.

"Look, Jamie," he started, "I ain't gonna apologize for shit right now, so don't even think you're getting anything out of this. In fact, I may have been the one to screw up here, yeah, but YOU are the one with the bullseye on your back."

Jamie's eyebrows furrowed, but he continued to stare emotionlessly at him. The thunder cracked through the sky above them.

Jack tightened his grip, his words getting louder.

"So, quit acting like you're just going to walk out of here scotch-free and pick up your DAMN PHONE and call Pitch right NOW, or so help me-!"

Jamie shifted, trying to back away, but Jack just held on.

"Alright, fuck-" Jamie squirmed, "I was just-"

Jack shoved the moron against his car, cutting him off.

"DID I FUCKING STUTTER?! PHONE. NOW."

Jamie's hand slid against the car door and he broke eye contact with him, gulping,

"Uhh, ri-right. Got it."

Jack continued to glare menacingly down at him, and Jamie shifted uncomfortably, quickly reaching into his jacket pocket and pulling out his phone.

Jack stood back as Jamie dialed a number. He could hear Bunny snickering, but ignored it. He was done with all these games already.

Jamie held the phone to his ear, and everyone stood there in silence, the rain deafening as they waited.

Jamie's eyes shifted nervously and he pulled the phone away, dialing again.

Jack raised an eyebrow, confused.

"What?" He asked.

Jamie put the phone down, looking at the end call screen as raindrops fell onto it. He slowly glanced back up, saying,

"He's...he's not picking up."

20. Chapter 20

****Stupid Love - Chapter 20****

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 2099****

****Warnings: Car chases, Lots of language, violence, reckless driving, life-or-death situation, potentially-fatal car accident, major injuries, Pitch smoking a cigarette because he thinks he's cool****

* * *

><p>Author's Notes: Alright, if the warnings didn't already give it away, this chapter is extremely action-based and violent, and it ends very abruptly. And, unfortunately, I am behind on several other fics and need to get back to them before updating this again. Does this mean the story is over? No! I am going to return to it soon; I PROMISE. I will update sometime next month, most likely, but I just want you to know it will be a bit of a wait.

****Now...I apologize in advance for what you're about to read. Well, not really. ;)****

* * *

><p>The grey cell phone vibrated, buzzing against the plastic lining

of the cupholder it'd been tossed into and singing a series of chimes as Pitch drove after the black fiero in front of him. He spared a mere glance at the phone, but ignored it, letting it ring uselessly while he tended to more pressing matters.<p>

His attention was now entirely on the measly fiero in front of him, heading for the highway like a coward. Did that little punk and his runt of a friend REALLY think they could come into HIS business and just steal from HIM-THE Pitch Black? With no consequences? Well, if so, they were sorely mistaken, and he was about to prove it.

* * *

><p>Hiccup smacked the clutch and shifted into third gear as he pulled onto the highway, the storm overhead seeming to follow his every move. His eyes narrowed as he flipped his windshield wipers to a higher interval, but he still couldn't see the road clearly ahead of him.<p>

He barely noticed the mile marker sign on the side of the road as he flew past it, instantly leaning forward and glancing around hopefully. Sandy and Astrid should be waiting for him somewhere up ahead.

"Alright, Astrid," he mumbled to himself, keeping his eyes peeled for Stormfly, "where are you...?"

The headlights on the black mustang behind him flashed in his mirrors as the vehicle picked up speed, accompanied by the flashes of lightning through the sky above. The rain fell harder and the highway became even more difficult to see through his windshield wipers' pathetic attempt to give him a clearer view. Hiccup clenched his jaw, nervous.

"Great," he grumbled through his clenched teeth, "just what I need."

He kept his foot on the gas, but every time he glanced up at his mirror, the black mustang only crept closer.

Hiccup breathed through his nose, trying to keep his eyes on the road for Astrid and Sandy, but the man behind him was determined to catch up to him. He didn't want to think about why.

He squinted as he noticed a bridge up ahead, and frowned. He knew Astrid was supposed to be waiting somewhere before the bridge, not after. With no sign of Stormfly in sight, he swallowed dryly and started to panic again. He WAS supposed to go South, right? He bit down on his lip. Oh, fuck, why did he have to change up the plan by being so...so impulsive? And stupid? Now. He was stuck in this mess with no way out!

He leaned forward, about to reach for his cell phone in his back pocket, but the mustang suddenly slammed into the rear of his car, jolting him against the steering wheel.

"Gah!" Hiccup gasped, the horn blaring until he pushed himself back into his seat. He glared into his side mirror and kept his foot on the gas. He needed to get out of here, and fast.

The car dinged, trying to notify him of the issues it was having, as well as still being low on fuel. Hiccup jerked the steering wheel, swerving into the opposite lane and then back again. Pitch only kept on his ass, never letting him get more than a few feet away.

He saw the mustang slow a moment, only to rush ahead and slam into Toothless' rear again. Hiccup clenched his fists around the wheel, feeling them shaking. Toothless wasn't going to last much longer; he had to do SOMETHING and soon!

He yelled as Pitch reared him again, and Toothless quickly lost traction. The car hydroplaned, having finally reached the short bridge that stood over a creek, and the wheel jammed under Hiccup's hand, swerving over onto the rumble bars. Hiccup slammed on his brakes, but it was too late. Toothless' front fender smacked up against the bridge wall and slid along, the black mustang now pushing him into the barrier, keeping him from stopping.

Hiccup bit his lip and attempted to pull into drive and just floor it. It worked! Toothless pulled away and Pitch's car smashed into the wall instead.

Hiccup tried to shift gears, but Pitch was fast, turning and bumping Toothless' left brakelight. Hydroplaning on the pavement, Hiccup tried to stay calm and turn the wheel as much as he could, finally resulting in just flipping around to the other side of the road. Now he was facing the way he'd just came. He grinned. Gee, thanks, strange and hostile person whom he'd never met! That just helped him out a lot!

Pitch drove off in the opposite direction, so Hiccup took his chance and downshifted, putting the pedal to the floor. Toothless reared up a moment before slamming back on the round and taking off, back towards the bridge and into town again.

The rain lifted, but the dark clouds lingered. Hiccup flipped his wipers off and looked out the window as he passed the bridge again.

Hiccup let out a genuine laugh as he checked his rearview mirror and there was no sign of the black mustang. He must have given up! Ha!

Let Astrid call him a weakling NOW! Speaking of Astrid...

Hiccup reached down to pull out his phone, hitting 2 to speed-dial his best friend, and put it up to his ear. He waited as it rang, slowly becoming more aware of everything that just happened and was still going on. Toothless was starting to shake violently as he punched into second gear again. He glanced back up in his mirror. Still no mustang.

"Hiccup? Where the fuck are you?!" Astrid's voices suddenly screeched over his phone.

Hiccup rolled his eyes,

"I'm on 48, but I'll be back to Gobber's in no time. You would not BELIEVE what just happened to me-"

He barely took his eyes off the road for a moment to check his side mirror, only to see the black mustang right behind him, no lights, just before it slammed into Toothless and the whole car launched forward. Hiccup's phone flew at his windshield and he grabbed at his steering wheel to keep from flying anywhere as well, but just as he did, the car sputtered and slowed to a stop.

"Oh, no, no, no..." Hiccup panted, frantically turning his key to try to start his car. No luck.

He heard an engine rev loudly to his left and he slowly turned his head, seeing the black mustang from before, front end smashed up and headlights broken, waiting for him only meters away.

"No! Come on, bud," Hiccup panicked, trying again to start his car, but it wouldn't turn over for him. "Come on! Please!"

Pitch stepped on the gas and the mustang sped forward, right for the side of Hiccup's fiero. Hiccup looked up just in time to see the broken headlight of the car smash into his side mirror. The sound of metal-on-metal was drowned out by the window cracking loudly as his head smacked against it. Pitch's car roared in Hiccup's ears as he began to push Toothless off the road.

"Agh, no-!" Hiccup pushed at the now-shattered glass of his window and the mustang backed up again. "Fuck!"

He tried to push his door open, but it was smashed in. He wasn't going anywhere.

Just as he thought, Pitch hit the gas again, the mustang loudly banging into the side of Hiccup's car again, only taking a short shove before the car slid into the ditch. Hiccup had his eyes shut tightly, but he could feel the tires begin to tilt and the whole car flip on its side and then upside-down. He could hear the glass shatter in all directions and the loud clanging of the engine falling apart as it smashed around under the hood.

"Shit-OWW-!"

Hiccup fell up-or down, rather-and his head smashed against the ceiling of the fiero, his hands getting cut as pieces of glass filled the car. He tried to move around so he wasn't upside-down, but his leg was caught between the smashed-in door and the steering wheel.

Toothless tilted again, but finally moved back, resting permanently on its roof. Hiccup blinked. His head hurt, and his foot was apparently stuck and keeping him upside-down, but at least he wasn't dead. He was still alive. He could still make it.

* * *

><p>Pitch stepped out of the black mustang, walking towards the edge of the road and into the gravel.<p>

He scowled down at the overturned vehicle, shouting angrily,

"Now look what you've done! Thousands I could've got for those parts!"

Hiccup squinted, hearing something. He cocked his head, just barely seeing the tall man standing at the top of the ditch.

"Wha...?" Whatever the man was saying, not a word of it was making sense. He felt something rush to his head before blood pounded in his ears. He closed his eyes. Whatever that man was going to do next couldn't possibly be as bad as what he'd just endured.

"All that money down the drain, all thanks to you and your fucking friend!" Pitch continued. "Well, you want your piece of shit car so bad, you can HAVE IT!"

Pitch glanced around, the rain had finally stopped for good, and as he took another look at his handiwork, he noticed a blatant fuel leak. A small puddle was forming in the gravel near the roof of the car.

Pitch grinned and reached into his shirt pocket, lifting the flip and taking out a pack of cigarettes. He flipped it open, pulling one out and shoved it between his lips, and then returned the pack to his pocket, only to take out a match.

He knelt down and scraped the match on the pavement, and the little match sparked and produced a flame. He held it up to his cigarette, and lit it. He puffed at it a moment and then smiled around his cigarette before flicking the lit match down into the ditch.

It landed in a patch of grass only inches from the puddle that continued to grow.

Pitch snickered to himself as he turned back to his car. He ran his hand along the crumpled metal of his hood. He really shouldn't have to do all the hard work around here; it just makes a mess.

He stepped over to his open door, only to hear a click of something behind him.

"Huh?" He glanced over his shoulder, but didn't see anything but the open highway.

He turned back to his car door, but there now stood a familiar, short man with blonde hair in his way.

"Ah!" Pitch stumbled back in surprise, but quickly regathered himself.

"Going somewhere?" He heard a feminine voice say behind him. He turned, only to see another blonde-this time, one he didn't know.

He let out a lowly chuckle, looking down at the short man.

"Ah, haha, Sandman. Here to save the day again?" He teased, taking a step further toward the road. Astrid rushed in front of him to block his path. Sandy stood behind him.

Pitch smirked and tilted his head back to glance toward the ditch, continuing,

"If so, I'm afraid you're a bit late for that."

Astrid's glare dropped instantly, and she pushed past the tall man, running over to the edge of the road. Down in the ditch was an upside-down Toothless. Just as she took the step to rush down and help him, her eyes fixed on the orange flame latching onto a pool of black liquid near the rear of the car.

The fire beelined for the car and an enormous BANG sounded as the entire car was surrounded in flames and jolted into the air, exploding.

Her mind didn't even have time to process what had happened. She only screamed,

"No! HICCUP!"

21. Chapter 21

****Stupid Love - Chapter 21****

****Pairing: Hijack****

****Word Count: 3448****

****Warnings: Lots of blood, depicted explicit bodily injury, more reckless driving, angst, lots of cursing, lots of yelling and anger and hate, seriously there's lots of blood, so much blood ****

* * *

><p>Notes: I slaved away for HOURS, mostly around 4 am, to get this done for you guys. So, please love it and appreciate it. If the gorey stuff really disturbs you, you can easily skip to the next chapter (once it's written) without having missed too much. This chapter just goes into the gruesome consequences of what occurred in the last chapter.

* * *

><p>I don't own the rights to the movies or the AU-relevant movies, yadda yadda

* * *

><p>It was a rush of emotions and movements and blurred images. Astrid could feel herself running, but all she could see was her best friend's car engulfed in flames. It grew closer and closer, and she fell to her knees as she reached the burning vehicle.<p>

"Hiccup! Hiccup?" she shouted out for him, and she ducked down to look through the completely shattered window.

Hiccup's eyes were squeezed tight, his hands bloody as they gripped his own head.

Astrid gritted her teeth and reached inside the car. She had to get Hiccup out of there. She took ahold of Hiccup's arm, but he flinched and pulled away.

"Ow-" he sucked in a breath, his voice gravelly and cold. He turned his head and pulled a hand away from his face, barely opening an eye to see Astrid.

"Wha- Astrid?" he asked, the blurred image of his best friend barely identifiable.

"I'm here!" Astrid tried to pull at his arm again, but he jerked away.

"What are youâ€¦| _don't_! That hurts!" Hiccup shifted away from her, but he could barely move, still hanging upside down, his leg still caught in the door.

Astrid frowned. There had to be something she could do to get him out of there, but what?

* * *

><p>North car roared as it came to a stop on the wet pavement. Jack pulled up next him in his Huayra, Bunny's Beemer pulling up on the other side seconds later.<p>

"What is that?" North's voice boomed as the group stepped out and stared at the pillar of smoke rising from the ditch off the side of the road. Jack barely spared a moment before rushing to the side of the road to get a better look.

What he saw made his whole world seemed to stop.

"No. No, no, please, don't let him be-"

He ran down into the gravel of the steep ditch, barely catching himself before skidding to a stop in the grass.

"Hiccup!" he yelled, running over to the car. Astrid turned to see him make his way over to them.

"I can't get him out," Astrid told him hurriedly. "He's hurt, but I don't know where or how and I don't know how to get him out of there..."

Jack fell to his knees, as well, and put his hand on the car door only to pull back right away. It was scorching hot. They had to get Hiccup out of there.

"Wait a second. Your hoodie!" Astrid's face lit up. "Take it off!"

Jack made a face.

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"GIVE IT TO ME RIGHT NOW OR SO HELP ME-"

"Okay, okay!" Jack shifted and pulled the hoodie over his head and into her waiting hands.

Astrid quickly took it and wrapped it around her hand.

"Hiccup, cover your eyes!" she shouted at him and then punched the remaining glass of the window, clearing an entrance into the car.

She pushed the hoodie off her head and began to climb in, but Jack put his hand out to stop her.

"Wait, let me!" he told her. She shot him a glare, but he pushed his way in anyway, climbing carefully around Hiccup and into the car. "You're stronger. You can help pull him out of here. I'll push."

Jack stared up a moment. Oh, no. He squeezed his head under the steering wheel to get a better look. What he saw made his stomach churn. Yep, fairly certain the left foot didn't point that directionâ€¦

He pulled his head back and spared a glance at Hiccup's pained expression before calling to Astrid,

"His foot is jammed in the door. And...it's not pretty."

Astrid seemed to understand what he meant without the details, nodding quickly before asking,

"Do you think we could get him loose?"

Jack looked back at Hiccup's foot, all the blood soaking through Hiccup's pant leg, his shoe already mangled in the metal. If they pulled down at the right angle, they could probably get him freeâ€¦ But, would Hiccup be able to handle it?

He turned back to Astrid.

"We're gonna have to try."

That was good enough for her. Jack pushed himself back under the steering wheel, and reached for Hiccup's foot (or what was left of it). He wiggled out what he could, and Hiccup tensed. Was that a good thing or a bad thing? Jack didn't want to think about it right now. Astrid reached in and took hold of Hiccup's thigh and put one hand on his barely-bent knee. Jack breathed,

"On the count of three, pull down as hard as you can."

Astrid's look of concern was suddenly turned to one of determination. Jack turned back, looking at the blood already smearing on his hands.

"One."

He wiggled the sneaker again. Come on, loosen up already.

"Two."

He gripped the bottom of the sole and put a solid palm on top of Hiccup's shin. That earned a sharp reaction from Hiccup, but nothing more. Jack held his breath as Astrid finished the countdown for him.

"_Three!_"

Jack pushed down with all his strength and he shut his eyes as he heard Hiccup's exclaimed "FUCK" turn into a garbled, agonizing scream.

The leg shifted, and he pushed even harder. It shifted again and popped out from the door. Oh, thank God. Hiccup's head turned as the rest of his body finally joined him on the glass- and blood-covered roof of his car. He coughed loudly and let out a loud cry, biting his hand roughly in a pathetic attempt to stop himself.

Jack hit his head on the steering wheel as he backed up, repositioning himself so that he could help Astrid move Hiccup out of there.

Astrid picked up Hiccup's head, and took ahold of his shoulders, trying to get enough leverage to shift him around to get him out the window. Jack reached for his leg before realizing his mistake. Hiccup screamed out again, his hands flying back up to his face.

"STOP!" he shouted at them. "PLEASE, JUST-"

Jack took ahold of his good leg and carefully bent the knee of his left leg so they could move him. Astrid pulled at Hiccup's shirt, pulling him out the window slowly. Jack stood on his knees, still squatting down enough to keep from hitting his head again, and moved above Hiccup, pushing him out the window as much as he could, as well.

A flame flickered at his ear and Jack yelped, ducking back down. The heat of the exploded car suddenly began to overwhelm him. Was it always this hot in here? He went to take a breath and realized it was actually very difficult to do. He watched as Astrid pulled Hiccup all the way out of the vehicle and Jack grimaced down at the trail of blood left behind.

He gulped down his nausea and crawled back through the window, coughing as soon as the humid air hit his lungs.

* * *

><p>"Caught another one for ya, Sandy," Bunny pulled the teenager out of the passenger side of his car and pushed him roughly toward the shorter man.<p>

Sandy glanced over at him for only a moment, then reached in his back pocket and pulled out a pair of handcuffs. He tossed them blindly to Aster, saying nothing.

"Pitch Black," North's voice bellowed as he walked around to the other side of Sandy's Holden. Pitch was already dawning his own pair of handcuffs by then. "Certainly picked wrong day to mess with us, eh?"

He winked as Sandy holstered his gun inside his jacket and opened the back door of his car. One push and Pitch was shoved inside. North stepped closer, slamming the door behind Pitch as he took his seat.

"If that boy does not survive, we will make sure you do not as well," he glared darkly into the car at the man, but Pitch didn't falter. He merely sneered back.

"North!"

The tall, bearded man stood up straight again, peering down into the ditch.

"We could use a hand here!" Jack shouted up to him, giving a cough right after.

North bolted down the hill himself, gracefully stomping his way down to them.

"Is he alright?" he asked right away, stepping close enough to see the horrified look on Astrid's face as she finally got a look at Hiccup's leg.

Was Hiccup alright? That didn't seem to be the right question.

"We need to get him out of here," Jack coughed out at them.

North understood. He knelt down, picking the boy up in his arms like it was nothing. Hiccup struggled, thrashing about. Astrid and Jack were on their feet almost instantly.

Astrid brought up a hand to wipe the sweat from her forehead, only to stain her brow with Hiccup's blood. Jack grimaced, only to look down at his own hands that were covered in the same blood. Why was there so much?

"Where are we supposed to take him?" Jack asked, uncertain, his mind still foggy.

North fumbled to keep the tense boy still in his enormous arms, but it wasn't working. Astrid ran ahead to grab Hiccup's hand, hoping to comfort him. Suddenly, a voice rang out from the road.

"Can't you guys read?" Toothania called out. She pointed a finger at the large, blue sign just down the road. An enormous 'H' adorned the sign. "Take him to the hospital!"

Astrid and Jack kicked back into high gear, rushing the hill and turning back to assist North with Hiccup.

"Let's put him in my car," Jack offered. "I can get him there the fastest."

Astrid huffed.

"Like hell!" she argued, "You're the one who got him into this fuckin' mess. Put him in my camaro!"

North frowned.

"Jack is right. His car is faster," he stood firm as they reached the top of the ditch and stepped back onto the road. "He can get Hiccup to hospital before anything else happens."

Astrid fumed. Her best friend nearly died because of this white-haired asshole and now she was expected to just let him take off with him again?

"Then I'll come with you!" she barked. Jack ran over to his car, pulling up the passenger-side door. North quickened his pace and set the boy inside.

"Just follow us to the hospital," Jack told Astrid, pushing the door back down and running to the driver's side. "If you can keep up, I mean."

Astrid pretended she didn't hear that moronic comment. He wanted to race when Hiccup was dying? Boy, he sure knew how to pick 'emâ€|

* * *

><p>Hiccup peeled open his eyes again once the overabundance of light and noise had finally died down. All he could hear now was the roar of an engine. He blinked once, then twice, then a third time until everything became less blurry. He could see the side-view mirror of Jack's Hyuara. He was in Jack's car?<p>

He turned his head and saw Jack move to shift gears and step down on the gas again, the whole car seeming to jolt forward smoothly. The back of Hiccup's head smacked the leather seat and he grunted in pain. Wow, everything really hurtâ€|

"Hiccup?" Jack glanced over for only a moment, guilt and worry all over his face.

"Where-" Hiccup wasn't sure what he wanted to say, but he couldn't seem to get it out anyway.

Jack took a breath.

"I'm taking you to the hospital."

Hiccup felt a sharp sting run up his leg and all the way through the left side of his body. He couldn't stop himself from letting out a startled groan. What was wrong with him? What happened? His mind wasn't able to focus on anything clearly.

Hiccup spared a look down, only to see his hands covered in blood and his shirt looked like it was cut in places. Were those burn marks? An image flashed across his mind, but he couldn't place it.

"Look, Hiccup," Jack gulped audibly, "I'm really sorry...about all this. None of this should've happened."

Hiccup squinted at Jack. His hoodie from before was gone and there was blood smeared all over the white tee that clung to him now. The hands gripping the steering wheel were red with blood, as well. Hiccup felt sick all of a sudden. They were in Jack's car beforeâ€| What were they doing? Hiccup's mind tried bouncing back, tried remembering what had happened that day.

"Fuck," Hiccup grunted. His leg really hurt. He reached down to touch his knee, but that only sent searing pain through his whole body. Okay, no touching. Got it.

Clear your head, Hiccup told himself. Focus on something else. He looked back at Jack. He looked worried, for once. Had he ever seen Jack look concerned before? He couldn't say that he had. Jack was always smirking, giving that dumb look at people that said he knew he was better than them. What a creep.

"Asshole," he felt himself say. Jack looked back at him.

"What?"

Hiccup shifted, pulling himself up in his seat. He ignored the hot pain smothering him.

"You're an asshole," he told him. "You're always an asshole."

It was true. Jack never cared about anyone else. All he did was expect everyone to do whatever he wanted.

"At least I didn't just leave you back there," Jack retorted. "I could be worse, right?"

Hiccup let his head just rest on the seat. Jack could be worse? Yeah, right, like anyone would ever believe that. The man was a menace to society. Wasn't that the first thought he ever had of the guy?

"Besides, you're the one bleeding all over my custom gold leather. Look at what you've done to my floor mats."

Hiccup just barely turned his head back to the idiot, giving him the darkest glare he could muster in his current condition. Was Jack being serious?

"I take it back," Hiccup told him, not looking away. "You're not an asshole. You are worse."

Jack's half-smirk fell instantly. Yeah, that's what you get for trying to make this into some joke, you piece of shit.

Hiccup's breath caught in his throat, but he continued.

"I don't see how anyone puts up with it. With you. And your stupidity," Hiccup told him. "You're so arrogant, and ungrateful. You think you can have everything you want and that the world will just...just bend to your will. You'reâ€¦ You're rude and sexist and an absolute asshole. I have literally never met a worse person in my entire life than you. And that's saying a lot."

Hiccup shut his eyes. Fuck this pain. His breathing may have been shallow, but he was gonna let Jack have it.

"You're well-aware that it's your fault Toothless got taken, right? It was your fault! You let him get stolen, and thenâ€¦.And it was your fault that guy came after me! This was all YOUR FAULT!"

Jack could feel his hands shaking as he gripped the steering wheel as tight as he could. What was this? He could feel something in the back of his mind telling him Hiccup was right. Was it the same thing that

was making his eyes feel like they were burning? Probablyâ€|

"You are literally the worst! How is that even possible? Is that why you exist, Jack? To make everything else look better?"

Hiccup had a point, as nonsensical as half of his words were becomingâ€| Jack was a really terrible person. He did take Hiccup-and everyone else, for that matter-for granted. He used Hiccup, and why? Because he liked having him around. He manipulated him into doing what he wanted. Hell, if he hadn't made that weird-ass bet the night he met Hiccup at the bar, then none of this would have ever happened. He'd be safe at home, never having had to deal with Jack and his obnoxiousness.

"Gods, Astrid was right about from the beginning," Hiccup shook his head, "I never even thoughtâ€|"

Hiccup's voice started trailing off. Jack looked over, only to see him slump back against the seat. Jack's watery eyes went wide. Oh, no.

"Hiccup?" he called. Hiccup didn't move. No, no, no! Jack reached over with one hand and shook the boy's shoulder. Hiccup's head lolled to the side, but he was out cold. Jack panicked.

He knew next to nothing about science and medical stuff, but he'd seen enough movies to know that when the injured person passes out, something really bad was about to happen.

He put the gas pedal to the floor as he spotted the off-ramp and the hospital at the top of the hill. They were merely seconds away.

He shook Hiccup's shoulder again.

"Hiccup? Hiccup!" he tried, his voice cracking. "Please, please wake up! You gottaâ€| Keep yelling at me! PLEASE! HICCUP!"

He barely even noticed the stoplight ahead turning yellow, and blew right through the intersection and into the drive leading into the hospital lot. He let go of Hiccup long enough to slow down and pull up to Emergency Room doors.

Jack smacked the button on his dashboard and the doors lifted on both sides. He ran over to the other side, his hands still shaking violently as he struggled to figure out how to pick Hiccup up.

"Oh, shit, come on-" He heard the automatic doors behind him opening, voices barely audible and he pushed an arm under Hiccup's legs and the other behind his neck. He lifted him up, but as he turned around, his feet didn't want to move. His legs became exceedingly heavy and hard to move. Two men and a woman came up to him, ushering him inside. They seemed to be asking questions, but he wasn't even sure what it was they were asking. The second they got inside, someone brought in a strange bed...wait, Jack knew what that was. A gurney, right? The two men helped him put Hiccup on it, but then they tried to take him into another room, and Jack chased after them.

A woman stopped him.

"Sir? Sir?" she called, gaining his attention.

"Whaâ€|?" Jack blinked. But, Hiccup! He stared as they pushed the boy down the hall toward some double doors.

"You can't go with him unless you're related-" the woman began to say.

A loud clatter sounded behind them and Jack felt the room go quiet as he glanced back over his shoulder.

It was Astrid. She ran into the ward, anger and determination in her features. She marched straight past Jack and the nurse and to the men taking Hiccup away.

"Wait!" she cried to them. "I'm his sister! I have his social. Let me call our dadâ€|"

Jack raised an eyebrow. All she had to do was lie? That bitchâ€|

The double doors opened and Astrid turned around for only a moment to flip Jack off before the doors closed behind her.

"Sir? Can you come with me?" the nurse in front of him was asking. "We just need to get more information on what happenedâ€|"

Jack stared down at his hands. The blood from before, it was still there. There was blood all across his shirt. On his arms. He looked to the floor. There was blood on the floor, too. Hiccup's blood.

Jack tried to take a breath, but nothing happened. He shifted his eyes, looking around the room. Everyone was staring at him incredulously. Gripping his hair in his hands, he squeezed his eyes shut.

Hiccup wouldn't have been hurt if it wasn't for him. He wouldn't have been in that accident, Pitch would have never gone after him, his car never would have been stolen...if it wasn't for him. If he hadn't raced him in Toothless. If he hadn't forced him to race him in Stormfly. If he hadn't made that bet with him in the bar. It was his fault

This was his fault. This was all his fault from the very beginning.

22. Chapter 22

Stupid Love - Chapter 22

Pairing: Hijack

Word Count: 3039

Warnings: Some language, Hiccup having some issues breathing

* * *

><p>Note: I TOLD YOU I'D UPDATE BEFORE NEXT YEAR!
MWAHAHA~

* * *

><p>He felt light as a feather, his bangs blowing back out of his face as he bust through the dark pink clouds that seemed to be everywhere around him. He blinked his eyes a moment before staring down. He was...flying?<p>

Hiccup let the thought sit in his mind a moment. Oh, right. He must be dreaming!

He shook his head, and looked down. There appeared to just be an abundance of fluffy clouds. He vaguely wondered what he might find if he flew down through them.

"Might as wellâ€|" he muttered to himself, and moved his arms, trying to figure out how to steer himself. He tilted his head back and extended his arm, and he moved to the side. Okay, now he just needed to figure out how to go forward and downâ€|

He tried dipping his head down, and he suddenly flipped forward, diving head-first through the pink fluffiness below him. He broke through the clouds quickly, and put his arms out, trying to keep himself from moving, but nothing worked.

He kicked out his legs but only managed to flip himself around again. Now he was spinning a lot, and it was making him dizzier by the second. He shut his eyes and tried to focus back on what he was doing before. He had his arms out at his sides, like if he were lying flat on a surface...but upside down somehow. He flattened himself out, but that only seemed to make him fall even faster. The wind in his face picked up, and he felt all the fluffy clouds around him suddenly stop touching him.

He blinked open his eyes again, curious as to why.

All he saw was a flash of black in his vision before he smacked head-first into it-whatever it was. He reached out and held onto it, and it took off, zooming straight up, back into the puffy clouds. Hiccup blinked again, gaining a sense of what was going on. He felt scales under his fingers, and he could hear slow, flapping wings. He glanced back to see a long tail extended out beneath the black thing he was now apparently riding. Looking forward again, the head of the creature ducked down and they both turned, breaking through more clouds. Hiccup reached forward, touching the back of the thing's head and it looked up and then back at him a moment. The large green eyes pierced into him, and something in his brain recognized it as Toothless. His car? Oh, wait, so his car is a dragon now?

Hiccup grinned, silently thanking his imagination for being so cool.

He positioned his legs around the creature better, pushing himself ahead of the dragon's enormous wings and holding on tighter to the back of its neck. Looking around, he noticed the pink clouds slowly fading to purple and orange. They kind of seemed to be getting darker...

A loud rumble overhead makes Hiccup frown and look up, only for an instant downpour of rain to come down on him and his dragon.

Toothless swayed from side to side, looking for a place to go, but there was nothing but more clouds all around them. Hiccup reached up, trying to block the rain from getting on him, but it was no use. They continued to fly forward, searching for a way to escape the storm.

Hiccup squinted as they broke through a wall cloud, the rain seeming to fall harder and faster on top of them, and he noticed a much lighter section of clouds off in the distance. It must be dry over there! He smiled and bent down.

"Alright, Toothless," he told him, "let's do this!"

The dragon's eyes narrowed, matching Hiccup's, and he huffed loudly before folding out his wings wide and the duo took off. They dodged the puffs of clouds creeping up from below them, they rushed through the rain as it quickened and fell harder. It felt like needles hitting Hiccup's face, but he kept his focus on the destination up ahead. Nothing was going to stop them now!

They kept getting closer and closer. They were almost there. That's when something in Hiccup's gut told him to look to his left side. He didn't know why he did, but he looked, only to see a blinding white light. It sharpened, shaping into a circle before turning into two lights, and they were coming straight for him.

The lights sped up and smashed right into Hiccup's side. He and his dragon were thrown back, and he flew up high while he watched Toothless roll and then suddenly catch with a blue flame before busting through the clouds and disappearing.

* * *

><p>He awoke with a jolt and he immediately tried to open his mouth to gasp, but found his throat blocked up with something. He fidgeted, trying to cough around it.<p>

"H-hiccup?" He heard someone say among the noise of someone moving a chair around and running away. "Nurse! Nurse!"

Was that Astrid? Hiccup tried to swallow and when he couldn't, he tried to reach up and get rid of whatever was blocking his breathing, but there was some strange tube on his arm and tape and needles, and just as he felt something covering his mouth, someone ran in and moved his hand back. He jolted upright a bit, but someone else held him back down. A woman and two men, none of which he recognized, surrounded him. The woman started talking to him very slowly.

"Hiccup. You had an intubation, there is a tube in your throat, helping you breathe," the woman told him, looking him straight in the eye. He wanted to just glare up at her for stating the obvious. "Would you like us to remove it?"

He nodded frantically, but then he felt the apparent tube rub the back of his throat and he tried to cough again, to no avail. The two people right in his vision took ahold of the contraption keeping his mouth closed. It felt like they were taking tape off of his mouth.

"Okay, we're going to count to three. When we get to three, I want you to take a deep breath, okay?" the woman continued to speak slowly and he honestly just wished she'd hurry up.

"Alright, one-" the woman moved out of his line of sight and a man on the other side of him gripped the contraption over his mouth.

"Two-"

He shut his eyes, exhaling just a bit before he could finally breathe in.

"Three!"

Hiccup constricted his throat, trying one more time to breathe. The tube that was there was yanked out through his mouth and a trail of spit connected it to his tongue as they continued to pull it away. He choked as he took another, deeper breath, and then started coughing. He went to sit up, but his elbows didn't do well to hold him up and he fell back. One of the men pushed on his shoulder.

"We need you to stay lying down for now. Stay as still as you can."

The woman was still down near his feet, checking something. The two men appeared to be doing the same for his arms and his head. One held up a flashlight and asked him to follow the light with his eyes. The other told him to wiggle his fingers and toes. As far as he could tell, they seemed to be satisfied with his answers. He felt gross and sweaty, especially around his head. The man with the flashlight told him there was a bandage around his head and that he wasn't to touch it.

"Wh-" his throat was incredibly dry as he tried to speak. "Where-Astrid?"

What he was finally able to get out got the attention of his best friend and she pushed her way past the woman at the edge of the bed and stood over him.

"Hiccup! I'm so glad you're okay!" She smiled with tears in her eyes. "I can't believe an idiot like you could be in a coma for three days-"

"Wh-what?" Hiccup scrunched up his nose. A coma? What?

There was a bustle from the people watching over him as they mentioned something about Hiccup needing to recover before he got information "like that."

But, as expected, Astrid argued with them. Hiccup closed his eyes. Typical Astrid.

But the thought still weighed on his mind. He was in a hospital? He'd been in a coma? He had some sort of head injury? Three days?

While he'd admit it was a bit of a shock, it wasn't like it was too much for him to process. He just needed a minute to get everything pieced togetherâ€¦

* * *

><p>The doctor had eventually made his way to Hiccup's hospital room, only to leave because he just wanted to talk to Astrid about what exactly had happened. He was rather surprised that he actually left when he told him to.<p>

With Astrid's help, he was able to sit up and properly talk to her. Unfortunately, the first thing he noticed was the utter lack of foot he appeared to be having. It sparked a bit of a panic, but Astrid told him that it was fine.

Missing a limb was not something he'd label under "fine" but she was determined to keep him from thinking on it. She informed him calmly that it was just something that he couldn't keep after the accident.

Well, that immediately gave way to a whole spiel of questions from him, some of which Astrid was apparently not ready to answer...

"What happened?" he found himself asking, over and over. He had very little recollection of what she seemed to know about the situation, but she didn't seem very comfortable telling him regardless of that.

"You have to at least tell me something, Astrid," he told her. She had to know just being stubborn about this wasn't going to help, right? He's dealt with enough crap today as it is.

"Alright, fineâ€|" she sighed, crossing her arms over her chest and leaning back in her chair. Didn't sound like she was actually giving in, but he'd take it. "What's the last thing you remember?"

Hiccup narrowed his eyes. The last thing he rememberedâ€|

"I was driving...to Gobber's. With Jack," he replied softly. "Yeah, we were in my car and Jack fell asleep or something."

"And you stopped for gas," Astrid added.

Hiccup looked back at her.

"Right," he nodded. "We stopped at that place down the road from Gobber's andâ€|" His eyes widened as he remembered walking out the doors of that gas station to see his car gone. "Jack took off with my car!"

"No, someone stole it," Astrid corrected him. "That moron just didn't stop them, apparentlyâ€|"

Hiccup furrowed his eyebrows together. Flashes of what happened next crossed his mind, but it all seemed out of place.

"You were thereâ€|?" he started again, confused.

Astrid sat forward.

"You called me up, worried about your car, so I drove up to get you.

We went around looking for it."

"Did- did we find Jack?" Hiccup asked. His brain didn't have that answer.

Astrid huffed, looking towards the door.

"Yeah, I found the asshole. And then the fuckin' Guardians showed up for some reason. Next thing I knew, you and him were climbing back in his car to go get Toothless back, and then by the time I saw you again, you were already on your way to missing a limb and were barely conscious!"

She crossed her arms again, refusing to look at him.

Hiccup frowned. Why was she so upset with him?

"What happened?" he asked yet again.

"Men are all complete imbeciles," she remarked angrily. "THAT'S what happened."

Hiccup rolled his eyes and sat back. She wasn't happy with him and there wasn't anything he could do to change that just yet. Great. His best bet now was to change topicsâ€|

He glanced around the rather large hospital room. Everything was white. The floor, the ceiling, the doors, the bedsheets, the chairs. What was with all the white? The only things that had any color in the room was Astrid herself and that vase of flowers sitting on the windowsill behind her. Wait, were those cards behind her, too?

"Are those 'get well soon' cards?" he asked. Astrid blinked, looking behind her and then back at him.

"...yeah," she replied half-heartedly. "They're from Fish, Snot, and the twins. There's one from Heather, too."

Hiccup let out a quiet laugh. That didn't surprise him much.

"And did you go out and get me flowers or are those from Heather, too?" he smirked.

"Actually, they're from your dad," Astrid told him a bit matter-of-factly.

His eyes widened, looking between the flowers and his best friend.

"My dad was here?" he wondered aloud.

"Well...uhm," Astrid shifted in her seat, turning back to face him. "They were delivered."

Hiccup's face fell.

"Oh," was all he could say.

"But I did call him. He ended up making all the arrangements for you to have this room at the hospital and he even upgraded your insurance

so you could get a prosthetic foot once you're- uhh, good enough to leave here."

Hiccup glanced down at the lumpy blanket over his legs again. The missing foot thing was going to be hard to adjust to, wasn't it? He sighed.

At least it wasn't his right foot. He just won't be able to drive a stick-shift for a while. It could be worse, he supposed.

Then he remembered, Toothless was gone. Right, the accident Astrid had said. Did that mean he needed to go get a new car? He grumbled quietly to himself. How was he supposed to do anything without Toothless to get him anywhere?

And now that he was thinking of the accidentâ€¦

"So...where's Jack? Doesn't look like he left anything here like everyone elseâ€¦" he asked nonchalantly. It was a little bizarre to have a lack of Jack for some reason.

"Well, maybe if he wasn't a moron and didn't get himself banned from the hospital, he might have," Astrid told him, sounding extremely spiteful. Hiccup raised an eyebrow.

"Do I want to know how he got himself banned from here?"

Astrid shook her head.

"Let's just say that the guy apparently can't take 'no' for an answer," she told him, "and that this room happens to be on the FOURTH floor and these windows are SEALED from the INSIDE."

Hiccup made an incredulous expression, not even sure what he was meant to understand from all that. Did Jack seriously try to break into a hospital? Is that what she was saying? Geez, why would he do something so stupid? ...oh, right. Because he's JACK.

He snickered a bit, but was stopped when Astrid continued,

"The asshole should have KNOWN I wasn't going to ever let him come see you after everything he put you through. And, OBVIOUSLY, you are never going to be seeing him ever again."

Hiccup opened his mouth to speak, but he wasn't even sure what to say to that.

"And since your phone was destroyed in the explosion, I won't have to worry about that crazy idiot calling you, either," she finished rather proudly.

Hiccup suddenly felt uncomfortable and slid down a little in his seat. He couldn't just NOT see Jack. Crazy or not, he was his friend! Well...sort of.

'This was all YOUR FAULT!'

The last thing he remembered saying to Jack immediately echoed in his head. He'd blamed Jack for everything that had happened. Everything that happened to him, to his carâ€¦ He had told Jack it was all his

fault.

He grimaced, the guilt slowly consuming him, catching in his throat as Astrid started to speak again.

"I mean, this all happened because of him, you know?" she grumbled.

Hiccup sat up instantly, despite the sudden pain that ran up his side, he defended Jack, saying,

"Th-that's not true! I...I was the one who...I snuck in to get Toothless back! ...at least, I think that's what I did!"

His memory was still a bit fuzzy, and what he had been able to piece together still didn't all make sense to him.

Astrid glowered at him.

"That asshole let your car get taken, Hiccup."

He bit his lip. While that was technically true

"But the guy who took it...he was actually planning to take YOUR car because we always go down there! Jack specifically told me that!"

He remembered that rather clearly, for whatever reason. He remembered feeling sick to his stomach for a second when Jack had said it, too.

"That idiot was the one who suggested you two go down there in the first place!" Astrid countered.

Hiccup made a face.

"Well, I was the one who fell asleep at his place the night before, so

Astrid groaned loudly, saying,

"It's his fault for always dragging you everywhere!"

Hiccup furrowed his eyebrows, feeling himself cringe at those words. She can't just keep blaming him like that!

"Well, technically, if you hadn't DRAGGED me to the bar that one night and then bet me to get him to leave there, then, really, NONE of this would have ever happened."

Astrid was glaring at him intensely by the time he finally stopped talking. Seeing that look on her face made him instantly regret ever saying that.

"Oh, so now this is all MY fault?!" she shouted, her voice shaking. He could see tears welling up in her eyes.

Okay, it was really harsh to say that, he'd admit, but this was NOT Jack's fault. He wasn't just going to let her keep blaming him for this. He obviously had a hand in a lot of it.

"Fine! Then it's all MY fault, Hiccup! It's all...it's-"

She sobbed and stood up so quickly and ran out of the room, Hiccup didn't even know what to do. He frowned. That wasn't how that conversation was supposed to goâ€¦

23. Chapter 23

The rest of that day had been really uneventful, considering everything that had led up to it. Astrid had eventually come back, Hiccup gave her as much of an apology as he could, there was some brief hugging; by that night, everything seemed better. He ordered her to go home because she had apparently been sleeping in that horrible chair while he was out for those three days. It took a lot of convincing to actually get her to leave, but, by midnight, he was finally alone for once.

It felt strange. For the first time since he'd woken up, he reached down and moved his blanket to the side, revealing the stump on the end of his leg and the empty space where his left foot should have been.

Hiccup leaned forward, just barely touching the end of it. He could barely feel his hand touching his leg at all. There was obviously more damage there than just what he could seeâ€¦

He closed his eyes and pulled his hand back. The same could probably be said for everything else at the moment. His car was probably beyond repair, if there was anything left. Clearly, he and Astrid were going to have some disagreements when it came to Jackâ€¦ And then, Jack himself. Well, there was no way of knowing how much damage had really been done there.

Hiccup sighed.

Things were going to just get more complicated from here, weren't they?

A whole week. Hiccup had started counting the days. According to Astrid, he'd been in a coma for three days and two nights, and now he'd been functioning properly (for the most part) in this stupid hospital for four days and four nights. That brought the grand total to a whole week of just doing nothing but lying in this damned bed. Well, save for the assisted bathroom breaks and showers, he really didn't even get to do more than sit all day. Was it really so bad to be missing a foot? It didn't necessarily feel all that different. It was just hard to walk with nothing there to hold him up is all.

But, if he was honest, it didn't really bother him. If anything, sitting here, watching this Breaking Bad marathon on the tiny square TV because he had literally nothing else he could do, was far more painful. He was just so bored.

Hiccup let out a loud sigh, irritated, and Astrid looked up from her phone before setting it on the windowsill behind her.

"What is it now?" she asked him, sounding half-apathetic.

Hiccup just stared down at the lumpy blanket covering his legs...or, rather, leg and a half. Hiccup scrunched up his nose, making a face. Was he really making jokes at his own expense? He needed to get out of this hospital soon or he'd truly wind up going insane.

Astrid leaned forward on her chair, her expression softening as she waited to hear what he would say. He glanced back over at her. Oh, right. He should say somethingâ€¦

If he said he was bored again, she was probably going to slap him. He just needed to think of something to do to occupy his time. Something that wasn't another dumb card game or mindless doodling. Something fun, like racing cars or...playing with puppies.

Hiccup's eyes darted back over to meet Astrid's, and he finally spoke, admitting,

"I miss...Toothless."

Astrid rolled her eyes, groaning,

"Look, Hiccup, I know you miss your car and all, but Toothless is gone. Burnt to a crisp. It's not coming back, and you just need to deal with it and move on."

Hiccup gave her an unamused look before replying rather matter-of-factly,

"I meant the _dog_ Toothless, not the car Toothless."

Astrid blinked. She reached back and grabbed her phone, looking away from him purposefully.

"...oh, right. Uhh."

He smirked at her awkwardness. That was a rare sight.

"It's okay," he reassured her. "Blame Jack. He's the one who named his dog after my car, after all. It's justâ€¦ I haven't seen Toothless sinceâ€¦ well, since the morning of the accident."

Hiccup noticed Astrid cringe at the sound of Jack's name again. She was still keeping that up? She pretended to not be paying attention to him, staring at her phone, probably just flipping through screens and not actually doing anything of actual interest on it.

"Well, what exactly do you want _me_ to do about it?" she retorted, a scowl slowly forming as she continued looking down at her phone.

Hiccup bit the inside of his cheek. Well, how _else_ would he get to see Toothless again? It should be kind of obvious, but Astrid wasn't going to want to hear it. Was he really up for another fight?

Hiccup grimaced as he replied earnestly,

"Let me...call Jack, so he can bring him here?"

Annnnd there was that full scowl. Extra dark glare in her eyes, too, for a nice hint of added disdain. Record time for him, he was a bit

impressed.

"Absolutely not," she spat angrily, her voice instantly cold.

Hiccup tried again.

"Uh, well then...maybe you can call Jack and-?"

"Not gonna happen," Astrid quipped back, not even letting him finish.

He groaned dramatically, letting his arms fall at his sides.

"Oh, come on! Please, Astrid?" he pleaded, "I'm on my deathbed here! Couldn't you honor my final wishes for me?"

Astrid kept her glare but stared back at her phone in her hands.

"You're not on your deathbed, stupid," she remarked. "You're just missing a foot. And, possibly, a brain."

Hiccup rolled his eyes. Of course she would say that! Was his request really so much to ask for? She could find some way to let him just see that adorable little puppy again, right? Why was she making this more difficult than it needed to be?!

"Astrid, I just wanna see Toothless," he told her. "Not Jack. Jack doesn't have to come at all! You can just...go and ask to borrow Toothless for a bit. Or, maybe go all ninja and kidnap him from Jack's house for me, or you could-"

"I'm not doing it, Hiccup," Astrid cut him off sternly.

Hiccup threw his hands up in the air dramatically.

"Come onnnnnnnnnnn!" he whined.

"No."

Hiccup puffed out his cheeks, annoyed.

"Please?" he tried again, putting his arms down and crossing them.

"No."

"Pretty please?! " he tried a third time.

"Nope."

He should have known better than to trifle with the impenetrable force that was Astrid. Guess that only left one more optionâ€¦|

"Okay, fine," he sat up straight, tossing the blanket aside. "I'LL go and get him myself!"

Astrid took a moment to process what he'd said before looking up to see him swinging his legs to the side of the bed to get down.

"What? No, you're- Hiccup, stop!" She jumped out of her chair and rushed up to him, blocking him from moving.

He stared at the phone in her hand and then back up at her face.

"All I'm asking for is a simple phone call, Astrid," he told her as calmly as possible.

"Yeah, to the maniac that almost got you killed!"

Astrid took a step back, pocketing her phone to keep it out of his reach.

"But I'm not dead, am I?" Hiccup looked around, extending his arms out at his sides dramatically as he spoke. "I'm very much alive. And very much missing a certain, adorable, tiny puppy that I have to see or I think I will die!"

That one definitely warranted a punch, but one never came. He shifted back onto the bed and looked up at her again.

"Gods, you're never gonna shut up about this until I give in, are you?" she said quietly.

Hiccup grinned.

"That's the plan."

Astrid folded her arms over her chest, looking away from him. He continued to smile up at her. She shoved her arms back down at her sides and looked the opposite way.

He just kept smiling. Come on, Astrid, just break already!

She determinedly kept from looking at him, but he knew she could sense the look he was giving her. Puppy eyes can penetrate from any angle, after all. He just had to keep it up until she finally gave in.

"...FINE!" she finally shouted, stomping off towards the end of the bed.

"Yes!" Hiccup relished in his victory.

"BUT," Astrid added, stopping him, "Jack is NOT coming into this room!"

Hiccup raised an eyebrow.

"But, what about-"

She held up a finger, stopping him again.

"Say another word and I won't even let that man in the building."

Hiccup closed his mouth and gave her another grin. No sass? Done.

"That's more like it," she smirked, and then pulled out her phone again as she walked toward the door. "Now, don't go anywhere. I'm gonna...go find a way to actually do any of this crap you expect me to do."

She opened the door, but Hiccup sat forward just as she was about to step out.

"...hey, Astrid?" he called.

She turned back, grumbling,

"Ugh, _what_?"

He breathed. He really didn't give her enough credit, did he?

"Thanks."

A small smile crossed her lips before she waved him off, yelling,

"Yeah, you _better_ thank me!"

And with that, she stomped back into the hallway and left him there to laugh to himself.

24. Chapter 24

Stupid Love - Chapter 24

Pairing: Hijack

Word Count: 1797

Warnings: Puppies and then sadness

* * *

><p>Hiccup stared blankly out the window as the rain pelted against the glass, the sound just barely louder than the whirring of the equipment around the hospital bed.<p>

He had to have been doing this for hours now, just leaned back in the uncomfortable, all-white bed, with absolutely nothing better to do. You can only play Candy Crush on your best friend's phone so many times before you're sick of it forever.

He sighed, glancing back over at the closed door to the hallway. Astrid had left a couple hours ago, with a promise to return with food and a surprise. Hiccup grimaced as he remembered his last surprise was a card from dad. Yeah, he'll definitely get well soon! As soon as he gets a new foot.

Hiccup sighed louder. The bitterness of his own thoughts was exhausting. He was fed up with all this blaming himself for dumb things. Yes, he screwed himself over with his own stupidity, but he was tired of his own brain yelling at him about it. There's nothing

he could do about it now, right? So why doesn't his brain just shut it already?

A rustle of papers and someone—a woman—speaking out in the hallway interrupted his thoughts. Hiccup looked back at the door. Maybe something interesting would happen; at least, that's what he hoped.

The voice had quieted down almost instantly and then footsteps walking away must have been the woman going further down the hall.

Well, so much for his daily entertainmentâ€¦

The rain was still going, so Hiccup turned his head to stare out the window again. Boy, what excitementâ€¦

He kept thinking he heard more footsteps out in the hall, but now he couldn't care less. He might as well just wait for Astrid to come back and hope she has something interesting to tell him.

Rolling thunder rang from outside in the rain and Hiccup continued to stare out the window. A thunderstorm would be a little more interesting to watch, he supposed.

"Hold on!"

Hiccup sat up. That was definitely Astrid's voice from out in the hallway. He heard a bunch of footsteps and then someone stopping right in front of the door.

"Okay, okay, let meâ€¦"

Hiccup leaned on the side of the bed, trying to hear better, but then he heard something like a metal grinding noise for a moment and then a snap? He grimaced, confused. What the hell was Astrid doing?

Astrid was saying something, but it was too quiet for him to understand. He thought he heard a giggle, too. He kind of wanted to call out to her, but he could be patient. Probably. Maybe.

"I got it."

The doorknob jiggled a bit and then the door creaked open.

"Hiccuupâ€¦" Astrid stepped into the room, holding her arms to her chest.

Hiccup's eyes immediately widened as she walked over to the bed and dropped the black blob in her hands onto his lap.

"Toothless!" Hiccup smiled wider than he had in weeks. "Aww, come here, bud!"

The goofy little puppy rolled on the blanket for a moment and then bounced in Hiccup's lap, jumping his way up onto his chest to lick at his face.

Hiccup laughed. He needed this. He really needed this.

"Ohhhh, you little monster, look at you!" he reached down and petted at Toothless' head and then starting poking and wiggling the puppy's ears. "You've gotten so much bigger, oh god!"

He let Toothless yip and then fake-tackle him, and Hiccup just kept laughing as Toothless rubbed his snout against his face and neck. How adorable could this dog be?

Astrid walked over to the other side of the bed, watching and shaking her head with a small smile on her face.

The door creaked open some more, but Hiccup just pushed his nose down for Toothless to nip at and giggled as Toothless licked his face instead. Astrid took a seat in the chair next to the bed, and Hiccup noted the sudden silence in the room.

Toothless glanced behind him and bolted to the edge of the bed.

"Haha, Toothless!" Hiccup leaned forward and reached out for the puppy when he realized the figure standing in the doorway.

He looked up. Leaning against the frame with a distant smile on his dumb face stood Jack.

* * *

><p>Hiccup couldn't believe it. Jack was here?<p>

How did Astrid even get him back into the hospital if he was supposedly banned from it, anyway?

Hiccup looked down at the puppy pawing at the bed sheets and realized she must have pulled a lot of strings to get the dog into the hospital, too.

When he looked up at Jack again, he was glancing at Astrid warily. Hiccup turned to see Astrid give a firm nod to Jack, and then Jack let out a quick sigh and stood up straight.

"Hi," Jack said quietly, give a quick little wave with only two fingers and stepped closer to the bed.

Hiccup wasn't sure if he felt happy just then. He was excited to see Jack again, but he had also been hearing nothing but how much Astrid thought this mess he was in was Jack's fault for the past while. He missed Jack, sure, but all these other emotions-his impatience and boredom, his anger and sadness, his self-pity, empathy, everything-it was overwhelming. He wanted to be happy, and he could feel the tug at his lips to smile, but it didn't seem to be doing much.

"You're here," Hiccup finally let out. He hoped it would sound elated, but it felt more like a simple statement and nothing more.

Jack stared at him, or rather, stared at his leg...or where the end of it should be. He looked like he had so much to say, but he was staying silent.

Hiccup was uncomfortable with all this, to say the least.

Jack sighed after enough silence, and finally met Hiccup's gaze.

"I knowâ€¦" he paused, like he wasn't sure of what he was about to say, "I know it's not enough, but...I'm so sorry, Hiccup."

Hiccup had never felt more confused. Was that it? Jack was just feeling guilty? That was perfectly fine! Hiccup reached out a hand, wanting to touch him, tell him that whatever was going on in that brain of his was probably dumb and he shouldn't be listening to it. But Jack stood there, just out of reach, stiff and staring.

Jack looked...sad, for lack of a better word. Hiccup could feel it. Toothless, curling into himself near the edge of the bed, seemed to be able to feel it, too.

Jack spared a glance over at Astrid before speaking again.

"She's probably right, you know," he said. "It's probably better if we just avoid each other from now on."

Hiccup let his arm fall. Jack didn't continue, didn't bother to explain himself. Hiccup stared at Jack's hurt expression, from the side, since apparently he couldn't be bothered to even look at him anymore.

It felt like something broke inside of him.

Was it his guilt? Even if all this happened, Hiccup could forgive him; didn't he know that? All he had to do was TRY. Was he just giving up? Hiccup couldn't believe it. Jack wasn't even going to try and fix what he'd done?

What? Because...because he'd gotten hurt? What the hell did that even matter?

"You can't be serious," Hiccup snapped, his voice echoing a moment from how loud it suddenly became.

Toothless jumped from the sudden noise, and Jack reached down and pet the puppy, scratching behind his ear, still not looking at Hiccup.

"Why do you think this is even a good idea?" Hiccup asked, his voice sounding angrier by the second. "What would this even accomplish? You're just gonna make a mess and then just leave it? You're not even gonna try to help? That's it?!"

He kept asking, but he never received an answer. Jack had put up a wall between them now and he wasn't going to let Hiccup through.

Hiccup scooted forward, reaching up again to touch him.

Just as Jack flinched away, Hiccup grabbed ahold of his sleeve. Jack didn't look at him, but there was a pause. Hiccup could feel it for just a second. Maybe he could change his mind. Maybe he could convince him to stay.

And then Jack yanked his arm away harshly, and stepped back. He took one last look at Astrid and then walked out, not closing the door behind him.

Hiccup let out a shaky breath before gripping the sheets under him. What the fuck was that about?! Why did this happen?

He immediately glared over at Astrid.

"What did you do?!" he growled.

Astrid looked apologetic for a moment, but then instantly glared back at him.

"What? You think that whole act was MY idea?" Astrid defensively remarked. "I had nothing to do with that! I got you your dog, Hiccup. That was the deal."

Hiccup's glare faltered. She was right. He had asked her to do something and she did it, it wasn't like she told Jack what to say.

"I justâ€¦ All I did was tell that idiot that I needed Toothless for you, and he was fine with that," Astrid continued, as if she actually had to explain herself.

Hiccup listened intently, though.

"He actually didn't want to come here at all, and I was cool with that at first, but I figured he should at least say goodbye like a decent person and not just leave you wondering what happenedâ€¦ I didn't want you to go looking for him or something, you know? That would just make things worse."

Hiccup stared back down at the bed sheets.

"I'm sorry, Hiccup," Astrid finished.

He didn't look back up.

Was that all true? Jack didn't even want to see him again? Just because Hiccup had gotten hurt? That was so STUPID!

Toothless pawed at the end of leg where his foot should have been, and Hiccup grimaced. Not from the pain, but the memory.

Jack had used his head, he had to admit. Whatever he was thinking, the logic was probably too overwhelming to ignore. Hiccup couldn't blame him for regretting what he'd done.

But what about him? What about how Hiccup felt? Shouldn't he get a say in all this?

Toothless nuzzled at the end of his leg and then flopped over on his back, wanting Hiccup to stop his ruminating and rub his puppy belly.

Hiccup sighed, reaching out to pet the silly dog, and fighting back the somberness quickly taking over him. It was quiet, and he could

hear the rain coming down on the windows again.

Was this really it, then? It's really over? No more Jack?

End
file.